RECORDS OF A ROUTE

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY;

WITH

SKETCHES OF CATHOLICISM.

85683
at

BY

WILLIAM RAE WILSON, F.A.S. A.S.R.

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, ETC.;" "IN RUSSIA, POLAND, AND FINLAND;" AND "IN NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND DENMARK."

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TO

HER MAJESTY,

QUEEN ADELAIDE,

THIS VOLUME

IS,

BY HER GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED;

WITH SENTIMENTS OF UNFEIGNED ADMIRATION,

FOR THOSE VIRTUES

WHICH DIGNIFY IN HER PERSON

HER EXALTED RANK.

PREFACE.

EVERY part of the route which forms the subject of the present volume, has been so repeatedly gone over before, that I cannot be supposed to come forward with any thing positively new, or that has been untouched by other writers: nevertheless, as I have endeavoured to make my book a record of my own impressions and opinions, and as so far from viewing every thing in the same light as those who have preceded me, I have looked at many with very different feelings from what the generality of them have done, there may be some novelty in the writer, if none in his materials. Whether, therefore, I give satisfaction or not, I may escape the censure of being a mere copyist. That I shall incur censure of another kind is exceedingly likely; nor am I going to deprecate it, because next to the absurdity of writing a foolish book, is the absurdity of apologising for publishing it.

The following pages contain a great deal that will, no doubt, be unpalatable to many, since I have not attempted to disguise my unqualified disapprobation in some cases, and my abhorrence in others, of that which more liberal persons tolerate, if they do not exactly admire, and for-

bear to reprove, although they may not openly vindicate and encourage. Should I be thought to have made rather free with some names, they are at least those of individuals who court notoriety; and if they have rendered themselves notorious, the fault is not mine. Most certainly, I do not feel disposed to retract a syllable of what I have said respecting a certain noble bard; one, undeniably highly gifted in that character, distinguished by his extraordinary poetical powers, still more fatally distinguished by his desecration and prostitution of them. In regard to what I have mentioned of the Roman Catholic Church, I do not consider either my language or my reprobation too severe; particularly at a time when that IDOLATROUS SIMULATION of Christianity, not content with being tolerated in these dominions, is daily growing more insolent in its demands; and, although itself the most despotic, intolerant, and exclusive of creeds, pretends to feel aggrieved because not placed upon the same footing as the National Church. — Place it on that footing, and its moderation will quickly display itself, in striving, *per fas et nefas*, to extirpate what it would then behold only as a rival. If the concessions it has obtained, produce no gratitude, further concessions will only stimulate it to open hostility. It is enough to have the company of a muzzled hyæna; remove that muzzle, — it is already almost gnawed through, — and the consequences may easily be predicted.

June 15. 1835.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Calais. — Boulogne. — Postilions, and Note on Sterne. — Paris. — French Taste and Principles. — Delicacy in Language. — Unpuritanical Mode of keeping the Sabbath holy. — Reflections. — La Madelaine, &c. — Gambling. — Iniquitous System of legalising it. — Suicides. — Restaurants. — Liberality in opening public Institutions, &c. — Remarks relative to English Churches. — Père la Chaise. — Observations on Theatres, and the present State of the Drama. — Thoughts on Dramatists and Novelists, and Vindication of Miss Edgeworth. — The Punchinello School of Novels - -

CHAPTER II.

Departure from Paris. — Sketch of a Party of Travellers. — Arrival at Sens. — Cathedral, &c. — Modern Vandalism. — Wretched Appearance of Villages in this Route. — Crabbed Remarks, including Remarks on Crabbe. — Dijon. — More Traces of Vandalism. — A more miraculous than flattering Effigy of the Virgin. — Non-observance of the Sabbath. — Shopkeepers' Notions of Civility. — The Museum - - - - - - - 31

CHAPTER III.

Route from Dijon to Lyons. — Beaune. — Table d'Hôte. — Chalons. — Villefranche. — Ancient Matrimonial Privileges. — Portrait of our Hostess. — Scene in the Inn Kitchen - - - - 43

CHAPTER IV.

Lyons. — The late Insurrections. — Buildings. — Cathedral. — Thomas à Becket's House. — Museum. — Tour Pitrat. — Sunday Doings - 50

CHAPTER V.

Page

Lyons to Chambery. — Aspect of the Country. — Peasantry and their Houses. — Toilette Operations al Fresco. — Signs of Catholic Devotion. — Scenery. — "Passage of the Assassins." — Chambery. — Religious Puppet-Show - - - - - - 57

CHAPTER VI.

Chambery to Turin. — Mountain Scenery. — Aiguebelle. — Moonlight. — Chilling Hospitality. — St. Julien. — Lans-le-Bourg. — A Piece of Antiquity. — Mont Cenis. — Susa. — Rivoli - - - 65

CHAPTER VII.

Turin. — Its Inhabitants, &c. — Chapel of the Santo Sudario. — The Miraculous Sindone. — Royal Palace and Opera-House. — Museums. — New Church. — Ecclesiastics, &c. — Departure. — Arts. — Alfieri. — A Useful Note to Managers. — Alessandria. — Marengo. — Approach to Genoa. — A Kitchen Piece. — Environs of Genoa - - 77

CHAPTER VIII.

Genoa. — Streets and Palaces. — Palazzo Serra. — Palazzo Doria. — Fiesco. — Albergo de' Poveri. — New Theatre Carlo Felice. — San Siro. — Cathedral. — Deaf and Dumb School. — Hostility of the Clergy against general Education. — Genoese Ladies. — Cicesbeism. — A royal Bridegroom. — Siege and Blockade of Genoa - - 90

CHAPTER IX.

Last View of Genoa. — Sestri. — Spezia. — Sarzana. — Village Weddingers. — The Duchesse de Berri. — Massa. — Pisa. — Impressive Character. — Historical Reminiscences. — Present Appearance. — Il Duomo. — Quack Criticism in Architecture. — Baptistery. — Campanile. — Campo Santo. — Lord Byron. — The Matron Guicioli. — His Lordship's Claims on our Veneration - - - 107

CHAPTER X.

Leghorn. — General Character of the Place. — An extraordinary Church Founder. — Jewish Synagogue. — English Burying-Ground. — Smollett - - - - - - - 131

CHAPTER XI.

Page

Leghorn. — The Lazaretto. — Funerals. — Cività Vecchia. — Galley Slaves. — Gasparoni, the devout Bandit. — Papal Soldiers. — A Kitchen Skirmish. — First View of Naples. — Beauty of its Site and Environs. — An anti-poetical Specimen of the Inhabitants - - 138

CHAPTER XII.

Naples. — Strada di Toledo. — Continual Tumult. — Degraded Condition and Character of the Priests. — King's Palace. — Theatre of San Carlo. — Anecdote of the King, &c. — New Church of San Francesco di Paula. — Cathedral. — San Januarius's periodical Miracle. — Catholic Polytheism. — Chapel of Il Tesoro. — Extraordinary Font. — Statues in San Severo. — L'Annunziata. — Funeral of a Person of Rank. — Burying-Ground and disgusting Mode of Interment. — Note on the Bedlamite School of Authorship. — Museo Borbonico. — Note on Pompeii. — The Papyri - - - 150

CHAPTER XIII.

Naples continued. — Priests. — Desecration of the Sabbath. — Obstacles thrown in the Way of Schools. — Chinese College. — The Carnival and its Madness, with a Note on Cowper. — Public Garden. — A Royal Reviewer. — Privilege of Sanctuary for Murderers. — Public Scribes. — Mania for riding - - - - - 177

CHAPTER XIV.

Vesuvius. — The Eruption in December, 1832. — Subsequent Eruptions 193

CHAPTER XV.

Puzzuoli. — Grotta di Pausilippo. — Traditions relative to Virgil. — Monte Nuovo. — Account of its Formation, by an Eye-Witness. — Avernus. — Sibyl's Grotto. — Baiæ. — Temples. — Cento Camerelle. — Piscina Mirabile. — Puzzuoli. — Temple of Serapis. — The Solfatara 200

CHAPTER XVI.

Pompeii. — Exaggerated Ideas entertained of it. — Defects of its Domestic Architecture. — The Casa di Goethe. — Other private Houses. — The Baths. — Want of Glass. — Theatre. — Defects of ancient Theatres. — Amphitheatre - - - - 216

CHAPTER XVII.

Page
Herculaneum. — Palace at Portici. — Murat - - - 230

CHAPTER XVIII.

Excursion to Pæstum. — Cava. — Salerno. — Bay. — Cathedral. — Pagan Antiquities. — Profane Sarcophagi. — Tomb of Gregory VII. — John of Procida. — A Road Adventure. — Pæstum. — Temple of Neptune. — Temple of Ceres. — Remarks on the Pæstum Style. — Mr. and Mrs. Hunt - - - - - - 235

CHAPTER XIX.

Trip to Sicily. — Stromboli and Lipari Islands. — Messina. — A Volunteer Escort of Mendicants. — General Remarks on the City. — Religious Entertainments. — The Virgin Mary's Letter. — Prevalence of Ignorance and Illiterateness. — Sicilian Women. — Sicilian and Italian Morals. — Danger to Englishmen from adopting Foreign Habits and Feelings. — Foreign Education deprecated. — Want of an English Church at Messina. — Extraordinary Conduct of the King of Naples. — Environs of Messina, and the Fata Morgana - 248

CHAPTER XX.

Palermo. — Streets. — Filthiness. — Cathedral. — San Nicolo della Kalsa. — Casa de' Matti. — Reflections after visiting it. — Conservatorio di Santo Spirito. — Capuchin Convent. — The Villa Palagonia and modern Palagonianism. — Gardens of the Butira Palace. — Monreale. Cathedral and Benedictine Convent. — Royal Villa of La Favorita. — The Viceroy - - - - - - - 265

CHAPTER XXI.

Return to Naples. — Treatment received by the Author from Mr. C——n. — Aversa. — Capua. — Sparanisi. — Mola di Gaeta. — Terracina. — Velletri. — Albano. — Arrival at Rome - - 284

CHAPTER XXII.

Page

Rome. — St. Peter's. — Bernini's Colonnades. — Façade. —Comparison with St. Paul's, London. — Interior. — Remarks on Paintings in Churches. — Statue of St. Peter. — Chair of St. Peter, and a certain "Miladi's" Remarks on it. — Monuments. — The Pope. — Church of St. John Lateran. — The Cloisters. — The Scala Santa. — Roman Catholic Penances. — Doctrine of Purgatory. — Transubstantiation. — Dr. England's Explanation of it. — Ceremonies of the Holy Week. Easter Sunday, and Illuminations - - - - - 296

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rome continued. — The Pantheon. — The Coliseum. — Roman Forum. — The Capitol and its Museum. — Santa Maria di Aa Cœli. — Other Churches. — The Vatican. — Museo Pio-Clementino. — Reflections. — Paganism. — Disregard of the Sabbath - - 325

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rome. — Palaces. — Excursion to Frascati, &c. — Tivoli. — Temple of Vesta. — Adrian's Villa. — Landscape Scenery. — The Villa d'Este. — The modern Lucretia - - - - - 349

CHAPTER XXV.

Journey to Florence. — Cività Castellana. — Consequences of Nocturnal Travelling. — Cascade of Terni. — Spoleto. — Cathedral. — Gothic Aqueduct. — Foligno. — Earthquake. — Perugia. — Influence of Catholicism on Painting. — Lake of Thrasymene. — Improved Appearance of the People. — Arezzo. — Petrarch. — Cathedral. — Arrival at Florence - - - - - - 359

CHAPTER XXVI.

Florence. — Palaces. — Palazzo Strozzi. — Palazzo Riccardi. — The Duomo. — Campanile. —Baptistery. — Aununziata. — San Lorenzo. Santa Croce. — Boccaccio. — Processions. — The Spedale di San Bonifazio, or Hospital for the Insane. — The Casa de' Poveri, and Reflections on English Poor-houses. — The Gallery. — Academy of Fine Arts. — Gabinetto Fiscio. — Theatre. — Italian Drama. — Note on the Play-wright System.—Abominations in English Theatres, &c. — Teatro dell' Intrepidità. — Giuoco di Palla. — Promenading. —Palazzo Pitti, &c. — Galileo's Thumb. — Grand-Duke - - 376

CHAPTER XXVII.

Page

Environs of Florence. — Pratolino. — Franciscan Convent, &c. — Departure from Florence. — Fine Scenery. — Tre Maschere. — Pietramala. — Natural Phenomena. — States of the Church. — Bologna. — San Petronio. — Cathedral. — Towers Asinelli and Garisendi. — University. — Female Professors. — Academy of Fine Arts. — A Lesson to some of the Notables. — Pictures. — Public Cemetery. — Madonna di San Luca - - - - - - 409

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Journey to Ferrara. — Ferrara. — Tasso. — Batiushkov's dying Tasso. — Ariosto. — The Studio. — Ducal Palace. — Cathedral. — Journey to Venice - - - - - - - - - 427

CHAPTER XXIX.

Venice. — First Impressions. — Place of St. Mark. — St. Mark's Church. — Bronze Horses, with a Note on Horse Racing. — Ducal Palace. — Torre dell' Orologia. — Grand Canal. — Palaces, Ca d'Oro, &c. Rialto. — Arsenal. — Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo. — The Vendramin Mausoleum. — School of St. Mark. — Santa Maria dell' Orto. — San Zaccaria, &c. — San Giorgio. — Il Redentore. — Academy of the Fine Arts. — Armenian Convent. — Conclusion - 438

Appendix - - - - - - - - 467

TO BINDER.

Eruption of Vesuvius - -	*to face Page*	1
Holy Field, Pisa - - - -		123
Scene in Naples - - - - -		177
Procession with the Pope - - -		320

ERRATA.

Page 127. line 6. *for* " Rossini," *read* " Rosini."
248. line 5. *for* " that island," *read* " thither."
328. note, line 8. *for* "or planted it with a flame brand," *read for* " planted themselves with flaming brands."
337. line 12. *for* " their being," *read* " there being."
352. line 9. from bottom, *for* " to the attempt at delineating," read " to attempt delineating."

RECORDS OF A ROUTE,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CALAIS. — BOULOGNE. — POSTILIONS, AND NOTE ON STERNE. — PARIS. — FRENCH TASTE AND PRINCIPLES. — DELICACY IN LANGUAGE. — UNPURITANICAL MODE OF KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY. — RE-ELECTIONS. — LA MADELAINE, ETC. — GAMBLING. — INIQUITOUS SYSTEM OF LEGALISING IT. — SUICIDES. — RESTAURANTS. — LIBERALITY IN OPENING PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, ETC. — REMARKS RELATIVE TO ENGLISH CHURCHES. — PÈRE LA CHAISE. — OBSERVATIONS ON THEATRES, AND THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA. — THOUGHTS ON DRAMATISTS AND NOVELISTS, AND VINDICATION OF MISS EDGEWORTH. — THE PUNCHINELLO SCHOOL OF NOVELS.

It has been observed, that "ours is a nation of travellers;" nor have I been much behind the rest of my countrymen in complying with a fashion so much to my inclination. Like most other things, travelling has both its agreeable and disagreeable side, and, as may be supposed, I myself have been more attracted by the former than annoyed by the latter; for, after having journeyed over the Holy Land, and many parts of northern Europe, I now give my route through the land of his Holiness,

and the rest of Italy. The subject is literally a hackneyed one, — apparently quite devoid of novelty; still, as no two persons see the same objects exactly alike, or agree throughout in their opinions and sentiments, an interest of a different nature takes place, because the reader has the pleasure of comparing together their different statements and accounts; and he has, moreover, the advantage of being, in some degree, familiar with the matter itself, so that he can judge how far the writer has added any thing to the common stock of information. By no means do I profess to give a full account of the places I visited, or to do more than bring into view such particulars and circumstances as chiefly struck myself, and submit to others the reflections to which they gave rise. Many of these latter may be considered irrelevant, especially by those who think a traveller should stick to matters of fact, and reserve his cogitations for his own amusement, or for the edification of his private friends. Were there no one else to keep me in countenance, — which is, however, by no means the case, — Sir Egerton Brydges will do so. Whether my book contains as much of what must be perfect assafœtida to many — both readers and reviewers — my reviewers and my readers, should I happen to have either one or the other, must judge, and they will doubtless report accordingly. Next to the satisfaction of being applauded, is that of being abused.

Of the early part of my route it is not necessary I should say much. Calais is sufficiently well known to Englishmen; nor has it attractions to induce any of them to remain there longer than absolutely necessary, unless it be those whose purses are not in travelling condition. The only thing respecting which I felt interested, was to find out the spot where Lady Hamilton, the once admired, courted, flattered beauty, was interred, after having lived to experience want, disgrace, and scorn. The fate

of this unhappy, and, truth compels me to add, unprincipled woman, might have supplied Johnson with a striking illustration for his admirable imitation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire. His nervous pen would have compressed into a few couplets her follies and infamies, the triumphs of her earlier career, the deep and bitter wretchedness of her closing life. To the pseudo-liberal this will appear unwarrantably harsh; but the really charitable require not to be informed, that to hold up such characters to reprobation, to exhibit them as wholesome warnings to the inconsiderate and inexperienced, is not unjust severity to the dead, but mercy to the living. Let those of her sex, who may be thrown into circumstances at all similar, profit by the lesson she has bequeathed to them. With such an example before their eyes, let none flatter themselves that they shall be able to tread the same path without encountering the same perils. So flattering was the aspect of her fortune, that it would have seemed madness to predict, at its zenith, the reverse that afterwards overwhelmed her, leaving her to perish in the most horrible destitution—cut off from all sympathy. Nor let it be urged that hers was a most extraordinary fate: quite the reverse; for it is in the common course of events that profligacy and misconduct should lead to misery and wretchedness. It is the success of vice that forms the exception to the general rule; and if it appears to be otherwise, it is because we take no note of the myriads who perish in their folly, while envy or curiosity fixes men's gaze on every instance of prosperous profligacy. The grave of the once lovely and adored, the afterwards deserted and despised, Emma, might sober even the giddiest into reflection. These are strange thoughts to pick up on first entering France, yet it is something to be able to pick up even an out of the way reflection on such very hackneyed ground as Calais.

No little novelty is afforded by new Anglicised Boulogne with

its colony of nearly Frenchified John Bulls. It is curious, that the place where Cæsar embarked for the conquest of Britain, and whence Napoleon once intended to start on a similar exploit, should now be not much unlike an English watering place. Little did Buonaparte imagine, when, preparatory to his would have been victorious expedition, he caused a medal to be struck with the legend "*Descente en Angleterre*," that the "shopkeepers" would make a *descente* upon Boulogne. Yet, although foiled in his ostensible object, Napoleon perhaps had another in which he succeeded better, namely, to occasion an enormous expense to Great Britain, and keep us in a state of inquietude. The prame built for his accommodation, and which was to have accompanied the flotilla with his myriads of troops, I saw broken up for firewood; and it is a remarkable, though perhaps little known fact, that Fulton, the inventor of steam vessels, actually offered to assist him with his discovery, but was refused.

The English here have established a society for the recovery of persons from suspended animation, which was the first of the kind in France. They have also founded two churches for Protestant worship, and distinguish themselves in the cause of benevolence, raising sometimes as considerable a sum as three hundred pounds sterling for the relief of the French poor. British gold flows freely, to the amount of about 150,000*l.* yearly; so that, in the event of a rupture between Great Britain and France, the people of Boulogne would have ample cause to regret the change.

Were we to form an idea of *le beau sexe* in France from that section of it at Boulogne who deal in fish, we should imagine them to be literally very formidable creatures. Imagine a brawny gigantic figure in petticoats, with a high cheek-boned visage, and you will have no exaggerated picture of one of those goodly dames, who would, without difficulty, rout half a dozen

military dandies. They work like horses, carrying enormous loads on their backs and heads, and they may also be seen harnessed in ropes, and drawing small carts, which are prodigiously loaded. Similarly to those at Leith, and to the natives of the island of Amager, adjoining Copenhagen, they are a distinct class, and live separately from all others.

The superstition of these piscatory agents almost exceeds credibility. One extraordinary idea is, that, in the year 668, a boat without a soul on board was blown into the harbour, with a statue in cedar wood of the Virgin Mary, carved by St. Luke the Evangelist, and that the bark, with its precious cargo, came from Jerusalem! This was called "the Boulognese Virgin," and was placed in the cathedral as a highly sacred object. During the revolution this paltry idol, at the feet of which kings and princes had worshipped, was thrown out and committed to the flames, nor was it able to resist them by any miraculous power. Having alluded to the cathedral, I may mention that it was here that detestable monster Isabella, the "she-wolf of France," was united to our Edward II. in presence of four sovereigns and their consorts. Boulogne is better honoured by having been the birth-place of the celebrated Godfrey who captured Jerusalem, and whose elegant tomb I saw in the church of the Holy Sepulchre of that city.

Quitting this place, we proceeded along a cold, dreary, monotonous tract, where the land was not inclosed, and neither farm-houses nor villas were to be seen. On reaching Montreuil, I was reminded of the lively peregrinations of "Poor Yorick." A traveller here feels how accurately Sterne * describes men and

* While I appreciate Sterne's talents for both humour and wit, I have no disposition to palliate his many delinquencies as a writer, or his misconduct as a man. Besides his unveiled impurities, there is a morbid taint — a certain looseness of feeling, that pervades even the least exceptionable parts of his writings; so that they are hardly to be sufficiently cleansed by the expunction

manners, and how correct is his amusing picture of French postilions, who appear nearly the same at present as in his day. On setting out they put themselves into enormous boots, like jars, or water pitchers, and a white nightcap, glazed hat, thick twisted hair behind, filled with grease and powder, or rather flower, complete their tasteful costume. Their thick short whip, which is used with an unrivalled dexterity, seems to convey a kind of language in its peculiar crack on departure and arrival; and, on approaching a town, they have the knack of signifying to postilions who are to succeed them whether the traveller be liberal or not. The louder the crack, and the oftener it is repeated, the plainer the indication that the voyageurs are of the paying sort. A small pipe is always in the postilion's mouth, and the smoke from it is driven in your face without his considering that you may relish tobacco fumes no better than James the First.

Paris is now grown as familiar to us as Pall Mall; the Palais Royal has become as well known as Piccadilly,—but those who know it best will not approve it most. In two or three points it may be superior to London, but decidedly inferior to it *en masse*. Both the place itself, and its lounging population, may satisfy

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of the fouler parts. As a man, he was a disgrace to his profession: his conversation was frequently most ribald, and his conduct to his mother basely unfilial. With all his parade, therefore, of fine feelings, he was selfish and corrupt at heart.

> "With tongue to pity tuned, and heart of steel,
> Too full of sounding sentiment to feel,
> He could, unmoved, a starving mother pass,
> To pour his sorrows o'er a dying ass."

It is thus that Colton speaks of the whining pretender to sensibility in his poem, entitled "Hypocrisy;" a production which may be said to have fallen dead from the press, although one of the most nervous pieces of satire since the days of Pope, and abounding with notes replete with much entertaining and piquant matter.

idle visitors,—those who go chiefly to stare at sights, or to indulge in the epicurean fare of its restaurateurs. To travellers of that description, the French capital will seem, for a time at least, a paradise; that is, provided their purses be well lined: yet, as a place of residence, London is far preferable. The Parisians have more levity than real gaiety, more of vulgar officious politeness than real good-breeding, much ridiculous vanity with very little honest pride, and far more of show and assumption than of solidity in any thing. Of them it may be truly said, "*Natio comœda est;*" and they are, withal, the most essentially *cockney* of any people on the face of the earth. They are eternally busied in doing nothing, and talking and vapouring about the nothings they do. They get up a revolution just as they would a *pièce de spectacle;* for, with them, theatrical matters are treated as affairs of state, and affairs of state as harlequinades. Religion is, at present, not the mode; it is unnecessary, therefore, to ask in what light it is held: neither is morality in much greater repute, especially if we may judge by some of the very strange specimens which their most popular dramatists and novelists have put forth to the public. The very stamina of these works is profligacy,—profligacy of the very rankest and most polluting kind. Let us not be told that some of them exhibit talent and power: so much the worse; because, in that case, they are likely to be doubly mischievous: besides, how universally and deeply rooted must immorality be in that nation, where those who should instruct are so lost to self-respect as to be the first to corrupt. It is time to lay aside some of the detestable cant kept up about genius; for where genius displays itself as a principle of evil rather than of good, it deserves not the applause but the execration of society. Of all people, too, the French least require to be goaded into excesses by such stimulants as their favourite writers are in the

habit of serving up to them. They are not so very ascetic and rigid as to need to be exhorted to relax their strictness, and to abandon their ascetic scruples. To say that there is no morality at all in France, that the domestic virtues are entirely disregarded, that licentiousness is universal, would undoubtedly be exaggeration; in fact, such a state of society could hardly exist. Yet it is surely quite sufficient charge to say, that the licentiousness forms the rule, and the morality merely the exception to it. It is easy enough to call all this very illiberal: the question is whether it be not true. Some will probably pretend that the difference between France and our country in this respect lies chiefly in appearances; and that here there is more hypocrisy and ostentation of morality than the reality of it. That there is some hypocrisy may be taken for granted; yet even that is preferable to the open unblushing immorality, which proclaims that infamy and baseness may stalk abroad unmasked.

It is usual for many to descant on the superior graces of French women, to sneer, or "without sneering, others teach to sneer," at the comparative *gaucherie* of our English ladies, and to ridicule the latter as domestic automatons, totally unskilled in the arts of conversation. And truly, if life were to be spent in the *salon*, if taste in dress, volubility in discourse, science in coquetry, and skill in dancing, are to be considered as a discharge of the duties of female life, we might be allowed to hesitate, perhaps to decide in favour of the French system, as the more specious and showy of the two. A French woman has her *monde*, her circle, her set, but no *home*: she lives in public, and to be in public; while home is the peculiar and privileged sphere of an English female. Of one fault laid to the charge of our British ladies, it is impossible to accuse the French, namely, of "chilling reserve;" which chilling reserve, however, is seldom more than

a due self-respect, and becoming avoidance of that familiarity which encourages impertinence, if not something worse. I do not set myself up for a critic in female dress; therefore all I shall say is, that of the Parisian dames, although not quite so "Bedlamite" as it is frequently represented in the "last new fashions" of our Lady's Magazines, generally exhibits a more "minikin" than refined taste: in fact, they have no standard of taste at all; for what is exquisite, *à ravir* to-day, becomes barbare, outre, grotesque, *à faire horreur*, to-morrow. How this can possibly happen I must leave to their wiser heads to determine. Much stress, however, as they lay upon the article of dressing, French women are not always so attentive as they might be to their personal appearance *en famille*. Leaving such matters to be discussed more fully by those who attach greater importance to them, it is enough for me to remark, that their taste, as regards deportment and manners, is not exactly that which an Englishman of correct feeling would propose as a model to his own countrywomen. Undoubtedly they have much of what the French themselves denote *l'aimable*, but which so far from answering to our English "amiableness," would on this side the channel be considered a degree of vivacity bordering upon pertness. There is a sort of easiness of behaviour that puts those who have not been accustomed—I know not whether I should not say inured, to it, in pain: one is fearful of the lengths to which it may proceed. Besides which, there seems to be some degree of effort even in the easiness itself: there is not seldom something "fidgetty" in it. French people of both sexes say, not indeed in words, but by manner, and more frequently than is consistent with good-breeding: "Am I not a very delightful person,—quite engaging; and do you not feel yourself amazingly honoured by my complaisance?"—The delicacy of good-breeding is wanting. In fact, delicacy itself is, in France, known

almost by name alone; certainly it is not carried to such degree as to prevent the use of many irreverent and highly improper phrases. Their reiterated "Mon Dieu!" for instance, and many other expressions, which in our plain English tongue would appear shockingly unpolite as well as highly reprehensible, do not at all shock the refined ears of "well bred" French persons; although, of course, even the polish of that delicate language does not do away the abominable profaneness of such ejaculations. Of this brutal *grossièreté* of language in which this exceedingly polished people indulge, some notion may be formed from such names for *fashionable* colours, as *Caca du Dauphin*, and *Merde d'Oie*, to say nothing of the very numerous phrases into which the untranslateable word *cul* enters. It may be said, that these things are mere matters of habit and convention; such phrases do not sound disgustingly to French ears, because they are accustomed to them: true, and in like manner neither would their English synonyms and parallels offend the delicacy of the inhabitants of St. Giles; yet that is a miserably poor apology, or rather an admission, that French breeding is no better than English blackguardism.

On his first arrival, a John Bull's fancy is apt to be tickled by the obsequious and officious civility shown him, but he soon finds out that it is paid to his purse rather than to himself, or, more properly speaking, it is intended his purse should pay for it.

One marked distinction between London and Paris, and such I trust it ever will continue to be, unless the change should be made by the latter city, is the absence of the Christian Sabbath. In the French capital, the seventh day seems to be set apart for any thing save religious duties and spiritual purposes,—for extra frivolity and for profane amusements of all descriptions. The whirl of dissipation then becomes madder than ever: gambling-houses,

theatres, bull-fights, shows, and lounges of all sorts, seem then to be in especial requisition. These are the things which are encouraged, while religion seems to be just tolerated, and no more. Our intercourse with the Continent of late years, has, I fear, transplanted something of this latitudinarian liberality among ourselves; at least, there are many among us who have intelligibly enough hinted, that by way of rendering an English Sunday less *dull*, we might take a lesson from our Gallican neighbours, who transform it into a day of revelry and diversion. Some of these philosophical and philanthropical gentry, whose charity is shocked by the crabbed austerity of a Sabbath-day in England, spoke out their sentiments pretty freely, when Sir Andrew Agnew's bill * was under discussion. Even some "honourable gentlemen" expressed themselves, on that occasion, with a flippancy that was little short of disgusting, and which, I am willing to believe, was utterly un-English. Some urged that it interfered too much with the amusements of the lower orders, and not at all with those of the wealthier classes. A

* Whatever may be thought as to the policy of bringing forward a measure hardly in unison with the "spirit of the times," the subject deserved to be treated with decency; and some credit for sincerity might have been given to its author, since he was sure to encounter all the virulence and ridicule of the self-styled liberal school. The crack *wit* of the day, the prince of punsters, did not fail to show up Sir Andrew Agnew, and at the same time expose his own utter contempt for all puritanical prejudices, by very plainly giving us to understand that, in his opinion, Sunday ought to be observed as a day devoted to worldly pleasures and amusements. According to Mr. Thomas Hood, who, by the bye, is always most furiously lauded by the Athenæum, the decalogue requires correction; the Christian Sabbath is not to be kept holy, but to be devoted to recreations by no means of the most spiritual kind, because, forsooth,

"After creation should come *re*-creation."

I wonder what Johnson would have said of the man who could utter, not only so despicable, but so truly infamous a pun as that.

wonderful discovery truly! How, in fact, should any regulations of the kind operate otherwise? Would they who complain that the bill was already too harsh and inquisitorial, have had it more so, and interdicted persons from spending the day just as they pleased within their own houses? If not, what was to prevent a wealthy man from indulging himself on one day more than another? Most undeniably, men cannot be made religious by act of parliament, yet may they be compelled to observe the externals of decent respect for the Sabbath and its ordinances, and be prevented from openly profaning that day, whether by public business or public amusement. For his own offences each individual must be responsible; but it is the duty of a Christian government,—such as it is to be hoped ours will ever continue to be,—to uphold the form and observances of religion. In France there is certainly very little of the *form*, but the example of that country affords no proof that the *spirit* of religion becomes purified in proportion as it is emancipated from mere externals. I have already touched upon the state of public morals; it is one fearful to contemplate. Is not the detestable vice of gambling legalised? Is not conjugal infidelity tolerated as a matter of course? Are not the theatres so many schools of the most horrible impurity? Is not literature almost equally infected,—become reckless,—abandoned—nauseous? And, lastly, is not SUICIDE BECOME THE MODE? This last is, in fact, merely a natural result from all the rest: the selfish and hardened victim of his own vices coolly puts a period to his existence, trusting that, as he had lived like a brute, he shall perish like one also; that an hereafter is a mere fable,—the hypocritical device of priestcraft, and the hypochondriacal fancy of enthusiasts. The ties of humanity——but why should we speak of such checks? When a man has renounced both

his God and himself, all that he has further to relinquish is an empty sacrifice.

Let us not then envy Paris its Sunday revellings, or the French their constitutional gaiety,—a gaiety that too frequently verifies the lines of our truly English poet, —

> ——— Gaiety that fills
> The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe!

Such gaiety arises as much from want of feeling as from real cheerfulness; and frequently is no more than a painted mask, assumed to conceal from the world real bitterness of spirit, chagrin, and ennui. To the careless observer, it looks like real happiness: analyse it, and it will frequently be found to be one half, at least, sheer vanity and real feebleness of mind.

This want of Christian devotion does not prevent the Parisians from having a taste for fine churches. That of La Madelaine, now almost completed, is certainly a very noble structure, solemn, classical, and temple-like, with its majestic peristyle, of fluted Corinthian columns, sixty feet high, so that the portico of St. Martin's church, near Trafalgar Square, is little better than a miniature in comparison.* Among the older churches,

* So far from exceeding even this scale (St. Martin's), the generality of public buildings in London are rather below it. The new palace offered an opportunity for an order of grand dimensions, but the height has most provokingly been cut up by two rows of little columns, for which Mr. Nash should be made to perform penance in the colonnade of La Madelaine. However, there is yet an opportunity for producing something far surpassing what has hitherto been done, and erecting a pile that shall be as noble a monument of Grecian architecture as Westminster Abbey is of Gothic. The utmost care will, we trust, be taken to secure as fine a design for our new senate-house as British talent can produce. Sir Robert Smirke is spoken of as the architect to be employed, and if he can show himself superior to all his contemporaries, let him, by all means, be the man. Yet, by all means, again, let there be a public competition — one, too, fairly and impartially conducted, without any other

I visited that called L'Oratoire, famed for having been the one where Massillon and Bossuet delivered their eloquent and most impressive discourses; but I here met with a preacher of a very different stamp, and who was chiefly remarkable for wearing the order of the Legion d'Honneur, attached to a red riband, dangling at his breast, a distinction not much in unison either with the clerical garb or the ecclesiastical character.

The church of St. Germain d'Auxerre is not calculated to awaken the most charitable temper in the bosom of a Protestant, for it was here that the tocsin was thundered for the horrible butchery of St. Bartholomew. Never did I pass without a shudder that window of the Louvre, in front of the Seine, from which Charles the Ninth fired at the unfortunate wretches who sought to save themselves by flight from their ruthless pursuers.

"To do as they do at Rome, when you are at Rome," is a good travelling maxim in the main, yet, like many others, may be acted upon too literally. I, however, adopted it so far as one day to enter one of the gambling-houses in the Palais Royal, which Pandemoniums, it is well known, are *under the protection of the government.* No ceremony was necessary, save that of undergoing the scrutinising glances of the professional gentlemen, who were exercising their calling, seated round a table where they were whirling a ball in a kind of hollow dish, and cutting cards. They evidently expected that I would offer to

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view than that avowed and professed. As an improvement upon the present system, it is no less desirable that all the designs should be publicly exhibited for a specified time, after which ordeal a certain number should again be subjected to more formal scrutiny, and their respective merits carefully investigated. Should, after every precaution, the thing turn out, like so many others of the kind, a costly failure, there would, at least, remain the consolation of knowing, that all which could be done towards success, had been done.

join them; but knowing the really excellent proverb in their own language, which says, *Ce n'est que le premier pas que coute*," I took no notice of their significant looks, but continued a spectator of the scene, without the slightest intention or desire to take a part in it. Every stranger who was not content like myself to be a mere looker-on, but who, instigated by the sight of their tempting gold, seated himself at the table, was sure, I observed, to be for a short time a winner. After that, the tide—very unaccountably of course, turns against him. He continues to lose faster than he won, and yet continues to play on, in fretful desperation, so long as his cash holds out. At length he finds his *plus* converted into *minus;* after which he either decamps quite fleeced for that time, or remains to witness the similar defeat of others. Assuredly it is most iniquitous in any government to countenance such an unprincipled traffic, the source of so much private misery, and of such widely spreading demoralisation; yet one feels quite as much contempt as pity for the besotted dupes of such barefaced villainy. After all that has been written on this subject, and the exposures made in regard to the system itself, every man of common sense must surely have his eyes opened to the consequences; no one, therefore, it may be imagined, who is not either an unprincipled knave, or a consummate fool, would sit down to a gambling-table. But, say those who are ever ready with an apology in behalf of vice, the pursuit is so alluring, so fascinating, that the victim is entrapped before he is aware of it. This is only an additional reason for eschewing it altogether, with the determination of not suffering even a little curiosity to induce us to make a single experiment. "The woman who deliberates is lost," and the man, as well as woman, who considers whether he shall try his luck at the gambling-table is lost inevitably. If not ruined in purse, they become sharpers by profession, monsters hardened

in iniquity, bankrupts in character, abandoned in principle, the most corrupt of the corrupt, of the abject the most abject. In fact, it requires almost the heart of a demon to witness the horrible scenes that frequently occur in those sinks of vice. Well do I remember one mean-looking and meanly-attired wretch, who was, like others, successful at first, but afterwards losing his gains, became so exasperated that he threw down double napoleons to a very large amount. These shared the fate of the rest, on which he was seized with a perfect agony of despair. He stamped his feet, tore his hair, clenched his hands, and the horrors he thus acted were rendered more thrilling by the fiend-like imperturbability of the human monsters who had plundered him. *Their* countenances exhibited not the slightest emotion. It was their vocation; and, to do them justice, they appeared perfectly fitted for it. After witnessing such a display, no one, I think, who was not actually a candidate for Bedlam, would suffer himself to take the chance of being reduced to a similar condition. Remonstrance, in such cases, is worse than vain, nor does the victim attempt it. The only intelligible remark he suffers to escape him, is "*Demain, la Morgue!*" Indeed, the frequenters of gambling-houses form no small proportion of those numerous wretches who destroy themselves at Paris. If there be a touch still wanting to this picture of human folly and depravity combined, it is the truly horrible reflection that such places are sanctioned by the government. More than Vespasian sordidness must be theirs, who basely condescend to derive a profit from them, by legalising the wholesale iniquity and vice. Some will be disposed to think, that unless it were in the power of a government to put down gambling altogether, which is of course impossible, it may as well turn to its own advantage the evil which it cannot wholly suppress! Miserable, detestable policy! If laws cannot en-

tirely remove an evil, they may do much towards checking it; at least they ought to attempt it. A government cannot prevent a plague or epidemic, yet there is no reason wherefore it should import infection, or aid the progress of contagion. Were there not to be one gambling-house, or one victim to gambling the less on that account, still a government should reject, with scorn, even the idea of being accessary, however remotely, to such villany. Thank heaven! England is not yet so sunk as to adopt such maxims in her councils; and, ere she be so degraded, let her name be for ever blotted out from the list of nations. Better so,—yes,—infinitely better, than to be marked with such leper foulness.

Atrocious as is in itself the system of a government, fattening on that profligacy it countenances, it has also its ludicrous side; for even Dean Swift's "Modest Proposal to the Public," becomes almost a praise-worthy and prudent scheme in comparison. Would it not have been deemed a most bitter exaggeration of irony had any one proposed that so fruitful a source of crime and ruin as gambling should be made to contribute to the revenue of the state.

> Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder?

What food for the laughter of a Democritus! what humiliating reflection for a philanthropist!

As already hinted, intimately connected with its gambling system, is the subject of suicide in Paris. The latter may be considered as, in a great degree, the fruit of the former; the despair that prompts to the one, is but too sure a consequence of the depravity arising from the other. Most awful, indeed, is the catalogue of those who, in the course of each year, here resort to self-destruction, as the sole remedy for the misery in

which they have involved themselves, thereby literally exemplifying the text, "The wages of sin are death."* After all, that such should be the case, can excite very little surprise; far more astonishing would it be to find men who have made shipwreck of every thing — property, character, principle, conscience — consent to drag on an existence marked by complete degradation and desertion. Utterly devoid of every kind of religious feeling, unchecked by the slightest moral restraint, detesting the world that renounces them, and abhorring themselves, already feeling all the pangs of hell within their bosoms, what wonder is it if, in their desperation, they give themselves up to perdition, utterly defy their Maker, and, rushing headlong on their destruction, take the fatal "leap in the dark?" Truly may they be said to "curse God and die!"

The cafés and restaurateurs, which are here sufficiently numerous, afford some relief by way of contrast to the appalling scenes of which the gambling-houses are the theatre. What appears most singular in the eyes of an English visitor, is to observe so many well-dressed women at such places. They certainly offer every accommodation and luxury; and all is conducted with so much attention and decorum, that certainly no respectable female need entertain any scruple about dining in public rooms of this description. And yet, although it may draw down upon an author a charge of entertaining most narrow-minded *John Bull* prejudices, I cannot help considering the custom as one "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." It indicates either a direct attachment to the pleasures of the table, hardly compatible with the delicacy of the sex, or a blameable neglect of the comforts of home — perhaps

* By a table I have seen here, I found that the number of suicides committed by both sexes in Paris, during a period of fifty years, amounts exactly to 7,370; viz. 4,577 men, and 2,833 women!

both associated. Consequently, it becomes something more than a mere matter of fashion, being at once the cause and consequence of that carelessness in domestic concerns which prevails among the middling classes of French females. As regards mere economy, the practice is one of questionable service; because, although the luxuries of the table may be thus more cheaply obtained, it by no means follows that any positive saving, at the year's end, attends it: rather the contrary, especially when dress is taken into account. And it requires not to be added, that a Frenchwoman would rather submit to starve at home, than dine abroad, if not fashionably attired. Our own "gentry of the silver-fork school," who lay so much stress on the minutiæ of dinner table etiquette, that they would be more shocked at the slightest infringement of its code, than by the infraction of any of the ten commandments, will have no reason to complain of inattention to *bienséance* at these places. Each guest has a silver fork, in the management of which much expertness is shown. What particular refinement or advantage, however, there is in not making use of a knife except for cutting the food, is not very apparent. Surely persons may be allowed to adopt whichever mode they prefer, without having their good-breeding called in question. In fact, real good-breeding would never notice such arrant trifles. A-propos to this is an anecdote I have heard of a gentleman who once humorously ridiculed such vulgar would-be delicacy. In a company where some one had been noting the plebeian habits of one of the guests whom he had observed eating with his knife, he took the opportunity of saying to him, "Have you not heard of poor L——'s shocking catastrophe? He dined yesterday at M——'s, apparently well and cheerful; when at the dinner table he suddenly took up his knife, and ——"—"Good Heaven! and did he actually cut his throat?"—"No, not quite so bad as that neither; but he

shocked us all dreadfully: for the poor wretch actually — put it up to his mouth!!!"

As to cookery, that is, in Paris, a perfect science, apparently more valued than all the rest. To become acquainted even with its vocabulary, is a study requiring much time and no little patience. Yet, after all, there is by no means that variety in their cookery which its copious nomenclature would lead one to expect, there being a great many distinctions of name, with very little perceptible difference as to flavour, except, indeed, to practised gourmands,

"Et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est."

Such amateurs will, doubtless, find here much to gratify their taste; a sufficient inducement, perhaps, to domesticate themselves in the French capital; nor has England any great cause to regret the absence of such of her sons as voluntarily expatriate themselves for such a cause. The loss of their cash may be something, but the loss of their patriotism need not cause her a single sigh. It would not be worth retaining even at the cost of a farthing.

Among the embellishments peculiar to Paris, at least as compared with London, are the numerous public fountains in its streets and squares. Many of these, such as the Fontaine des Innocens, de Châtelet, &c., are of rich architectural design, and certainly very pleasing objects; and yet we have no occasion to envy the Parisians the possession of them, because the superior convenience London houses enjoy in regard to a constant supply of water, renders such public accommodation unnecessary. We have no occasion for public fountains; and, as mere ornaments, they are hardly suited to our climate. We might, however, receive a hint from them, and erect something of similar form in the centre of such exceedingly wide and dan-

gerous crossings as that of Waterloo Place, so as to divide the distance for foot passengers from one side to the other, and afford a very necessary station midway, where they would be secure from carriages, which is far from being the case at present. Besides which, one or more gas burners might be introduced on the summit of such an erection, and thus a double purpose be effected. Since we do not want water-fountains, why should we not have *gas-fountains?* One idea we have of late years adopted from the French is, that of covered galleries lined with shops, or, as they here term them, *Passages*, which are certainly agreeable places enough, and afford much scope for architectural display; particularly as ornament is here protected from the weather, and there is nothing to interfere with the style that may happen to be adopted, so that its character can be consistently kept up, and not incongruously mixed with buildings of a very opposite sort. The *Passage Colbert* is rather striking, from its having a rotunda; but for elegance of taste, it is by no means comparable with our Lowther Arcade.*

If we must imitate the French, it were to be wished that we copied them rather more than we do in what is really laudable. We take worse lessons from them than that of the liberality shown in opening *public* institutions to the *public*. It is true we have made a kind of beginning, for persons can now walk into the British Museum without form or ceremony, and the National Gallery can be entered without ticket or fee; yet this is but a very partial relaxation of the old illiberal system. Both St. Paul's and the Abbey are still as jealously guarded as if the

* In an article upon this building, forming one of a series of architectural papers in the "Printing Machine," and entitled "Strictures on Structures," there are some very good hints as to various modes of decorating such "Arcades," and obtaining greater effect than can be done in open street architecture.

monuments would walk out, or the plague seize whoever should walk in, without having first duly propitiated the *janitor*. Thus, public memorials of our great men are shut up like the beauties in an Eastern harem, and what ought to be, and are supposed to be, for public instruction and example, are kept out of the general sight, as if actually demoralising. It is absurd to say that the monuments * would be exposed to injury were persons allowed to view them gratuitously as often as they pleased. None of the marbles in the British Museum have been damaged, none of the pictures in the National Gallery cut through, not even their frames carved, except as they came from the carver and gilder's hands. If, again, it be contended, that it would be improper to allow churches to be so opened merely for the gratification of curiosity, I do not perceive how the impropriety is at all got over by making persons pay for admission, just as at a

* Greatly is it to be wished that a little more discretion and regard to propriety were manifested in admitting public monuments into churches. Something more than talent alone ought to be taken into account. Irreproachableness of personal character ought to be made a *sine qua non*: instead of which many, it must be confessed, are thus honoured who, during their lives, were by no means bright examples of virtue, or even distinguished by eminent talents, while, on the other hand, we look in vain in either of our national repositories for the statues of many of those who have best deserved the gratitude of posterity and their country. Surely a monument to Cowper would better befit the Abbey than one to the author of the "Beggar's Opera." Hannah More deserves a statue there infinitely better than very many to whom they have been erected; and where are we to look for the effigies of that truly great Sir Robert Boyle, an ornament not only to his country, but to humanity—a man of whom it has justly been observed, that "his noble mind had, even before death, divested itself of all influence from his tabernacle of flesh," and that he was "a pure intelligence—the link between men and angels!" The newspapers have talked about a monument in the Abbey to Kean, the player. Let us hope that it is mere idle rumour. What were the claims of Edmund Kean to such a polite testimonial of worth, we have yet to learn: that his private life was marked by vicious imprudence and base misconduct, is notorious enough.

place of public amusement. It may be a very good argument for opening the doors only for divine service — certainly none for taking money at them at other times. Neither is it to be supposed that all London would rush in a tumultuous crowd, and quite block up the Cathedral and the Abbey, should the restrictions now enforced be removed. For the first week or so there would, perhaps, be an unusual influx of visiters, but after that there would rarely be very many more than at present; or, if there were, there would be no great harm in it: people would not come out worse than they went in; which is far more than can be affirmed of many other places of public resort.

It appears to me, further, that we might imitate the French in another piece of liberalty: not that the practice is exclusively confined to them, it being general on the Continent — and that is in avoiding that invidious distinction between rich and poor, or between the well-dressed and the meanly attired, which is suffered to take place in our churches. In the house of God there should be no worldly distinction, "no respect of persons," no "high places," no "chief seats." The pomp and pride of many private pews in our English churches are almost a satire upon the profession of Christian humility, and also upon that of *social* worship. The poorer classes of a congregation cannot but feel this: they find that even beneath the roof of the temple they are still cut off from their prosperous neighbours; held aloof as beings of a lower grade; admitted, indeed, but thrust into a corner, as if they had no *right* to be found in such a place. This is decidedly wrong — wrong in feeling, and no less mistaken in policy: I had almost called it anti-Christian, so greatly is it at variance with the doctrines of HIM whose ministry was especially directed to the welfare of the humble and the POOR. In this respect more worldly pride, and that too in its most offensive and unbecoming shape, is frequently exhibited in the

plainest English church, than amid all the pomp and gorgeous ceremonies of a Catholic temple. The mundane splendours there exhibited are at least intended in honour of religion, not of any particular portion of the congregation, as distinguished from the rest. There is a deal of specious, spurious, and cheap liberality now abroad—a vapouring kind of liberality that vents itself in mere words and professions: would that some of it were now and then reduced to practice! if not, it might as well be discarded altogether, as flimsy hypocrisy and disgusting affectation. The smart, well-appointed, well-curtained pews, in some of our modern churches, are no less offensive to taste than they are evidently incompatible with that perfect equality of ranks and persons that should be observed in the temple of the Most High God. They quite interfere with architectural effect if any be aimed at, and have more the character of boxes in an opera-house than of seats in a house of prayer. Some very well-meaning persons may, perhaps, take umbrage at these observations; yet I cannot help it if they do. If the practice I have censured is to be defended, let it be shown that I am in the wrong; but, until I learn what can possibly be urged in favour of it, I can neither retract nor conceal my opinion of it.

To visit Paris without going to see the cemetery of Père la Chaise would be to omit one of the most remarkable sights the immediate environs that capital affords. Similar cemeteries, but upon a much smaller scale, are now to be met with in England; two at Liverpool, for instance, and one at Kensal Green, a few miles from London; yet these are but humble imitations of the Parisian Necropolis*, for so may it well be termed. Here there are

* The Cemetery I saw at Copenhagen, called the "Assistant Ground," occupies about one half the extent of Père la Chaise. There is also a handsome new cemetery at Frankfort, in the form of a spacious oblong square, inclosed by porticos. And one was forming on a great scale when I was at Stockholm.

said to be about 40,000 monuments of one kind or another, and some of them are upon a rather large scale. It is curious, moreover, to observe how strongly the national character displays itself, even in this funereal region. Vanity obtrudes itself into this huge and universal "*Memento mori!*" Of the trappings of woe there is enough, and more than enough; too much, in fact, to permit us to imagine that there can be a great deal of that which "passeth show." Real grief rather shuns than solicits any thing like parade; and here there is a good deal of what may be natural, according to a Frenchman's nature; but which looks very much like acting, in the eyes of an Englishman. There is a certain studied pomp of sentiment that overdoes its part; the sorrow which amuses itself in dressing up graves with flowers cannot be very profound: nor could I always divest myself of the idea that the actors in such ceremonies were thinking quite as much of the living witnesses of their sensibility as of their deceased friends. Taking the matter in another point of view, it is curious to observe how the *superstition* of sentimentality operates upon people who have long ago discarded every other kind of superstition. We mortals are strange beings, and the French are strange mortals. They dally with their grief, dandle it, and dress it up genteelly, so that at least it looks *très jolie*. The passion for the theatrical discovers itself also in the custom of pronouncing a florid panegyric on the deceased at the funerals of public characters. On such occasions mere artists, actors, and others *ejusdem farinæ*, are lauded in too pagan-like a fashion to accord with the solemn nature of a Christian burial. One would imagine that their professional celebrity — in many cases hardly longer lived than themselves — had obtained a place in paradise for the soul of *le grand homme* whose merits are thus pompously set forth. The whole ceremony is not, indeed, a canonisation, but a heathen apotheosis. Talents, not virtues,

are the subject of these rhetorical eulogiums; religion has nothing whatever to do with—what shall I term them?—these acts of ostentatious cant and misplaced quack-like puffery.

No one can ramble through Paris without being frequently reminded of the political changes which have taken place. The statue of Napoleon has been, if not literally hurled, at least taken down from the Colonne Vendôme: that dynasty has utterly passed away. Since then there have been restorations and revolutions, and it is now proposed to erect, somewhat in the style of the column of the Place Vendôme, another in honour of the "Glorious Revolution of the Three Days." This is to be called "The July Column," and is intended to be built in the *Place de la Bastille;* that is, if the enthusiasm of the Parisians should not ooze away before it is well begun, or else another revolution divert them from their scheme.

The Place Louis Quinze is hardly more remarkable for the fine and varied architectural scenery it presents, than for the historical associations it awakens. It was here that so many were trampled to death at the triumphal entry of the unfortunate Antoinette, just before her marriage with Louis XVI. The statue of Louis Quinze was torn down to be succeeded by the scaffold on which his more amiable but misguided successor, his sister, and his consort, were butchered by blood-thirsty wretches, who, in the name of liberty, exercised the most ferocious and brutalising tyranny, and truly hellish acts. The same spot is also memorable as being that on which an altar was raised at the time of the entry of the allies into the French capital. A column was begun to be raised in memory of the decapitation of the unfortunate Louis, but stopped on the abdication of Charles X. Of what next this place may be the public theatre, it is altogether impossible to conjecture. Almost without hyperbole it may be said to have been at one time

drenched with human gore; for it has been calculated that upwards of eighteen thousand here perished by the guillotine, in the name, be it observed, of fraternity and equality; and, taking the whole of France, the number is reported to have exceeded four millions of persons, who were slaughtered by the guillotine alone!* How many more perished in various other ways would be a most dreadful computation. Compared with these wholesale atrocities, the cruelties of a Nero shrink to a mere fraction.

Although, however, many eye-witnesses of them are still living, these horrors seem to be now mere matter of history, and tacitly, as it were, consigned to oblivion. The French, I fear, have not profited by their dear-bought lessons so well as they ought to have done. A feverish love of change, for the mere sake of change, keeps them ever restless, dissatisfied, easily put into good humour by some public display, but then as easily kindled into madness again upon the slightest occasion. Whatever tends to excite discontent and insubordination is most welcome and most popular. The revolutionary principle lurks within both their literature and their drama. The most audacious and revolting libertinage and impurity are at present the staple of the greater part of the one and the other. If it be said that the pictures thus exhibited are rather derived from the frenzies of maniac imagination than drawn from actual life, the familiar contemplation of vice set out so studiously *con amore*, cannot but be attended with a fearful reaction on public morals. In some they must undoubtedly excite disgust, for hardly is it possible that an entire people should be so sunk in depravity as to relish them; yet that they are relished by the

* In the king's library I was shown a book of 300 pages in print, containing, alphabetically arranged, the names of all those unfortunate persons whose lives were sacrificed on the scaffolds in France.

majority, it is impossible to doubt, else wherefore are they encouraged, or wherefore are they even tolerated. The recent dramatic piece, entitled "Le Juif Errant," is reported to be a tissue of the most scandalous blasphemies; and yet we are assured it has had "immense success." At the very best, the drama is of exceedingly questionable influence in support of morals; but when thus infamously prostituted to the most wicked purposes, it deserves no quarter whatever: it becomes a noxious pestilence, calling for the most decisive measures to remove and overcome it. But would the French ever consent to part with their theatre? It is not in their nature: they would resign their religion, for that they have formally renounced before; they would part with their souls for any thing, or nothing; almost any thing else would they sacrifice except the theatre. It seems part of their nature — their essence, for they are all of the theatre, theatrical.* All the more incumbent, then, is it upon those in authority, to take care that this amusement shall be — I will not say as wholesome — as little noxious as possible: there is no fear of its being too strict or salutary; for even Molière himself, who is perfect purity in comparison with his

* Let us see the opinion of two of the principal fathers of their church on the subject of theatres. "What! the theatres are the work of Jesus Christ! These blasphemies strike me with horror. Would Jesus Christ preside in assemblies of sin, where every thing we hear weakens his doctrines; where the poison enters the soul by all the senses, and every art is employed to seduce, and awaken, and justify the passions he condemns? Every Christian ought to abstain from them, however innocent he may flatter himself to be in bringing from these places an untainted heart. It is sullied by being there; since, by his presence alone, he has participated in the works of Satan, and violated the most sacred promises he had made to Jesus Christ, and to his church. Abstain from a theatre where he is insulted." — Massillon.

"It is at the theatre our daughters are taught the art of skilfully conducting an intrigue, of concealing from their parents the secrets of their hearts, and of cherishing a passion condemned by propriety and morality." — Abbé Clemens.

successors of the present day, is by no means too starched and tight-laced in his morality. His lessons are those of an acute observer of society and of a polished man of the world. The French are as much "people of the world" as ever: but the polish has worn off most lamentably; for they can now witness unshocked what, in the days of Molière, would have been thought brutalities both in expression and action.

Wordly morality is, in fact, the utmost we can reasonably expect from the dramatist, and may almost consider it a positive merit both in him and the novelist, when they inculcate nothing incompatible with religion. Few among them can lay claim even to this negative degree of virtue; since too many, in fact, are any thing but scrupulous as to the means they employ, provided they do but amuse and interest. All the more extraordinary, therefore, is it that, while so many productions of an injurious tendency are favourably received by the public—at least escape the critical lashing they deserve for the laxity of principle they exhibit—that some should have imputed it as a dereliction of duty on the part of the most highly gifted female writer of the age, because in none of her admirable and delightfully instructive works of fiction, has she directly referred to religious principle. It cannot be denied that Miss EDGEWORTH might, had she thought proper to bring in what is rarely introduced with the propriety that could be wished, have introduced into her narrative some positive mention of religion as the best, the only sure, foundation of rectitude of conduct. Still, her omitting to do this, most assuredly does not amount to any neglect of duty; or to a proof that she undervalues the higher efficacy of religious motives. A novelist is not, indeed, called upon to teach religion formally; such instruction, it is presumed, can be acquired far better than through the medium of works of fiction. If we find such conduct upheld, and such principles

enforced as religion sanctions, it is all we have a right to demand in works of that description: and where is the writer who has advocated the cause of the social virtues, of integrity, prudence, noble and generous principle, so impressively and so delightfully as MARIA EDGEWORTH? Who, like her, has brought to the aid of ethic instruction more graceful and polished wit? — who more playful or keener satire? — who greater felicity of delineation?

But she writes, say her censors, rather to the head than the heart. She certainly makes no display of sensibility: she never warns her reader to be prepared with a cambric handerchief; she is never hysterically pathetic; she gives us none of the claptrap of speechifying morality; she eschews all parade of emotion: yet touches of the noblest sensibility, the most generous feeling, flash upon us unawares, and place her, even in this respect, far above such a maudlin theatrical sentimentalist as Sterne. Let those who affect to condemn so fascinating a moralist as Miss Edgeworth, because she confines herself to ethical instruction, at least be consistent; and if they are so, they cannot avoid censuring still more strongly such novelists as Fielding and Smollett; nor is it possible they should feel perfectly satisfied with Sir Walter Scott. Yet, although the well-directed wit, and the admirable manners-painting tableaux of Miss Edgeworth do not content every one, there are others so little fastidious in their taste — their pretensions to morality may be left out of the question — as to patronise the Punchinello school of novels; who can endure such tissues of vulgar ribaldry as "The Coquette," such laboured burlesques of characters and manners as "Tylney Hall;" things about as respectable in literature as mountebanks and merry-andrews are in society. Absurdity is here carried to such a pitch that,

"The force of *foolery* can no farther go."

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS. — SKETCH OF A PARTY OF TRAVELLERS. — ARRIVAL AT SENS. — CATHEDRAL, ETC. — MODERN VANDALISM. — WRETCHED APPEARANCE OF VILLAGES IN THIS ROUTE. — CRABBED REMARKS, INCLUDING REMARKS ON CRABBE. — DIJON. — MORE TRACES OF VANDALISM. — A MORE MIRACULOUS THAN FLATTERING EFFIGY OF THE VIRGIN. — NON-OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH. — SHOPKEEPERS' NOTIONS OF CIVILITY. — THE MUSEUM.

TURNING our backs upon the "focus of civilisation," one evening, we reached Sens the following morning; and just as we reached the hotel, several diligences arrived, so that we had the pleasure of witnessing a scene worthy to be described by the pencil of Fraser's *Croquis*. *He* would have hit off admirably the odd groups that issued forth from wheeled cabins, in which they had been cooped up day and night successively, till they looked wan, haggard, disordered in attire, and in complete dishabille; the men unshaved and unwashed; the females in somewhat better plight, because their chins did not indicate the length of their confinement. Or why do not some of our painters take in hand such a subject? It would certainly be one of the lions of the season either at Somerset House or Suffolk Street; that is, provided it were done with any talent, and not so overdone as to become caricature. Exaggeration might very well be spared; for rather would the artist find it necessary to temper what in the reality looks very much like "a burlesque on the delights of travelling," and a pointed commentary on "Home, sweet home!" The variety of night-caps which popped forth from the vehicles, on this occasion, would of themselves offer fine

scope for colouring, they being of all imaginable hues and tints, save pure white; besides which, the appearance of so many wigs awry would be not a little favourable to picturesque effect. The scene within was hardly less ludicrous, though certainly far more animated than without. All ceremony was laid aside, and the liberated travellers seized upon the smoking-hot dishes which were now brought in, with an avidity that could hardly have been greater had they been just released from Count Ugolino's cell. Some applied decanters to their mouths, and swallowed the contents wholesale; others did not stop to seat themselves, but snatched up a plate, and, holding it almost up to their chin, began to empty it with all possible expedition. Hogarth's election dinner would almost appear to be a very orderly repast, in comparison with this exhibition of French ease, urbanity, and decorum. Great was the hurry and confusion among the attendants; and one unfortunate hoary-headed monsieur had not only his locks, but his capacious shirt collar, deluged with the contents of a sauce boat, that slipped out of a waiter's hand. He was literally *dripping* wet, and bedewed more than he considered was due. Of course, he would be the hero of the scene—the principal actor, I cannot say; and another conspicuous person in the *tableau* would be Monsieur le Conducteur, alias, the guard, who did not consider himself as intruding on the company; but, without even pulling off his cap, seated himself along with the rest, enjoyed his déjeûné with as good an appetite as any of them, and afterwards took especial care of himself by slipping into his pockets an uncorked bottle, and cramming them with what had been left of a dessert, including the sugar that had been brought in for the coffee. Travelling certainly does level many of the distinctions of life; yet I could not help thinking that the free-and-easy style

was here carried a little too far. This was not at a road-side inn, where want of accommodation might have excused such jostling together of all ranks, but in a town of some consequence.

As we made no sojourn there, I have but little to say of Sens itself: the place is one of considerable antiquity, being mentioned by Cæsar as *Agendicum*, the capital of the Galli-Senones. At present it does not appear to offer any thing remarkable, with the exception of its cathedral, which had the good fortune to sustain no very material injury during the revolutionary fury, when so many other fine edifices were barbarously mutilated by brutal mobs, bent on the spoliation and destruction of whatever was time-honoured and venerable. Then was most sacrilegiously laid waste what national vanity alone might have induced them to protect rather than deface; and even since the revolution — after its frantic ebullition had subsided, destruction yet more complete has been going on, in proof of which may be mentioned the utter demolition of the cathedral of Avranches, which was bought by a shoemaker; and by him the materials were sold piecemeal, until only one pillar now remains! In like manner, the church of St. Nicaise, at Rheims, was, not many years ago, levelled with the ground; and also that at Cambray, where Fénélon had delivered his eloquent discourses. So much for French patriotism, and French taste! How the beautiful painted windows of Sens cathedral happened to escape this savage propensity for destruction, particularly during a period when their superior splendour was more likely to hasten than to avert such a fate, I know not. A punster would, perhaps, account for it by attributing it to the *bon Sens* of the place. The magnificent monument erected in the choir by Louis XV. to the memory of the Dauphin and his consort, was rescued from popular violence, by being timely removed and concealed in

safety, until a season of tranquillity permitted its being replaced without apprehension. One of the chapels in this sacred edifice is dedicated to our Thomas à Becket, who had retired hither from Canterbury, when he incurred the displeasure of Henry II. Near the cathedral is a house which tradition points out as the one he occupied during his residence here; yet this is exceedingly doubtful, and, at all events, supposing the spot to be the same, the dwelling must have gone through so many transformations since it was honoured with the presence of the English primate, that its identity can be only imaginary.

Our route from Sens lay through Villeneuve, after quitting which place, we drove along the banks of the Yonne, where there were abundant signs of assiduous cultivation. The labours of tillage are not confined to men; we observed several of the other sex engaged in the not particularly feminine occupation of ploughing. However, they were not very Arcadian figures, and were still more unlike opera-house shepherdesses. In fact, their *chaussure* was better calculated for crossing ploughed land than for either agility or gracefulness of motion, as they all of them wore clumsy wooden shoes. Neither can it be affirmed, that the villages hereabouts are at all more Arcadian or inviting in appearance than the *ploughwomen* just described. The houses had a strangely desolate aspect, almost indeed to ghastliness. Every thing about them bespoke neglect and wretchedness, for hardly was there any indication of life in these places, save that here and there might be discerned a withered bush, stuck up over a door, to intimate that *l'eau de vie* might be obtained within. Much of the wretchedness here so conspicuous might no doubt be attributed to poverty, yet some of it might also be set down to the careless slovenliness of the people. For filthy dunghills and stagnant gutters immediately by their doors, there was no positive necessity, and it is strange how human beings

can possibly reconcile themselves to such abominable nastiness. Really there is physical inconvenience enough in poverty, without increasing it by the accumulation of all that is most offensive to the senses.

In a state of nature, nearly all animals are cleanly in their habits: man alone seems to reconcile himself to filthiness that should seem most repugnant to his sensations, and contrary to his instincts. Did the French possess a poet like Crabbe, he would here find ample materials for pictures of wretchedness and squalid misery; and they might effect more good than those highly coloured descriptions *en beau* of rustic life, which reality more frequently flatly contradicts than corroborates. — Apropos of Crabbe. It is just now become quite *fashionable* to praise him, and to be charmed with the truth of his delineations, although he was formerly considered too severely matter-of-fact in them. Perhaps Byron's good report helped to turn the current in favour of him; and yet, just before Murray's edition of Crabbe's works came out, a critic of some eminence in certain circles did not scruple to say, that Crabbe "dips his pencil in the lake of darkness, and paints merry old England as a vagrant and a strumpet!!" How mortified must this discriminating gentleman have been to find all his brethren of the craft immediately afterwards extolling the poet in the most high-flown style! Happily, there are in England still many exceptions from Crabbe's delineation of life in the lower grades of society to be met with; yet, that they are quite correct in the main can hardly be disputed. If concealing such deformities in our social system would remove the evils themselves, no one would wish them to be brought forward. Yet it is not so: besides, Crabbe has not been very contagious among rhymers. In their description of rural life, very few of them can be accused of dipping their pens in the "lake of darkness," instead of an inkstand: rather may they

be thought to write with quills of peacock's feathers, so gaudily do they array their descriptions of cottages, tricking them out in fancies perfectly inconsistent with the soberness of truth. The condition of the peasant, like nearly that of all of us, must depend upon individual prudence and good conduct; and he is the peasant's best friend, who encourages him in habits of industry and sobriety, and withal one of the best patriots of his country. In England, I am willing to believe, there are many proprietors who act upon this maxim, and who feel the beneficial consequences revert to themselves. Such are the poor man's best and truest friends; not the clamorous *soi-disant* advocates for their rights, — crafty, selfish intriguers, who would lead them a will o' the wisp chase after theories and chimeras; and who, while delusively holding out to them what is practically unattainable, render them discontented, indolent, and altogether blind to the advantages within their reach.

Such were the reflections suggested to me by the condition of the villages I here passed through. What benefit, thought I, have revolutions and changes of government been to the mass of the people? Undoubtedly, they are very fine things, both for journalists and those people who write history quite at their ease in their closets: yet, after all the bloodshed and misery France has endured, the mass of the people do not seem to have bettered themselves much, at least if appearances are to be taken as a criterion. They are much in the condition of children who ride in "round-abouts" at fairs; they have certainly been in motion all the while, yet have not advanced from the point whence they first started. If they are in any degree better off than formerly, there are not many outward indications of it; consequently, if they be happier than before, their happiness must lie so deep as to be pretty well concealed from observation.

Far more consolatory were the feelings suggested by the aspect of nature. Save that we experienced much inconvenience from the dusty state of the roads, the scenery itself, clad in the hues of its autumnal livery, taking in a wide extent of country, was touchingly beautiful. Havoc, crime, and bloodshed had imprinted no traces of their ravages on the tranquilly smiling champaign we were traversing.

After changing horses at St. Florentin, our route led us through a woody district, where all prospect was totally cut off. Journeying for any length of way through such places is apt to prove very tedious. You have no views of distant objects, and those on each side of you are passed too rapidly to be distinguishable. The beauty of forest and woody scenery is to be enjoyed only by the pedestrian rambler or the sketcher. They can contemplate detached groups and parts, and note all the varieties of forms and colour. The carriage traveller, on the contrary, sees only a bewildering, yet monotonous, succession of boughs and branches, that seem to flit past him in an interminable series. Almost did I fancy that I was again proceeding through some of those endless forests I have encountered in Norway and Sweden. Near Tonnerre we stopped at a wretched post-house, where the charges led us to think that, much as France is famed for cheapness, travelling is not at all cheaper, or indeed so cheap, as in England, although, at home, the accommodations we meet with on the road are so very superior. Here we were charged at the rate of three francs for a cup of tea! It must, however, be admitted, that tea is one of the most expensive dishes a *voyageur* can ask for in France, and one that, I know not why, is always very reluctantly produced. The very mention of it seemed to draw down a cloud over the face of mine hostess; yet, as it certainly was not *given*, she might, methinks, have received the order for it a little more graciously.

Next day, on pursuing our journey, we found the country totally changed, it being now as bleak and sullen as the preceding part of our route, from Sens, had been delightful for the views it afforded. This unwelcome change was happily of short duration, for, after ascending to an elevation whence we beheld a wide extent immediately beneath us, the landscape assumed a character even more diversified and picturesque than what we had witnessed the day before, since it consisted of numerous valleys, bounded by mountains. Here we passed an exceedingly long train of wagons—I should imagine there must have been one hundred—escorted by military, as if laden with provision and ammunition for an army.

At length we entered the capital of ancient Burgundy, now the chief town of the department of Côte d'Or. History assigns to Dijon an exceedingly high antiquity, informing us that it was undoubtedly of Celtic origin, and a place of considerable note long prior to the age of Julius Cæsar. It was part of the conquests of that celebrated commander. Although possessing a population of about twenty-two thousand inhabitants, Dijon is now so dwindled away from its former greatness, as to be little more than the shadow of what it once was: still, many monuments remain that attest its by-gone pride and architectural pomp. Some of these edifices were remarkably rich, and in so peculiar a style of the Gothic, that by some it has been especially designated Burgundian. Yet here, alas! as well as elsewhere, revolutionary fanaticism has committed sad havoc, and many precious works of genius and taste were destroyed or mutilated during the reign of mob-tyranny, as if their materials were to have been used for laying the foundation of "a new order of things"—of that political millenium which was to have brought back a golden age—yet merged in Napoleon's *Iron Crown*. During the period of "political regeneration" the

churches were not spared, they being, of course, very superfluous when the world was to be governed by philosophy, and by that instinctive feeling of justice which, according to the Abbé de la Mennais, and other illuminati of the same stamp*, renders quite unnecessary all restraint imposed by governments, religion, and law. Some of these edifices were levelled to the earth: others have been applied to far more *useful* purposes. That of St. Jean, for instance, has been converted into a sort of market. Yes! the church where Bossuet was baptized has been thus irreligiously desecrated. Neither was taste less outraged than piety; the exquisite monuments of Dukes Philippe le Hardi and Jean Sans-peur, the finest works of the kind France possessed, and the admiration of all artists, were wantonly broken in pieces. Many of the fragments were rescued and treasured up by private individuals; and these have since been collected, and put together, under the direction of M. Saintpère, professor of architecture at Dijon, and perfected by modern restorations. The church and cloister of the Chartreux, where these noble mausoleums were originally erected, are now quite demolished; and many other monasteries

* Among these may be reckoned that miracle of meekness, friend William Howitt, who, in his mild rage against priestcraft, would abolish priesthood, for, with him, the two are perfectly synonymous. In like manner does he confound government with tyranny. It must be allowed that friend Howitt is the most "primitive" of his sect, for he would fairly reduce society to a primitive state of nature; but both he and the crazy Abbé trust too much to instinctive justice and morality. Doubtless they would supply all the purposes of laws and governments, could we but discover where they are to be had. The only objection to the schemes of such philosophers is, that they are too much on a par with that theory of birdcatching which assures us birds may be caught by putting salt on their tails: how the salt is to be put on is a question with which the theory does not trouble itself.

Priestcraft and kingcraft are undoubtedly very troublesome things, — yet philosophy-craft and jesuitical quaker-craft do not appear to be much better, and certainly much sillier.

and religious buildings have either shared the like fate, or have become private property, and been totally dismantled. The fine wood-work of the Chartreux, which was esteemed a chef-d'œuvre of its kind, was carried away, and sold for a sum hardly its value as mere firewood.

Superstition has suffered less than art or religion: the miraculous statue of the Virgin is still safe in a chapel in the church of Notre Dame. Perhaps its extreme ugliness may have been its preservation, for hardly any one would have carried it off for its value or beauty. Imagine a coarse wooden figure, with a black visage, and rendered more hideous, I might say grotesquely ludicrous, by being dressed up in paltry trumpery, like a huge doll. The faithful and her devotees appear to be pretty numerous; even now, in spite of the march of intellect and philosophy, they believe that the sable hue of her complexion was occasioned by the smoke of the Swiss cannons, when she was carried out against them in 1513; and they as firmly believed that the miraculous efficacy of this image caused the siege to be raised. Did not experience show us how apt infidelity and superstition are to coalesce, and make common cause with each other, it would appear wonderful almost to a miracle, that in a country like France any person should now be found so besotted as to kneel down in stupid homage to such vain idols.* That such idolatry should not at all scandalise those who are superior to all religious prejudices, is sufficiently intelligible. They are perfectly aware that, so far from partaking of real religion, to which they are for the most part opposed "upon principle," it rather tends to render the profession of religion contemptible, and so bring over proselytes to their own negative creed. They are doubtless aware, also, that such devotion is not incompatible with nearly as much moral laxity as avowed in-

* Psalm xliv. 21.

fidelity itself allows its professors.* The religion of the heart has no share, at least very seldom indeed, in Roman Catholic superstition. In fact, holiness of life and rectitude of conduct become altogether works of supererogation, when the rewards held out to them can be secured by genufluxions, masses, tapers, rosaries, paternosters, and other ceremonies, including prostrations before "miraculous images."

I did not observe that the reverence for the Virgin, or rather for the black-visaged doll of her, produced any for the Sabbath-day. On the contrary, that day seems to be totally disregarded at Dijon, hardly any perceptible difference being made between that and the others. Most of the shops were open; carts with goods might be seen in the streets; and there was the ordinary appearance of traffic and business. The chief difference was, that there seemed to be more idle and noisy persons about; and many men and women, as well as boys, with shuttlecocks and hoops, which latter they are in the habit of flinging to their companions, who catch them upon sticks; so that there is some degree of peril in venturing abroad during this play-day; for if you do not happen to have a shuttlecock come banging against your face, you may not escape an awkward blow from the other missile; perhaps feel your shoulders fettered by the embrace

* It is curious to observe what tender sympathy for the poor Catholics and Catholicism in Ireland is expressed by many here at home, who certainly do not lie under the suspicion of being either too orthodox or too devout. Without any very great breach of charity, this may be attributed quite as much to their enmity towards the Protestant established church, as to any disinterested love of the Catholics. The latter, again, are fain to make use of the devil's paw at a pinch, and to avail themselves of the proffered aid of disbelievers in religion against those who are heretics in faith. Therefore they do not scruple to submit to fraternise with those who are continually bellowing out against priestcraft, and sneering at churchmen, and who, excessive as their liberality is in other matters, have none for the church — least of all for the Church of England.

of one in its descent. Were it to rain crowns or mitres, it would be a different affair; but to have so ignoble a thing as a hoop plump down upon one's head is by no means an agreeable surprise.

To do justice to the people of Dijon, they are lovers of politeness; that is, they wish, indeed expect, that you should not be deficient in it towards them. A shopkeeper will look astonished if you do not take off your hat, and make a bow on entering his *boutique*, and remain uncovered so long as you are in his presence: in fact, these gentry appear rather to suppose they are conferring a favour on a customer by selling their goods to him, than under any obligation to him for laying out his money with them.

The public museum of this city contains an extensive collection of paintings, statues, and various other productions of art, arranged in six apartments, the principal one of which is hung with tapestry, representing the memorable siege of Dijon, in 1513, on which occasion their favourite "idol" is reported, as has already been mentioned, to have caught her gunpowder complexion!

CHAPTER III.

ROUTE FROM DIJON TO LYONS. — BEAUNE. — TABLE D'HÔTE. — CHALONS. — VILLEFRANCHE. — ANCIENT MATRIMONIAL PRIVILEGES. — PORTRAIT OF OUR HOSTESS. — SCENE IN THE INN KITCHEN.

On our first quitting Dijon, we were enveloped in a fog so dense that it might have passed for a very respectable Scotch mist; and had it not shortly after dispersed, it would have completely excluded from view the prospect of a most fertile and luxuriant district, chequered with vineyards and orchards. Well does it answer to the name Côte d'Or, given to this department, for the abundant produce of the soil and the excellence of the wine here obtained, must yield a golden revenue to the proprietors. The convent of Citeaux once derived prodigious funds from its vineyards; but the "golden days" of convents and monasteries have now passed away,—yet whether into better hands may be doubted, for those institutions were not the very worst defects of Catholicism. The vineyards themselves presented an interesting scene of activity and cheerfulness; and the blue frocks and white caps, which seem to be the general costume of the peasants employed in them, were un-English enough to be in keeping with the picture. There were also several pleasing symptoms that toil here obtained its reward, in the neat and cheerful-looking cottages scattered about. Yet, I must confess, that the villages we passed presented a very sad contrast to these indications of comfort among the labouring population. The aspect of most of them was truly desolate: they had a most dreary and miser-

able look, which was increased by their being apparently quite deserted; and so far they answered to the title, although certainly not to the description, of Goldsmith's "Auburn:" they were neither "sweet" nor "lovely," in any sense of those epithets. In one of them I did not observe a single human — I might almost say, a single living — being of any kind, and could almost fancy that a pestilence had carried off the whole population, without leaving one individual to chronicle the event.

On reaching Beaune, where, by the bye, we found one of the finest inns we had seen since we left the capital, we encountered numbers of persons who were really fleeing from "pestilence," they having made a most hasty exit from Paris, in consequence of the cholera having broken out there. It was also my fate to encounter in this place what struck me as being a more comic than agreeable scene. Joining the table d'hôte, I found myself surrounded by a company into whose presence I should not have intruded, had I been previously aware of the kind of etiquette here observed. Let the reader fancy a party, the gentlemen of which wore on their heads what looked like nightcaps, just as if they had been suddenly roused from their beds, which indeed seemed the more probable, owing to their unbuttoned shirts and unrazored chins; besides which, some had thrown off their coats. Not so the ladies; for they, perhaps by way of set-off against the deshabille of the other sex, were all in full dress — at least, had the full complement of female attire, for they wore hats or bonnets, and were all wrapped up in shawls or cloaks. The costume of the company, however, might have been excused; their manners were far less endurable. They all seemed to be striving who should eat the fastest and devour the most, greedily pouncing upon whatever came in their way, and despatching it with an alacrity truly wonderful. To be sure, I had no reason to complain, when I found that, in this general scramble, very little

would fall to the share of those who did not care to carry a dish by assault; for my own appetite was by no means excited by observing the ravenous appetites of those around me; besides, I had employment enough in attending to the exhibition itself. The drinkables were not slighted any more than the eatables: copious tumblerfuls of wine disappeared as soon as raised to the lips; and when the guests were fairly obliged to give over, they abandoned themselves to the luxury of lolling with their arms half across the table. It must be owned that every one appeared to be most enviably at his ease, and perfectly at home. Spitting, blowing, puffing, and other vocal *et-ceteras*, kept up a sort of concert that was neither the music of the spheres, nor to be tolelerated within the sphere of politeness and good-breeding. I must not omit to mention, that the scene lost nothing of its effect or dignity, by being graced with the presence of the cook in his official costume, with a huge carving-knife attached to his waist, which waist could be hardly less in circumference than that of Falstaff, while his huge whiskers were sufficient to excite the envy of even Baron Gerambe himself. How frequently are the generally received notions of things contradicted by the things themselves! Instead of a skin-and-bone soup-maigre-looking anatomy, here was a living personification of the "fat knight;" and instead of scientific gourmands, a set of mere gormandizers, any single one of whom would have been a match, at least, for two English butchers. In justice to the man of waist, I should add, that he appeared to have a smack of Sir John's humour, for he ever and anon cast sundry satiric glances at the company, and was evidently laughing at them in his sleeve.

The above specimen may, perhaps, be rather an exception to, than a fair average specimen of, manners in this part of France; yet, considering that I witnessed it at a table d'hôte in a very excellent inn, it does not say much in favour of provincial

habits. In France, refinement does not appear to be centrifugal, but to concentrate itself within the capital.

Unwilling to weary the reader by more of the *toujours perdrix* of vineyards, which are apt to become, at length, somewhat monotonous in themselves, and decidedly so upon paper, I shall pass over the journey hence to Chalons-sur-Saône, which, although it was once the residence of the kings of Burgundy, and has still a cathedral, is a place that offers little for the traveller's observation. For a sentimental tourist, indeed, it may have some interest, since it was here that the celebrated Abelard —more renowned with posterity for his unfortunate attachment to Heloise than for his learning and talents—died in 1142. We had intended to proceed from Chalons to Lyons by water, but were prevented doing so in consequence of the river being then exceedingly low. Accordingly, we pursued our journey next morning by land, with the same accompaniment as before, namely, a thick fog; so that we were again at liberty to fancy ourselves in England in the dullest season of the year.

So soon as we began to distinguish the features of the country, we descried the Saône winding to a great extent, having its banks fringed with wood and lofty poplar trees. From one eminence, on which stands a handsome chateau, the view was particularly striking. In several fields we saw men ploughing the land, but with ploughs of such rude and miserable construction, that they did not say much for any advancement in the rural and mechanical arts. What would our English agriculturists think of such clumsy and primitive implements? A painter would, probably, prefer them to our own: and from being drawn by a couple of grey oxen, they are calculated to come in very well in a picture; added to which, the costume of the ploughmen themselves is no less singular. It consists of a white cap, with a sort of black scull-piece, about the size of a saucer; a blue cloth

petticoat with broad red border, and two red stripes on the arms of their jackets.

Nothing remarkable presented itself on the road from Macon to Villefranche, neither was there much to attract our curiosity in the latter town. The chief object is an ancient church, one profusely adorned with sculpture, the greater part of which is now demolished. The town, however, deserves to be mentioned, if only on account of an extraordinary privilege once enjoyed by its inhabitants, at least, by those of the male sex; for it consisted in the liberty granted to husbands of chastising their wives as much as they pleased, provided they stopped short of causing their death. It is singular, that in France such a licence should have been either conceded or received as a boon; and it is hardly necessary to add, that it is now fallen completely into desuetude, either in consequence of greater refinement in the one sex, or of less submissiveness in the other. In fact, if I might judge from the landlady at our inn, I should imagine it would be rather dangerous for a modern husband to attempt to correct his wife manually, and that the fair sex would be sufficiently able to defend themselves, and even to retaliate very stoutly, although not placed under the safeguard of the law. In stature our hostess bordered upon the gigantic, nor was she at all less remarkable for the excessive rotundity of her person. No small quantity of finery contributed to render her more conspicuous than nature had made her: immense dangling ear-rings, a number of massive rings on her fingers, and a most *aldermanic* chain round her neck, formed some of the paraphernalia of her attire. Her "head-gear" I cannot describe, nor convey any idea of it, except by saying that it put me in mind of the expanded tail of a peacock.

Owing to the situation of our sitting room, we were obliged to pass and repass through the kitchen, an inconvenience I had no

occasion to regret, since it afforded me an opportunity of seeing this goodly dame doing the honours of her table, and presiding at her plentifully covered board, at which were seated several rustic-looking guests, who, on their part, did ample justice to the good things spread out so abundantly before them. They exhibited their satisfaction with their good cheer much after the fashion of the company at the table d'hôte already mentioned. It is therefore unnecessary to speak of the action of the scene. Apart from this privileged class, and forming a group by themselves, four female servants were seated upon very high chairs by the fire, with their feet resting on cross spars, so that their knees were nearly level to their chins. In this not particularly graceful, and apparently not more easy, attitude, the damsels were eating their *bouilli*. The place itself was a kind of Noah's Ark, for, besides several mastiffs, and one or two other quadrupeds, including a couple of sheep, there were many bipeds, both of the chicken and duck tribe; and, high above them all, a large parrot in a cage suspended over its mistress's head. Of the audible part of the entertainment an artist could make nothing; but, as to the scene itself, he could hardly find a better subject for his pencil, provided he preferred copying things as they are, and nature just as it is, to the poetical and the ideal. Take the table alone — what a picturesque display of well filled and equally well emptied dishes it would afford; — nothing formal in the arrangement, but all judiciously broken into groups. Next we should have the portly presence of mine hostess, and all the stately magnificence of her dress; then the guests, intent upon eating, yet in various ways, and with much diversity of gesture and expression. The animals might be brought into the foreground, while, in the distance, we should observe the four satellites, enthroned, as described, just by the capacious fire-place. — Why does not Wilkie snatch up his

palette, and give us in this scene a pendant to his Village Festival? — or, if he be not at leisure, let M'Clise work it up into a companion to his "Captain Rock." I should like to see *madame l'hôtesse* make a figure upon canvass, were it only for her civility, and for the obeisance she would have made us at parting were it not that her bulk rendered curtseying too difficult a ceremony: we were, therefore, perfectly satisfied with the obeisance made us by her head,— and her ear-rings.

CHAPTER IV.

LYONS. — THE LATE INSURRECTIONS. — BUILDINGS. — CATHEDRAL. — THOMAS A BECKET'S HOUSE. — MUSEUM. — TOUR PITRAT. — SUNDAY DOINGS.

TILL very lately, Lyons might be considered as the second city in France, after Paris; yet how long it will retain that rank has now become very doubtful. The recent disturbances (subsequent to our visit), which have conferred upon it so much éclat, and rendered it important in the eyes of politicians, have already made themselves deeply felt in their injurious consequences, and are likely to prove still more fatal to its former prosperity and rank. During the recent insurrections the destruction of property has been enormous, far exceeding that committed at the time of the revolutionary excesses in 1793 and 1794. Masters and capitalists, the workmen and the townspeople, have all suffered; for ignorance and obstinacy involved the whole city in the horrors of a most malignant civil war. Determined on resisting to the utmost any reduction of wages, the operatives resolved to make a general turn-out. The whole population was shortly in a dreadful state of excitement and alarm, until at length suspense was terminated by the outbreaking of sanguinary contests, and of the work of plunder and destruction, when hundreds of lives were lost. For this deplorable result the magistracy have to blame themselves; for, instead of taking any precautionary measures, notwithstanding that there were sufficient indications of what must otherwise ensue, they left things to take their own course; and even when at last compelled to act, they did not do

so with that promptitude and energy which might have prevented farther excesses. The comparatively small military force was compelled to yield to the insurgents; scenes of massacre occurred, in which women took an active part; the city was in the power and at the mercy of infuriated rebels, who, after wreaking their vengeance upon persons and property, discovered that their victory had reduced them to the situation of a mutinous crew. Lyons was not the whole of France; and, fortunately, neither the government nor the country was prepared to sympathise with or to support the insurgents. The arrival of a powerful army under the command of the Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult, converted their short-lived and dearly purchased triumph into abject submission. The heroes, *les braves*, who had murdered their fellow citizens, did not care to face real danger. Public tranquillity, however, was restored only in appearance: after being long secretly at work, anarchy and sedition again broke loose in April 1834: but this time, the army, which had been greatly strengthened, obtained the mastery, although not till after a struggle of six days. Order has been restored; but a blow has been inflicted from which, in all probability, Lyons will never recover. The marks of ravage are every where visible: the wealthier capitalists and many other persons have abandoned a place so turbulent and insecure: the value of property is greatly depreciated: manufactories have either been broken up entirely, or transferred elsewhere; and the workmen have been led by their "unions" and coalitions into a far worse condition than they would have been by acceding to such a reduction of wages as must attend a reduction of profits on the part of their employers.

After this hasty recapitulation of events that are likely to prove more lastingly injurious to Lyons than even the more sanguinary atrocities of the Revolution, at which period no fewer

than thirty-one thousand individuals are reported to have perished on the scaffold, I proceed to speak of the city itself. It is situated almost insularly between the Saône and the Rhone, whose waters here unite, and both which are crossed by numerous bridges. Consequently, its locality offers many striking points of view in the immediate environs, more especially as one of these rivers passes through a valley hemmed in by lofty rocks. The town itself is well built, and in the more open parts and modern quarters has an air even of magnificence; but the older streets are narrow, and appear all the more confined in consequence of the very great height of the houses, many of them eight or nine stories. The noble Place Louis le Grand (now Place Bellecour), considered one of the finest out of Paris, suffered greatly from revolutionary fury; two fountains, together with the magnificent equestrian statue of that monarch, which decorated it, being then demolished. At the same time, the façades of the buildings at each end of this *place* were so shattered, as to present for many years afterwards little more than a mass of ruins. They have since been rebuilt; and, in 1826, another statue of Louis XIV. was erected where the former one had stood. This figure, which is also of bronze, was executed by Lemot, a native of Lyons, and a distinguished sculptor.* Many of the public buildings are in a grand style, and among those most remarkable for their architecture, may be here specified the façade of the hospital Hôtel Dieu, and the Grand Théâtre, both of them the work of Soufflot, the celebrated author of St. Geneviève at Paris. A few years ago was erected an arcade or bazaar, called La Galerie de

* M. Lemot was born at Lyons in 1773, and died at Paris in 1826. Among his principal works may be mentioned the bas-relief in the pediment of the grand front of the Louvre; the equestrian statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf, at Paris, and the statues of Cicero, Lycurgus, and Leonidas. There is a bust of him, by Foyatier, in the Salle des Antiques in the museum.

l'Orgue. It extends about five hundred feet, and has a rotunda, in which is placed a bronze statue of Mercury; besides which, there is a handsome theatre connected with it. This splendid and commodious avenue of shops and cafés, which is not inferior to any place of a similar description in the capital, was the speculation of a company of private individuals.

As regards antiquities, Lyons has very little now to show of the works of the Romans. Some remains there certainly are, but, with the exception of the aqueducts, they are now little better than shapeless fragments and masses of rubbish. Neither is it particularly rich in structures belonging to the Gothic style, yet it possesses some of great interest and value. The cathedral is a noble edifice, and affords examples of very different periods of ecclesiastical architecture. The nave and more ancient parts are said to be of the date of St. Louis, while the western front is assigned to the reign of Louis XI.,—that is, between 1462 and 1483; and some of the chapels in the nave are almost a century later. This church is remarkable for having a tower at each end of the transept, similar to Exeter cathedral; but here the towers have never been finished; consequently they rather impair than add to the effect of the exterior, for they do not rise even so high as the gable, and are moreover covered with modern tiled roofs. The *lion par excellence* for the curious is a clock put up in 1598, —a huge and extraordinary piece of mechanism, that does honour to its contriver, Nicholas Lippius, a mathematician of Basle. Besides the hours of the day, it marks the course of the sun through the signs of the zodiac, the phases of the moon, the rising and setting of the sun, and various other particulars, so that it may be regarded as a kind of public almanack. The interior of the building is grand, and not the less impressive on the beholder from the gloom occasioned by the deep tints of its stained windows.

The church of St. Paul is the most ancient in the city, having, according to tradition, been first erected in the middle of the fifth century. Of the present structure, however, the oldest parts of the exterior exhibit only some very early Norman workmanship. The interior is quite corrupted by modern restorations in very wretched taste.

Like Sens, Lyons also boasts of a house where Thomas à Becket is supposed to have resided, which stands close to the cathedral, and now goes by the name of l'Hôtel de Chevrière. The front has been so modernised and metamorphosed, that it is hardly possible to judge of its original character. There is, however, still remaining a row of small semicircular arches, some of them resting upon columns, others on corbel brackets; and the masonry exhibits a mixture of stone with red tiles, the latter being inserted in the former. Of course we did not fail to visit the Museum or Palais des Arts, occupying one side of La Place des Taurreaux, and formerly a convent of nuns belonging to the order of Benedictines. It is an extensive pile of building, enclosing a spacious oblong court, surrounded by porticoes, along which are ranged various fragments and remains of ancient sculpture; and at one extremity of this court is a spacious hall, used by its former possessors as their chapter-house, but now applied to the purpose of a *bourse* for the merchants. The picture gallery extends five hundred and forty feet in length, and the pavement, which is of marble, is decorated with four antique mosaics. There are several very good works of the old masters, although none of extraordinary excellence; and also many clever and interesting pictures by living artists. At the further end of this gallery is another large apartment, called La Musée des Antiques, where are many vases, lamps, and other antiquities, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman, including a collection of medals,

and also a mummy in admirable preservation.* Besides this museum there is a cabinet of natural history, a school of chemistry, another of drawing, and apartments in which various scientific societies hold their meetings, within the same extensive building.

One particularly remarkable object, not indeed within the city itself, but on a lofty eminence in its immediate vicinity, and to the north of it, is a tower or observatory about three hundred feet in height, erected by a wealthy merchant named Pitrat, after whom it is called La Tour Pitrat. That such a prodigious structure, one far exceeding many public monuments, should have been reared by a private individual, is not a little surprising; nor is astonishment lessened by learning that this is in fact a second edifice, the first one having fallen in before it was entirely built. The views from the summit are, as may be very well conceived, exceedingly extensive and grand; for, in addition to its own height, the spot upon which the tower is raised is three hundred feet above the level of the Rhone. In this building is a small museum, where is shown an electrical machine with a cylinder four feet three inches in diameter; also a microscope of such power as to magnify objects several thousand times beyond their real size. It also contains numerous specimens of petrified animals, birds, dogs, &c., and an entire horse. These come from the petrifying springs at Alose, near Clermont.

It is not to be supposed that, in a place filled with so vast a manufacturing population, Sunday is more reverently observed than in other towns and cities in France. In fact, so far from inculcating or encouraging a regard for the Lord's day, or that abstinence from secular amusements which should charac-

* On being divested of its bandages, which operation was skilfully performed by M. Trolliet, professor of anatomy, it was discovered to be the body of a female, apparently about thirty years of age.

terise it, Catholicism sanctions diversions of an opposite tendency. Although professing to be solemn mysteries, its religious ceremonies address themselves more forcibly to the senses than to the heart or the understanding. There is too much pomp and parade in them to leave any room for sober reflection. Rather do they tend to create a taste for such excitement in every thing else, and especially in those that come under the head of amusements. Most assuredly, the Catholic church does not even pretend to recommend the study of the Scriptures to the laity; consequently it is not very surprising if, after attending the religious service of the morning, people repair in crowds to the theatre in the evening. It must be acknowledged, too, that Popery is not at all disinclined to countenance, at the same time, the two very opposite extremes of monastic asceticism and worldly dissipation, as if desirous of recommending itself to all parties and all tastes; to grant the one all the self-mortification that looks like excess of religion, and the others all the indulgences which worldly-minded and carnal dispositions covet. Nothing is prohibited save what tends to call in question the spiritual authority of the church. Such being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that the external forms of religion should be estimated more highly than its real principles, and that servile superstition should be preferred to religious inquiry and real devotion, as being more conducive to the influence and interests of a church which commands implicit obedience to its dogmas, because it cannot convince; and which, in order to secure that obedience, is willing to tolerate every thing save religious inquiry and religious toleration.

CHAPTER V.

LYONS TO CHAMBERY. — ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY. — PEASANTRY AND THEIR HOUSES. — TOILETTE OPERATIONS AL FRESCO. — SIGNS OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION. — SCENERY. — "PASSAGE OF THE ASSASSINS." — CHAMBERY. — RELIGIOUS PUPPET-SHOW.

As the waters of the Rhone happened to be too shallow for navigation, we were obliged to give up our original plan of taking a boat for Avignon, and after proceeding thence to Marseilles by land, again to embark at that port, and so cross over to Italy by sea. We accordingly took the route for Chambery, passing through the suburb Guillotière, where there is an ancient château, once occupied by Henri IV. and Marie de' Medicis; and afterwards by Louis XIII.

Until we reached Bourgoin, we beheld little to excite attention. The country is flat, in many places marshy, and by no means picturesque; neither was its monotony relieved by any more cheerful appearance in the villages, where the houses are built *en pis*. As little is to be said in favour of the inhabitants, at least of those who belonged to the rising generation, who, if I might judge from their figures, did not seem likely to rise much, they being nearly all of stunted, dwarfish stature, with unusually large heads. As we proceeded, we observed a more decided change for the worse in the appearance of the peasantry: instead of the healthy, fresh-looking countenances we had hitherto seen, we met with pallid, sallow visages, and attire that too plainly bespoke extreme poverty. And yet the females seem to be an industrious race, and to ply the labours of the distaff very assiduously. As to the cottages, they looked no better than the

cabins in the south of Ireland, which are synonymous with misery and filthiness itself. Many had no windows at all; others only windows of greased paper in lieu of glass; and even these may be considered as a kind of luxury here. At Pont de Beauvoisin we entered the territory of Savoy, which is divided from that of France by a river. Here we were obliged to submit to the examination of the *douaniers*, who did not, however, search our luggage very minutely, for some money slipped into their hands convinced them there was no need for being very rigorous; and so, attaching to our trunks certain pieces of lead stamped with the Sardinian arms, which were to prevent their being opened again, they suffered us to proceed without further delay.

Almost the first trait of manners that presented itself to us in his Sardinian majesty's dominions was of a kind little calculated to impress us with any very high opinion of the habits of the people. We saw a rather aged female seated before her door knitting, with her countenance almost veiled by her long hair, while another behind her was examining her head, not à la Deville, nor for any craniological purpose. The object, or objects, of her exploration were very different indeed,—such as may easily be guessed, although they cannot very properly be named. Wherefore such an operation—admitting the necessity for it—should be made an outdoor scene, it is difficult to conjecture: it is one better suited to the retirement of the closet than to the publicity of the high road. When formerly in Spain, I was much struck by the prevalence of the practice we witnessed here: it certainly very little corresponds with our notions of a land of chivalry and romance, for few customs can be more unromantic or less captivating. It is one which no poet or novelist would venture even to allude to, as a national characteristic, for in such cases their dark-eyed Spanish damsels and maidens, "the warm beauties of the south," would not appear

the most delicate creatures imaginable, or very much more refined than Teniers' Flemish boors and their vrows. But so it is; there is a sort of conventional hypocrisy in such matters; whatever is attractive is crowded into the picture, and all that is distasteful is carefully left out. In short, truth is sacrificed to effect; and to secure this effect, every thing is so tricked out and decked out that the copies bear about the same resemblance to the originals as the silk-stockinged and gauze-draperied nymphs of the opera do to the peasant girls of real life.

Coming to an oratory by the road side, I stopped to copy the following inscription:—"The Archbishop of Chambery grants forty days of indulgence to those who devoutly repeat one Paternoster and one Ave, accompanied by an act of contrition." Who would grudge purchasing such a period of indulgence at so very cheap a rate? That such conditions should be gladly accepted need excite little wonder; but that they should be offered is indeed matter for astonishment. Were it not a positive fact, it would appear incredible that any, except the most ignorant idolaters, should imagine any superior efficacy can attend prayers because offered up on a particular spot. What is this, but to render religion ridiculous in the eyes of thinking men, and at the same time to mislead those who blindly rely upon such truly irrational forms. Scripture teaches us that we ought to worship God "in spirit and in truth;" diligently to examine our own hearts, and to seek, by the aid of divine grace, to overcome its sinfulness: but the Romish church takes quite a different view of this important matter, and lays its greatest stress upon outward formalities, the tendency of which is, not to spiritualise our affections, but rather to debase the human intellect, by filling the mind with grovelling and contemptible ideas of the Supreme Being. It may be said, that enlightened Catholics perceive and deplore such gross errors quite as much as Protestants: the ques-

tion then is, Wherefore are they countenanced and upheld by their ecclesiastics and prelates? or is it too much to expect that an archbishop should be an enlightened Catholic?

Scenery of grander features, and strongly marked by its mountainous character, now began to offer itself to our gaze; and lofty precipices, beneath which either flowed rivers or rushed impetuous torrents, were not unfrequent objects in the landscape. Still, noble and sublime as they are in themselves, such things are apt to prove exceedingly wearisome in description,—if that can be called description which is, for the most part, little better than a string of epithets, which, after all, convey no definite ideas. It is for pencil and palette, not for pen and ink, to describe the visible beauties of nature. The pen can seldom do more than conjure up a few misty images, leaving it to the mind and imagination of each reader to shape and mould them into something like form. We had here a magnificently wild panorama extended before us, in which were mingled sylvan beauties of every kind, —"rock, flood, and fell;" precipitous steeps in one part, and gleams of widely expanded horizon in another; yet I doubt whether the reader who has not been on the spot himself, or at least, who is not conversant, with similar views, will be able to make any thing out of such information. In many places the aspect of the road was such as to promise some stormy adventure, one that would furnish an interesting episode,—upon paper, be it understood,—for our route lay through defiles that seemed expressly fitted for the haunts of banditti. That our journey was not enlivened by an encounter with any gentry answering that description, is a circumstance I do not affect to regret, however much my readers may do so.

We had entered upon what was called by the French "The Passage of Assassins;" a name of most ominous and cut-throatly import: still the place itself turned out to be harmless enough;

and we were left undisturbed to contemplate the stupendous route here formed by Napoleon, and which alone would have sufficed to hand down his name to posterity, quite as honourably too as some of his other deeds. Here he may be said to have achieved a victory over nature, and to have hewn his way through her barrier of rocks and mountain ramparts.

We took up our abode for the night at Eschelles, a small place picturesquely situated in a hollow, surrounded by rocky mounds and eminences, one of which seems to hang over it. On ascending one of the heights next day, we were still more struck by the singularity of its position, and by the contrast between its sheltered seclusion, and the other part of the prospect commanded by the eye. The windings of the Guier gave a charm, while a vista of mountain receding beyond mountain in distant perspective imparted a character of sublimity to the whole scene. Our course led us through a spacious cavern or tunnel, hewn out of the solid rock, where we should have been almost in total darkness, save for the lamps suspended from its vault. This subterranean avenue was originally projected and executed by Charles Emmanuel, the second duke of Savoy, in 1670, but was afterwards greatly improved and enlarged by Napoleon.

After emerging from this vast gallery, we found the road much contracted and hemmed in by steep walls of rock on each side. It is, in fact, a narrow mountain pass of formidable character,—of wild, military, and most *Salvator* aspect,—just the scene the pencil of that master would have depicted with congenial feeling, and without diminishing its energy. Whether he would have peopled it with such miserable-looking, haggard figures as we met, instead of the more muscular forms of banditti, may be doubted. To us they appeared too much like mere vagrant Savoyards. Farther on, the prospect changed, and we came in sight of a river, the trees on whose banks formed a natural

canopy of o'erarching verdure above the stream; and at no great distance arrived at a perpendicular fall of water, that contributed not a little to point out this spot as one every way worthy of the pencil. Added to which, vineyards again began to make their appearance; nor did we fail to hail them as the welcome symptoms of a more genial tract. We noticed many fine trees, and among the rest a number of luxuriant acacias; yet these latter were far from heightening the charms of the landscape, since, *horresco referens*, they had been clipped by the shears into the most stiff and formal shapes. Whether this preposterous transformation had any particular object of utility, or the labour attending it was worse than useless, I cannot decide; but the effect was certainly most vile, — similar to that of horrible dissonant noises interrupting a harmonious concert.

At length our journey terminated temporarily at Chambery, which is situated at the foot of the Alps. The houses are mostly of stone, have two stories, and colonnades below, within which are shops. The older streets have by no means a cheerful appearance, and in them the signs, of which there are not a few, jut out from the houses in a very disagreeable manner. The singular appearance of the tin spouts, likewise, which project from the top similar to artillery planted, and run down the fronts of the buildings, are apt to strike a stranger as not being a singularly ornamental peculiarity. On entering the principal church, my attention was caught by an object that appeared quite out of its place in such an edifice, and so ludicrously grotesque, that had I met with it anywhere else, I might have been rather amused by its oddity. This was a figure in a smart silk dress, and a no less smart bonnet, of most fashionable calibre according to the taste then in vogue, and adorned with bunches of artificial flowers. This millinery-bedecked puppet held a smaller one in its arms, upon the head of

which was a wreath of roses! And these—I almost burn with indignation when I record it—these were most scandalously intended to represent the Virgin and the divine Infant! Had they been exhibited in positive mockery, they could not have been better devised for such a purpose; nor could I help thinking that the notorious Fleet-street Carlile might have here taken a hint for a new piece of graphic profanity wherewith to adorn his shop-windows. Putting religious feelings and reverence entirely out of the question, such figures would be an absolute profanation, if only as ribald travestries of those exquisite representations of the Virgin mother and her Babe which beam from the canvass of Raphael and Guido. In some of those works the human form and countenance are transfigured into all our faculties can conceive of superhuman beauty,—of mortal shapes spiritualised till they are arrayed in divinity, and till they are irradiated with celestial glory. Before such we might kneel in silent adoration, and our idolatry almost be forgiven; but when we behold the frippery of the milliner's shop, and mere "Guy Faux" images, we feel that human reason is libelled and outraged by the exhibition; and the only alleviating thought is, that it renders Catholicism both disgusting and contemptible.*

* "It was an idle distinction to uphold a respect for images, as *means* and not as *objects* of devotion, when they were presented to the uninstructed and undiscriminating vulgar. When the understanding has never been enlightened, when the heart has never been informed with the genuine feelings of religion, the devotee will merely address his prayer to the deity which is placed before his eyes, and turn, in the darkness of his intellect, to that which is perceptible by his mere senses."—(The Rev. G. Waddington's *History of the Church*, chap. xi.) Shortly after the above passage, the writer very forcibly remarks:—"And if any excuse be furnished by the general and deeply-rooted influence of the *ancient superstition*, it is, at least, none for those who exerted their power and their talents to extend and to *perpetuate* it." Most assuredly; for nothing can excuse the baseness of those who corrupt, instead of maintaining intact, the purity of religion, and who pervert the minds of those it is their duty to enlighten and instruct.

These miserable dolls were borne in procession round the church, with a priest walking on each side, and preceded by some boys in surplices, carrying enormous wax tapers. Truly I am inclined to think that the Sabbath cannot be more shamefully profaned, nor religious worship more flagrantly burlesqued, than by such arrant mummery. So that it becomes a question whether Sunday theatrical performances, so universal in Catholic countries, are not the lesser scandal of the two.

These reflections did not tend to excite the most pleasing anticipations with respect to Catholic Italy, towards which we were now hastening; for never do I wish again to behold such another piece of playhouse — or, even more tasteless still, of mere Bartholemew-fair spectacle as what we witnessed at Chambery.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAMBERY TO TURIN. — MOUNTAIN SCENERY. — AIGUEBELLE. — MOONLIGHT. — CHILLING HOSPITALITY. — ST. JULIEN. — LANS-LE-BOURG. — A PIECE OF ANTIQUITY. — MONT CENIS. — SUSA. — RIVOLI.

We quitted the capital of Savoy without regret; and almost the first place we passed through, at all worthy to be noted, was Montmeillant, a small town on the bank of the Isère, above which it is situated on a lofty steep, and memorable in modern times for a severe contest between the troops of Napoleon and the Austrians. The place itself is wretched enough; yet, viewed from a distance, or from the opposite side of the river, a painter would not find fault with it; so frequently does it happen that objects prove agreeable in representation in proportion as they are disagreeable in reality. Artists generally prefer the signs of ruin and decay to neatness and comfort — at all events, to neatness; and confusion and irregularity to symmetry and order. I must leave them to account for this as they best can, since there are so many opposite theories of the picturesque, that it is no easy task to decide which is the most correct, or, in fact, to lay down any accurate limits as to the qualities that ought to be included under, or excluded from, that term.

As we proceeded, we found ourselves in the midst of mountains whose crests were covered with snow, and along whose sides clouds rolled in volumes of vapour, while the sky was as serene and azure as on the finest day of summer. Nor did the picture lose any thing of its grandeur in consequence of the

humble dwellings of the peasantry being here and there discernible. In several places it was increased by the yawning chasms and caverns, whose very sombreness rendered the whole more brilliant by its contrast.

> L'orgueil de ces grands monts, leurs immenses contours,
> Cent siècles qu'ils ont vu passer comme des jours,
> De l'homme humilié terrassent l'impuissance:
> C'est là qu'il rève, adore, ou frémit en silence.

Without possessing any particular sensibility for the beauties of nature, hardly any one can view, without something of emotion, scenes of such sublimity, and which so impressively declare the power of the Almighty Hand that created them. A sort of awe steals over the mind while we contemplate what seem to be the features of a primeval world, unaltered by time, untouched by man. When we view these grander elements of a natural world, we indeed feel humbled; yet not abased, — rather elevated to a loftier mood, in which our thoughts are winged

> —— "beyond this visible diurnal sphere."

Nor is there any danger of their carrying us too far: soon are we called back again to the realities of life, when, though we may not always feel humbled, we ought frequently to feel humiliated.

Our arrival at the sequestered village of Aiguebelle tended to lower the tone of my meditations, by calling my attention to far less dignified objects. The style of building which prevails here seems fantastic enough, owing to the enormous projection of the roofs of the houses beyond their walls, which occasions somewhat the appearance of the houses being covered with roofs taken from much larger structures; so that this singular mode can hardly have recommended itself by its economy, unless adopted with the view of ensuring greater durability, by sheltering the walls from the effects of the weather.

When evening came on, and all was gradually veiled in darkness, we lost nothing by this change; for in a short time the moon rose, full orbed, as majestic and as glorious as it is described in the well-known lines of Milton; nor could it ever have shone lovelier over Fiesole and Valdarno than it did upon this mountain prospect, where the jagged outline of the steeps were defined against the spangled sky, while impenetrable masses of shadow filled all the region below. It would be difficult to say which was the most distinguishing character of the scene—its sublimity or its beauty. Both qualities were here so commingled, so blended into one, that either would have been diminished had aught been abstracted from the other. Beautiful as moonlight is, both in reality and in poetry, it is exceedingly unmanageable in painting; and very seldom, indeed, is any thing like its true effect produced by the pencil. When attempted, the result is almost invariably something cold, leaden, sombre, —extravagant without force; all the delicacy of nature being lost, so that little more than a mass of chilling shadow strikes the eye. The palette seems to afford no hues capable of imitating nature in her moonlight attire; and it is also, perhaps, a great error on the part of artists who undertake such subjects to introduce the luminary itself into their pictures, as if done for the purpose of indicating hieroglyphically what they are unable to express. The consequence of this is, that there is a glaring round spot of white in the sky, to which all the other lights must be kept subordinate, and in so low a tone as to be quite faint,—that is, unless they are unnaturally exaggerated; whereas, by excluding the luminary, and showing only the peculiar light it gives to objects, the effect might be conveyed in a more correct and artist-like manner. After all, the expression of nature is here unapproachable; nor can painting do more than attain to some slight reflection of her charms—of that bewitching delicacy

which constitutes one, not only of her most fascinating, but powerful, qualities.

We had, however, to look out for a place of sojourn for the night, and where we might obtain something to recruit our weary frames; and, as ill-luck would have it, were compelled to stop at a house of the sorriest accommodation for guests like ourselves. First appearances on entering were of good augury, for there was revelling enough in the kitchen, which was crowded with a party of carriers, women and children, who were enjoying themselves at two long tables. So great was the noise and hubbub, that we were glad to escape from it as expeditiously as possible; yet, on ascending to an upper room, perceived that our more elevated situation did not promise to be the more comfortable one. We were ushered, or rather left to grope our way as well as we could, into a chamber that might have passed for the cave of Æolus; so freely did the broken window-panes admit the cold night air and wind. Light there was hardly any—no more than sufficient to show the horrors of the place—one solitary unsnuffed candle just enabling us to discern the smoke issuing from damp fuel, which obstinately refused to kindle into flame. There was no danger of a fire breaking out in—the fire-place. Not a bit of carpeting of any kind was there on the floor; not a rag of window-curtain to intercept the chilly current of air into the room. Our apartment completely answered the following description of one in an old play:—

"*Vincenzio.* Call'st thou this a chamber, good host? By my troth, then, it must be one of the state chambers of Purgatory. A goodly place this dark and foul den you'd lodge us in! What! and we've music, too! yet, to my mind, the crackling of a fire were better melody than the piping of the wind through yon casement. Sirrah! an' thy temper be not warmer than thy house, 't is none of the hottest.

" *Host.* And yet this very chamber was lately occupied by a guest who tarried here till he set out on his journey for the next world.

" *Vincen.* Ay, and he did well to post thither. Why, it were more easy for a king to die than for a beggar to live here. Think'st thou I mean to take up my lodging with thee for the rest of my life, and be carried out dead to-morrow ?"

As if we did not suffer enough from the *désagrémens* of our wretched dog-hole, the servant thought proper to stumble while bringing our repast up the dark staircase: and the sudden rattle of falling dishes, and the exclamations that followed, announced to us but too plainly that our dinner was dished after a fashion ill suited to put us into the best of tempers. Such ill-timed accidents are sufficient to try the most philosophical temper, especially if the appetite happen to be at all keen at the moment.

When Horace says, *impavidum ferient ruinæ*, he did not allude to broken dishes and a fractured dinner, or to hot meat hurled down a sandy staircase. However, lamentations were unavailing, and I therefore consoled myself by another scrap of Latin: *hæc olim meminisse juvabit.* It was all for the worse, indeed, just then; yet all the better for my journal.

At length something that looked like eatables made their appearance, but we found that they were almost *impracticable;* and that, although not quite so sightly as stone peaches and pears intended for chimneypiece ornaments, they were not much more serviceable. A fowl, that must certainly have been the great-grandam of many broods, formed the principal dish;—poor old creature! her age should have averted her not immature yet assuredly untimely end, since most untimely and ill-timed it had proved for us. To be sure, there were vegetables, but they seemed to have had a hydrophobia of scalding water, and to have leaped out again as soon as they had been immersed in it. Under

these circumstances, we were compelled to chew the cud of disappointment, and to ruminate upon the delights of travelling "in search of the picturesque."

We decamped betimes, having no surfeits to digest; and the morning scenery soon restored the equilibrium of our tempers. The succession of landscape reminded us of that upon the banks of the Rhine, and the natural resemblance was further aided by the numerous towers and ruins rising upon craggy peaks of rock and rock-like hills.

We were struck by the fine appearance of the mules employed here for drawing carts; for some of them would not have disgraced a courtly equipage. Of the appearance of their drivers I cannot speak so favourably: they were by no means the most prepossessing in regard either to person or attire. Bushy "unkempt" heads of hair, and breeches unbuttoned at the knees, gave them a slovenly look, while their wooden shoes rendered their gait exceedingly awkward.

We halted for a few minutes to see a remarkable water, or rather small cascade, that empties itself into the Arco, which is of a singularly yellow hue, and strong petrifying quality. Of the latter, we had evidence before us, the grass and earth being, in many places, incrusted with a stony covering occasioned by the spray falling on them, and appearing as if coated with icicles. The bed of the stream seems more the work of art than of nature, it resembling a drain hewn out of stone by the chisel. Some of the petrifactions we had seen at Lyons were obtained here. As to the water itself, it has nothing peculiar in its taste.

We next passed through St. Julien, whose vineyards produce a wine in high estimation for the deliciousness of its flavour. The road hereabouts is, at some seasons of the year, nearly impassable, owing to its being completely laid under water by the furious torrents which descend from the upper lands,

forming deep hollows and channels along their course, and causing the river to rise and inundate its banks. This neighbourhood abounds with slate quarries; and we saw pieces of slate, each about two feet square, piled up on the backs of mules.

As we proceeded further, we found that the journey was not entirely without its perils: there were dreadful-looking precipices; and we frequently encountered a long-drawn array of carts which it was exceedingly difficult to clear; added to which, huge masses had been washed by the rains from the ledges of rock, and almost closed up our path. We halted for the night at Modane, where our accommodations proved so nearly a repetition of those of the preceding evening, that it is unnecessary to expatiate on the wretchedness of our fare and lodging. To add to our discomfort, the cold was most piercing; and the inmates of the house looked more like haggard beggars than persons in a place of entertainment.

At Lans-le-Bourg, where we reached the foot of that "Giant of the Alps," Mont Cenis, we had at least the entertainment of a visit from an antiquated dame, who is in the habit of paying her respects to travellers without any other introduction than that which she assumes on the strength of her patriarchal length of years. Of these she had then reckoned one hundred and seventeen; and, if I might judge from her appearance, did not seem at all disinclined to add eighty-three to those she had numbered, and fill up two centuries of life. She did not seem to be at all weary of existence, or disposed to agree in the sentiment that such unusually protracted life is but "protracted sorrow and still added woe." In the number of her progeny she was no less patriarchal than in her length of years; for she has seventeen daughters, one of whom became a bride at the mature age of sixty-six, and afterwards entered the state of matrimony

twice again! After saluting us, she presented an "album," in which are inscribed the names of a great many travellers to whom she had thus paid her respects, including those of several crowned heads. We of course added ours to the list, and tendered to the old lady the compliment which it was evident she looks for upon such occasions. When she had departed, I could not help reflecting how singular it is that those whose existence is one unvaried, monotonous course, are frequently found to be less weary of life than those who possess, or seem to possess, all that renders life desirable. Yet the impatience of the latter under the abated enjoyment, if not absolute privations, which lengthened years bring along with them, may be ascribed in some measure to the very advantages they possess. The external means continue the same, but the power of enjoyment itself is fled. They have partaken of the banquet of existence, "not wisely, but too well," — partaken of it to satiety,— yet are unwilling or afraid to retire. They have lived in the world, and for the world, till that world rejects them: other competitors for distinction, more active than themselves, press by them: other interests have sprung up along with other generations; and although they may not be rudely excluded from the scenes of their former vanities and gaieties, they feel that they can shine there no longer. The earlier part of their career having been one of continual and undue excitement, what should be tranquillity in after-life, assumes for them the character of joyless apathy, or a state of mingled regret and envy. They are craving for fresh stimuli, when they should be content with ease. Truly wretched is the old age of a mere man of the world,—of one whose pursuits, whose whole thoughts and aspirations, have been given to the present life and its fugitive enjoyments!

Quitting what some may probably consider too *sermonizing* a strain of remark, and returning to the narrative of my journey,

I should mention that there is a fortification here, erected by Napoleon, to defend this important pass of road; but which has since been converted by the Austrians into barracks. Here we began to ascend Mont Cenis by a road carried in a zigzag direction. Formerly this was inaccessible except by mules, whereas it is now adapted for carriages of every description. Still the ascent is formidable enough; and even the means adopted for safeguard are so many indications of the more than ordinary difficulties and perils to which travellers are here exposed. Poles are erected in many places, both to warn against dangerous precipices, and to serve as landmarks in case of the track being blocked up by snow. There are also, in many parts, houses provided for the shelter and refuge of strangers, who would otherwise be left exposed to all the fury of the elements in this inclement and savage region. These are occupied by *réligieux*, whose office it is to minister to the necessities of the suffering stranger; and these hospitable places are amply provided with stacks of wood, to supply the blazing hearth required to cheer and reanimate the benumbed limbs and exhausted frame. It was our lot to have a fall of snow driving full in our faces the whole way to the summit, where the thermometer stood at 32° (Reaumur), and respiration became exceedingly difficult. From this height Napoleon is said to have exultingly pointed out Italy to his exhausted followers, encouraging them with the assurance of victory, and a rich reward for all their toils: and at that period the labour of ascent to a marching army must have been such as almost to daunt the courage of the bravest, and subdue the strength of the most hardy; for the road was not brought into its present state till long after, being completed in 1811.*

* It was on the summit of Mont Cenis, which forms a platform of considerable extent, that Napoleon purposed to erect, *after* the conquest of Moscow

We were now at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea*; yet the prospect we had expected to obtain from so prodigious a height was quite shut out by a dense fog, enveloped in which we descended into Piedmont, along a sinuous course of road raised upon terraces. The utmost caution was requisite, for almost the least deviation from the track would have precipitated us to inevitable destruction. Great, therefore, was our joy when we found that we had reached in safety the termination of this hazardous and awful route, and felt ourselves, moreover, in an atmosphere that seemed bland and genial compared with the clime we had traversed. Here we first breathed Italy — here we first welcomed it with unfeigned gladness.

Il più gentile terren,
Non sei di quanti scalda il sole?
D' ogni bell' arte non sei tu madre?

We halted awhile at the small yet important town of Susa, —it being the principal key to the territory on this its western side. The place itself does not offer any thing remarkable to catch the attention of mere "passers through," except it be a few Roman remains, the principal one of which are the ruins of a triumphal arch, a little distance from the town. This structure was erected in honour of Augustus, by Cottius, the ruler of a

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and Russia, a colossal monument, as a trophy of his victories over all Europe! Five and twenty millions of francs, or about a million sterling, was the sum intended to have been bestowed on this undertaking, for which the artists of the principal academies of France and Italy were invited to make designs. But the arbiter of Europe did not then foresee, or even contemplate, the possibility of an inglorious flight from Moscow, or what his "destiny" had reserved for him at Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena.

* The height has been variously computed, — by some at 6360 feet, by Humboldt at 1060 toises, and by Millin at 1077 toises; which last calculation would give upwards of 6500 English feet.

petty territory of which Segusium (the modern Susa) was the capital, to mark his gratitude for being permitted by that emperor to retain the shadow of his former dignity — he being then reduced in fact to the character of a provincial Roman prefect. He has had, however, the honour of having a portion of the Alps distinguished by his name (*Alpes Cottiæ*) — that, namely, where Mont Cenis is situated, and across which Hannibal forced his way into Italy.

Continuing our route through a sylvan valley intersected by the river Doria, we noticed an abundance of mulberry trees, which are here cultivated for the sake of rearing silkworms. Among other objects to which we were not yet familiar, were the numerous crosses by the side of the road, that attested *la devozione* of the good Catholics quite as edifyingly as the profanely religious dolls we had seen at Chambery: yet here, too, we fancied that zeal greatly outstripped good taste and propriety, on perceiving that the poles on which the vines are trained are made in the figure of a cross. The cultivation of Indian corn seems to occupy a very important share in the agriculture of this district; and when the produce has been gathered, the broad leaves are carefully collected and piled up like hay.

Goître, of which we had previously remarked several instances in Savoy, appears to be prevalent in the neighbourhood of St. Giorgio, and has been attributed by some, both to the poor and unhealthy diet of the people, and to the insalubriousness of their dwellings. The peasantry whom we afterwards met were even more grotesque and wild in their attire than any we had previously seen. Many of them wore cocked hats, which had evidently seen much service, whether military or not; others had hats — beavers I cannot say — of the true "broad-brim" species, whose "ample verge" flapped about their ears; and not

a few had hats with hardly any verge at all, but moulded after the pattern of flower-pots; so that it was impossible to guess which was the prevailing mode. Several of them also wore their hair exceedingly long, and hanging down their backs, after the fashion of our ancient full-bottomed perukes; while others had bound up theirs into "pigtails," encased in a covering of white tape. Having stopped on the road to breakfast, another curious specimen of the fashions of the country presented itself to our notice. We were rather startled by seeing a tall fellow enter the room with a bundle of rods, or sticks, which he flung down upon the table. We stared at him for an explanation of this seemingly uncourteous conduct, and not exactly knowing whether it was himself or we who were to make use of them; nor was it without some trouble that we at length made out that what we had mistaken for sticks, was bread rolled out very thin and long before it is baked. The length of each piece was about four feet. We were not a little amused at discovering that bread is thus literally made the "staff of life;" so taking up our staves in one hand and our cups in the other, we commenced our repast in merry mood, and, as we thought, in most singular fashion.

Near Rivoli, which has given the title of Duke to one of Buonaparte's creatures, and its name to one of the new streets in Paris, we passed what was formerly a royal summer residence belonging to the King of Sardinia, but since converted by Napoleon into an hospital; with which character its external appearance accords far better than with its original destination. At length, just as evening was closing in, we entered the capital of Piedmont, during a heavy shower of rain, which, although not particularly agreeable to us just then, was highly welcome to the people of Turin, since not a drop had fallen for the preceding three months.

CHAPTER VII.

TURIN.—ITS INHABITANTS, ETC.—CHAPEL OF THE SANTO SUDARIO.—THE MIRACULOUS SINDONE.—ROYAL PALACE AND OPERA-HOUSE.—MUSEUMS.—NEW CHURCH.—ECCLESIASTICS, ETC.—DEPARTURE.—ARTS.—ALFIERI.—A USEFUL NOTE TO MANAGERS.—ALESSANDRIA.—MARENGO.—APPROACH TO GENOA.—A KITCHEN PIECE.—ENVIRONS OF GENOA.

Our stay at Turin was too brief to allow me to say much on the subject of it, and I shall therefore confine myself to a few detached remarks and particulars. The city is finely situated in a plain, bounded on the north by that district of the Alps we had just crossed, and is of far greater extent than might be previously supposed; in fact, disproportionably so, as the capital of so inconsiderable a state. It is an exceedingly regularly laid out town: all the streets, except a very few of the older ones, run in a straight line, and intersect each other at right angles: yet very little beauty is derived from this circumstance; certainly not so much as might have been made to attend it, nor enough to counteract the insipidity and monotony of its formality. The generality of the houses are of coarse brick, unstuccoed, although they look as if intended to be so coated; consequently have an unfinished and ordinary appearance, so much the more disagreeable because it takes off from the effect of the long ranges of building. There are many private palaces here, yet very few that are conspicuous for grandeur or good taste in their architecture. The churches have still less claim to commendation on the score of beauty, notwithstanding that they are rich in marbles and other materials, and in abundance of ornaments.

So extravagant is the style of some of them, that one is tempted to imagine they were merely so many experiments—random sketches and freaks—intended to be afterwards corrected and brought into shape. Father Guarini, a Jesuit, has many sins in this way to answer for: his caprices *out-Borromini* even Borromini himself, and it seems to have been his ambition to make his edifices look as much as possible like constructions in pastry. The chapel of the Santo Sudario, in the cathedral, is a specimen of his achievements; but in the church of San Lorenzo he has exhibited his ingenuity still more strikingly. The good father seems to have had a horror of a straight line: all his are zigzag ones; and so oddly put together, that a person is apt to fancy the building is about to tumble upon his head. These fantastical churches are all the more remarkable, because in the city itself regularity is carried almost to excess, and the buildings in general err on the side of extreme plainness.

The chapel of the Santo Sudario, which I have mentioned, is regarded with great veneration, as the place wherein is deposited a most inestimable relic,—no other than the identical linen cloth in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped when taken down from the cross. This *santissima sindone*, which still exhibits the bloody marks of all the wounds, is said to have been conveyed from Jerusalem to Cyprus at the time of the crusades, and thence transferred, first of all to Chambery, afterwards to Turin. Many are the legends—not to say idle tales—which are gravely related concerning its miraculous powers; yet they are not at all calculated to convince those who are incredulous enough to entertain the slightest doubt regarding the authenticity of this relic. Considering how impossible it is, after the lapse of centuries, to identify a particular piece of cloth; and how exceedingly easy it is to pass off, as the original *sindone*, a sheet of linen bearing all the marks attributed to the original one; want of faith

in a matter of so little moment may assuredly be forgiven. It is not absolutely impossible but that it may be the identical *sindone* provided by Joseph of Arimathea, yet it certainly is most highly improbable; particularly when we reflect that it is not likely such a relic would have been valued and sought for till superstition had crept into the church, consequently long after there was any chance of the real *sindone* being recovered or traced. Our doubts on the subject become more obstinate, when we call to mind the "pious forgeries" of every kind, which were employed without scruple, and with perfect impunity, during the dark reign of ignorance and superstition, when greater efficacy was attributed to mechanical mummeries than to Christian godliness of life. Among the stories connected with this holy *sindone*, it is related, that it was once borrowed by a pious princess as a safeguard during a journey. In the course of their progress, she and her train were attacked and pillaged by robbers; but no sooner had they laid their sacrilegious hands on the precious relic than they were all suddenly paralysed and struck lame! They are at liberty to believe this who choose; yet those who do, must certainly confess that the holy relic exhibited none of the virtue imputed to it on an occasion when a little miraculous interposition would have done no harm, namely, when the French plundered the chapel of all the valuables they could carry away: — it is quite unnecessary to say that they left the *sindone* behind them.

The castle, which is situated *in* the Piazza del Castello — for it is quite insulated from other buildings—and which was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Savoy, is more remarkable for antiquity than for its interest in any other respect, although modernised about the beginning of the last century by Juvarra, in a more pompous than elegant taste. At the north-west angle of the same piazza is the palace occupied by the royal family,— a

rather large pile of building, yet one by no means conspicuous for its beauty: nay, it may even be called shabby; for the exterior is very strangely disfigured by a prodigious number of holes or vacant spaces where bricks have been left out; and many of these have been taken advantage of by birds, as very convenient nooks for their nests. Yet, notwithstanding this, and the poverty of the general appearance, that indicates a barrack or hospital rather than a royal palace, the sashes of the windows belonging to the king's apartments are gilt,— a piece of display that only renders the whole more bizarre and patchwork. A coating of Roman cement, and the addition of some enrichments either in stone or that material, would metamorphose it into at least a sightly building; spoil it, it certainly could not. Ascending the grand staircase, we behold a large equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus I., and from this we proceed through a very spacious and lofty guard-chamber to an extensive suite or suites of apartments, rather handsome and showy than magnificent. At the time of our visit, however, they were in some disorder,—a number of hands being at work, repairing and redecorating many of the rooms.

A little to the east of the palace, and connected with it by a private way of communication for their Majesties and the court, is the Royal Opera-house, which is not undeservedly regarded as one of the first theatres in Italy, as well for its commodiousness as for its spaciousness and grandeur. This building was erected by Count Alfieri (a relative of the more celebrated Italian of the same name), who was not educated for the architectural profession, but at first followed it merely *en amateur;* for he was originally brought up to the law, and even practised for some time, at Asti, as an advocate. A palace executed after his designs, for the Marquis Ghilieri, at Alessandria, so caught the attention of Charles Emmanuel III., that he intrusted him with

the task of rebuilding this theatre, the former one having been destroyed by fire. Alfieri also built the Teatro Carignano in 1752; but this fell a prey, a few years afterwards (1787), to the same devouring element which had been so propitious to him upon a former occasion.

Among the *notabilia* of Turin must be reckoned its museums. That of Antiquities is in the lower floor of the Palace of the University, a spacious edifice, between the Strada del Po and that called della Zecca; towards which latter the front was embellished by the late king Charles Felix, who died in 1831. In the Royal Academy of Sciences is the Museum of Natural History and the Egyptian Museum; which latter forms a more extensive and complete collection of the kind than is to be met with in any other place in Europe. It was purchased by the king from Drovetti, the French consul in Egypt, and consists of a vast number of pieces of antiquity, calculated to throw light upon the religion and religious ceremonies of the Egyptians, their arts, and their habits both of public and private life. I ought also to mention, as worthy of notice, an elegant new church, facing one end of the Ponte del Po, and built in the form of a rotunda, with a portico in front, after the idea of the Pantheon at Rome. This structure was commenced in 1818, from the designs of Bonsignore, and is undoubtedly in far better taste than most of the older churches. The ascent to it is by a very lofty flight of steps, on each side of which is a colossal statue, one representing Faith, the other Hope; and above the entrance is the following inscription: —

"Ordo Populusque Taurinus ob Adventum Regis."

In the interior, which receives the light from the centre of the dome, are four recesses with red marble columns, and several statues. From the likeness it bears to him, one of these might

be supposed to have been intended for John Kemble in the character of Cato, when he utters the words—

"Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato."

It gieved me to behold, in so modern a temple, a representation of the Deity as an old man with a long beard. Putting the impiousness of the thing out of the question, it argues monstrous fatuity to represent HIM who is eternal and unchangeable in his nature as a human creature in the decline of its brief existence.

Among the *notabiles* of this city, at least those which struck me as being such, I may set down the priggish and dapper ecclesiastics with whom it swarms. These gentry are more smart than apostolic in their appearance, wearing small cocked hats, as if half *en militaire*, showy knee-buckles and frock coats of not the most clerical cut. Many of them, too, sported red umbrellas: yet that colour may, perhaps, be here considered as especially belonging to the church, red being the cardinal hue among the Papists. However, their manners seemed to accord better with their dress than the latter with English notions of the ecclesiastical garb. They might be seen lounging about the streets; and I likewise noticed many priests, even in their canonicals, gaping at, and apparently much amused by, the puppet-shows and mountebank exhibitions in the streets, of which there are here not a few; for although Turin is rather *triste*, it is lively enough in the way of such representations.

To say the truth, I could not help fancying that the good priests entertain a sort of instinctive respect for mountebanks and mummery. In the Catholic churches I witnessed many exhibitions—hardly can they be called solemnities—which partook largely of the last mentioned. I have already mentioned the piece of devotional puppet-show at Chambery: in one of the churches here I had the opportunity of noticing a somewhat

different display of credulity. A priest, wearing a blue apron, emptied the contents of some pails into a *bénitoire;* upon which the people pressed forward in a very tumultuous manner to dip their fingers and hands in this sanctified water, as if it really possessed some charm, and could operate upon their bodies. Some of them evidently needed water enough; yet in their case the addition of a little, or even a good deal of soap, would have been a material improvement to it. It seems to be the tendency of Catholicism to unspiritualise religion; to divest it as much as possible of its *mentality*—if such a term be allowable—by rendering all that is connected with it tangible, material, corporeal. That it retains a hankering after polytheism will hardly be disputed by those who have been, like myself, shocked by the anti-Christian adoration paid in Catholic countries to reliques and to saints.

Turin suffered greatly from being taken under the *protection* of the French: within the course of a few years its population had decreased nearly one half; its university and other public institutions were nearly broken up; its libraries and museums had been ransacked and pillaged; every where were marks of violence; and every where the symptoms of rapid decay. Happily, the return of the present sovereign, Victor Emmanuel, has not merely put a check to the progress of calamity, but almost restored the fortunes of his capital. Various plans for its embellishment have been put into execution, and a new quarter, or extensive suburb, called the Faubourg de la Doria, is now considerably advanced.

We set out from Turin magnificently; for the state of the roads, after the heavy rains which had fallen, was such that we were obliged to have six horses put to our carriage, while such was the state of the weather, that it prevented our seeing much

of the country, and what little we could observe did not greatly prepossess us in its favour. We passed many wretched-looking houses, similar to those we had seen in Savoy, with only soiled paper blinds or shutters to the windows, instead of other casements. Notwithstanding, however, these unequivocal indications of poverty in the dwellings, all the peasants we met carried umbrellas—of exceedingly rude shape and manufacture, it must be confessed, and not quite so convenient, when not actually required to be held up, as London articles for the same purpose. These had certainly a more primitive and Robinson Crusoe appearance.

We were not sorry when we reached Asti, a place not much visited or spoken of by travellers, although its name is now tolerably familiar to most persons in consequence of the celebrity it has attained as the birth-place of that eminent poet and extraordinary character, Vittorio Alfieri. The curious in such matters may see the room once occupied by him, or, at least, the house in which it is; but we did not take the trouble of searching out the latter, having no expectation of finding the poet's mantle of inspiration left behind him,—not even in an "old chest,"—whence so many wonders have been dragged to light, and to illuminate the world. Even supposing the house to be really infected with poetic contagion, tragedies à la Alfieri would not have recommended us either to London managers or London audiences. His mere dialogue plots and stern laconic style would not be endured by those who wish for a dash of pantomime in deep tragedy, and who begin to think that even Shakspeare himself is flat and dull, unless enlivened and improved by gaudy pageants and sing-song. Not an act of any one of Alfieri's pieces would be heard out; and the actors would require to have more heroism than the heroes they personate, to brave the vociferous tumult the performance would occasion.

The modern stage *tinkering* of pieces from the German or French seems better adapted to our present singular taste in the drama.

As to the town itself, it was originally a Roman colony; during the middle ages, a republic; and afterwards governed by petty sovereigns under the title of Counts. Remains of its ancient fortifications are still to be seen, but in a most dilapidated state; and these, together with its confined and narrow streets, give it a rather sombre and triste aspect. The principal street, however, which is about a mile in length, is spacious in comparison with the others, and flanked by many handsome houses and palazzi, — the Trinco, Bristagni, Massetti, Rovero, &c. The population amounts, at present, to about twenty thousand, and there seemed to be a good deal of stir and bustle; yet, with all this, we could not help feeling it a dull abode for strangers: consequently, we made our stay as short as possible, and set out again without visiting the Cathedral, which is a building of rather modern date.

For some distance the road proved excellent; and although the country was generally low and flat, a chain of hills on our left, covered with vineyards, relieved the monotony of a wide level. The road afterwards began to ascend; and, having gained the summit of an eminence, we had a most noble prospect before us, with the river Tanaro immediately beneath us. Having passed this, however, the road became so exceedingly bad, that we were obliged to procure an additional pair of horses, so that we had now eight of them harnessed to our carriage; but I cannot say that our equipage cut the most splendid figure. Our state was entirely imposed upon us by necessity; therefore I shall hardly be accused of any great vanity for mentioning it. If I might judge from their appearance, the peasanty of this district are by no means remarkable for activity or industry: every thing about them indicated indolence and slovenliness: their

countenances were sallow, both their faces and hands were exceedingly dirty, and their garments tattered and filthy.* Many of them seemed to be merely lounging about, so that if they did not bestow any pains upon their persons, it certainly could not be for want of time. It may, therefore, as fairly be inferred that their poverty arises from laziness, as that their miserable condition is occasioned by destitution and indigence. But so it is: a person who is fully employed can generally find time to attend to many things which those who have nothing whatever to do are found to neglect.

Beyond Alessandria, a town so called in honour of Pope Alexander III., when founded by the Milanese, in 1168, we crossed the memorable plain of Marengo, where fortune declared in favour of Buonaparte, rather in consequence of some mismanagement on the part of the Austrians than the superior prowess of his own troops; for two thirds of the French had been actually routed and put to flight, when the too eager pursuit of their adversaries gave the rest an opportunity to rally, and eventually make themselves masters of the field. This battle took place on the 14th of June, 1800: and it was fortunate for the "First Consul" that it took also the turn it did. Had the Austrians possessed as much foresight and prudence as valour, and not let slip victory already in their hands, the result had been very different. The consequences were of signal importance to France: besides the éclat thus conferred on her armies, she gained Piedmont and the new kingdom of Italy, of which Eugene Beauhar-

* If the managers of our theatres would condescend to take a hint from an eyewitness, they might save themselves the outlay of a good round sum each season for the smart dresses, ribbons, and finery worn by those who personate groups of "villagers," that appear now to be a *sine qua non* in most modern "plays." Rag Fair or Monmouth Street would supply them with the requisite "costume;" and sometimes even the cast-off apparel of the inhabitants of St. Giles would be quite good enough for the purpose.

nois was constituted viceroy.* This success enabled Buonaparte to follow up his schemes of aggrandisement; whereas, had he met with a check at that period, and in that quarter, the affairs of Europe would, in all probability, have assumed a very different aspect. It was on the plain of Marengo that Dessaix, the brave Dessaix, fell,—a hero complimented by a paltry pillar stuck up over a spring of water at Paris: and the one erected here is now demolished. The conqueror seems to have been far more disposed to celebrate himself than his friends.† Napoléon le Grand was every thing in his eyes. He always laid his imperial paw on the lion's share of fame. Perhaps he was right; for he must have been aware that he was something of a charlatan; and that it was therefore indispensable he should bolster himself up by every possible means. But enough: the grave at St. Helena is a sufficient moral to the text of Marengo;—there he lies,—

"Like Cromwell, condemn'd to everlasting fame."

At Novi, a small town close to the foot of the Apennines, and containing many handsome houses, we took leave of Piedmont, and entered the Genoese territory by an extensive line of road, called the Bocchetta. It is formed upon terraces; and, although now rendered far more commodious than it was formerly, has still sufficient of the terrible in its appearance to banish ennui,

* After the extinction of the Napoleon dynasty, Eugene was created Duke of Leuchtenberg, having married the sister of the present King of Bavaria. He died a few years ago; and a magnificent monument to him has been executed by Thorvalden.

† It is rather singular that the name of Marengo was not bestowed by him on some one of the *places* at Paris. There was a very fine painting of the battle itself on a ceiling in one of the apartments in the Tuilleries,—a rather odd situation for so very uncelestial a subject;—but at the restoration it was ordered to be expunged. Had it been upon canvass it would, most likely, have been merely removed, and preserved.

and keep the traveller on the look-out for some disaster; especially if the wind happen to be high, as is not unfrequently the case; for then he will be likely to anticipate a very rapid descent indeed from his post of elevation. I cannot say that we were perfectly free from apprehensions; but none of them were realised. Near the post-house at Campo Marone we met a waggon filled with what we at first sight took to be a very gay—at least, gaily-attired, party; for the bright, golden-hued livery they wore did not announce them to be travelling on the expedition which, upon inquiry, we found they were. Like the knight-errants of old, they were journeying for the ends of justice, being no other than a waggonful of *mauvais sujets*, for whom the law had prescribed a trip to Alessandria. They were all in new uniforms of yellow jackets, and one of them was distinguished by a black feather in his cap, the mark of his being a more accomplished reprobate than his companions. The post-house itself afforded us a different exhibition: here we were, as usual, first ushered into the kitchen, where there was as much bustle and activity as if the preparations for some extraordinary banquet had been going on. Several cooks, whose portly persons bespoke an atmosphere of good cheer, and all of whom wore the official cap, were standing at a long dresser preparing fowls for further culinary operations, taking them from a kind of coop beneath the dresser itself, and killing them on the spot. This practice certainly removes all suspicion of the animals being kept too long after they are killed; yet it cannot be recommended as a very agreeable one; nor do I believe it would have been sanctioned by that very high culinary authority, Dr. Kitchener, who, by the by, was certainly *nominis compos*.

Having re-entered our carriage, we soon perceived that we were approaching the environs of Genoa. A multitude of neat cottages, and gay-looking villas, scattered among vineyards, gar-

dens, and orange groves, seemed to give us a foretaste of the city itself; and this *riant* scenery looked the more delightful to our eyes, from the contrast it presented to the savageness of some of that we had just passed through. Although it was now the middle of the month of November, the foliage was quite verdant; the vegetation bore all the marks of luxuriance, and the sky was dazzlingly blue. Presently the sea came into view, till it extended along the whole horizon; and, after proceeding along a narrow pass protected by cannon, and showing a light-house on an insulated rock, we drove beneath a gateway, and beheld *la Superba* expanded before us.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENOA. — STREETS AND PALACES. — PALAZZO SERRA. — PALAZZO DORIA. — FIESCO. — ALBERGO DE' POVERI. — NEW THEATRE CARLO FELICE. — SAN SIRO. — CATHEDRAL. — DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL. — HOSTILITY OF THE CLERGY AGAINST GENERAL EDUCATION. — GENOESE LADIES. — CICESBEISM. — A ROYAL BRIDEGROOM. — SIEGE AND BLOCKADE OF GENOA.

HARDLY any two cities can be more unlike each other than Genoa and Turin: the capital of Piedmont lies on a flat, and makes no very great show externally; whereas Genoa displays itself to the eye most magnificently, stretching in a crescent along the shore, and piled up above the sea on terrace rising over terrace in all the pomp of architecture. Viewed from the bay or the strand, it looks like an entire cluster of palaces, churches, towers, and other stately edifices, with the verdure of gardens and groves interspersed among the masses of building. Higher up, the eye rests upon the towering ramparts with which nature herself has invested and fenced in this favoured site; while the rocks in the foreground and in the waters serve as a base to the whole. What a glorious combination of beauties — of nature, and of art! All that would be offensive is here excluded from sight, and all discrepancies of minor details are lost in the grandeur and splendour of the ensemble. The interior of the city, it must be confessed, does not correspond with the stateliness and brilliancy of its scenic external aspect. Differing, here again, most decidedly from Turin, it consists of a most labyrinthine assemblage of narrow streets, that in England would be considered mere lanes. Even the chief line of street, formed by the Strada Balbi, Strada Nuova, and Strada Novissima, is but a lane com-

pared with Portland Place; but it is one flanked by palaces and palace-like mansions, while the London *stradone* is a model of the most drabbish, that is, the most quaker-looking, style, and of the most respectable insipidity withal, that can be desired. The winding *straitness* of the architectural avenue at Genoa is certainly far more imposing and picturesque than the *straightness* and latitude of the other, which are the only qualities of which it can boast. Nay, considered merely as regards effect, it may be questioned whether narrowness be not a greater advantage than excess of breadth in a street. At St. Petersburg, where many of the streets are of extraordinary width, the houses, although really lofty, appear almost diminutive, in consequence of the space between them: just as a very wide room looks much lower than one of the same height yet of narrower proportions. In the street or streets at Genoa,—for the three different appellations seem to require the plural number,—the buildings which line them appear larger than they really are, almost colossal, as you are obliged to look up to them: they absolutely tower above you. In their architecture minute criticism may detect a thousand blemishes; those who look at things only in detail and retail, must frequently be shocked; but there is both magnitude and majesty, both greatness and grandeur. Those who prefer prettiness and snugness in architecture should not proceed to Genoa in search of it: but they had better look at the Regent's Park palaces at home,—

> "All so very, very *nice*,
> And where each house is a mere slice
> Of a long and drawn out row,
> Whose doors and windows seem to grow
> So close together, that no space
> Is left for grandeur or for grace."

If the "palace" street at Genoa is rather more confined than is altogether desirable, there is space and spaciousness of a different

kind: ever and anon you pass the stately open portal of some mansion, whence you have a vista through the vestibule into a sumptuous court with columns, and sometimes still further on into a garden, producing a fine and varied perspective, admirably picturesque, enchantingly scenic, and set off by the happiest combination of light and shade. Nor must the splendour of material be forgotten—marbles of rich hues, in walls and columns, and marble flights of steps. There are, however, far *prettier* sights to be met with without crossing the Alps: it is the lover of the *grandiose* in street architecture who will admire the vistas of pomp the interior of the city affords. Description cannot do justice to this scenery: the graphic illustrations of the guide-books do worse—they absolutely libel what the books themselves pretend to extol. The figures in those publications are so many falsehoods—quite as bad as any of the specimens of lying Mrs. Opie has given us in her work upon that more practised than professed art. To the things they represent they bear about the same degree of resemblance that the ourang-outang does to the Belvidere Apollo or the Mercury of the Vatican—as the *Simia Mater* to the Venus de' Medici, or the more voluptuous Venuses of Titian. The palaces here have quantity and quality: columns, entablatures, and mere ornaments may be seen any where, and oftentimes so employed as to produce a most pitiful effect: it is not these alone that constitute the merit of Genoese architecture; it is the imposing result of the whole combination, the grandeur of their masses, and that *non so che*, which is more valuable in works of art than all the qualities your critics take so much pains to define, and which, when descanted on, it is frequently impossible to detect in the productions to which they are ascribed.

It will hardly be expected that I should here attempt to enumerate even all the most conspicuous objects of this class; and

I feel less scruple in this respect, because a writer, who travelled through Italy for the express purpose of studying its architecture, with exceeding *naïve* ingenuousness, has confessed that "somehow" he "missed the saloon of the Serra palace." How he could have missed that *lion* of the city, that prodigy of splendour, where all is splendid, it is difficult to guess; and it is wonderful he did not "miss" Mont Blanc, Mont Cenis, and the Simplon, in his journey across the Alps. Were the city itself as tediously dull and uninteresting as an English watering-place,—one of those mushroom assemblages of brick walls and sash windows, the refuges of cockneys during the autumn, where they squeeze themselves up in cupboard parlours, by way of enjoying relaxation and fresh air;—were the city not superior to any of those haunts, still the Serra saloon would repay a pilgrimage to it. All that money can do in a single room of the size has here been done. It is absolutely dazzling with gold and arabesque and carving, with caryatides, bas-reliefs, and painting, with marble, with mirror, and with crystal. Entire compartments of mirror, between half columns facing each other, cause it to seem of boundless extent—a lengthened array of magnificence without termination; so that whenever the crystal lustres are filled with lights, the blaze must be most magical. In its present state, this apartment is quite modern, compared with the palace itself, it being designed by De Wailly, a French architect, who died in 1798. The cost must have been prodigious: even the sum which is reported to have been expended on the gilding alone is absolutely startling. But the Genoese nobles are admirable economists, and know how to keep up their state and their magnificent mansions at an annual expenditure that would hardly suffice in England for a younger brother of any family. Their habits may be ostentatious—prodigal they certainly are not. In England there are ten thousand ways of

getting rid of a princely revenue, and a hundred thousand demands upon it. Foremost among those who put in their claims is that most insatiable and despotic of all beings—fashion; whereas, in Genoa, there seems to be no such deity at all, or, if there be, she must be a divinity of a very different description from the one before whom we prostrate ourselves. But I shall be thought a bad economist myself, at least, of my reader's patience, if I thus allow myself to digress into remarks that some of my readers may fancy apply to themselves; besides which, I might, within the same compass, have set down the names of all the palaces we visited.

We took care not to "miss" the Palazzo Doria, formerly the residence of that illustrious citizen of the republic, in its palmy days, who has left a name eclipsing that of many sovereigns. This grand mass of building is situated at the western extremity of the city, just without the gate of St. Thomas, where it commands a prospect of the harbour, the two moles, with their light-house towers, and the waters of the Mediterranean. The magnificence of the site, and the view around it, caused us not to notice, at first, its neglected condition, which seems to prognosticate its total decay at no very distant period, unless some measures be taken to avert its fate, and thereby preserve to Genoa one of the proudest monuments of her former prosperity—of the times when her citizens were lords and heroes—when her fleets navigated the seas—when she held her colonies and fortresses in the distant Crimea. The present owner—possessor he hardly can be called—seems to have little of the blood of the great Andrea Doria in his veins. While he suffers this more than royal inheritance to moulder away, he himself is content to act the part of lacquey in the pope's antechambers. He officiated as a kind of groom of the chambers to Pius VII., for which,

and in consideration of his wealth, he has been rewarded with —a cardinal's hat!

Yet, if thus deserted by one who prefers being an absentee from the scene of his ancestor's honoured state, the palace has been honoured in modern times by being selected by Buonaparte as his residence, while he afflicted humbled Genoa with his presence. We saw the room where a throne had been erected for this new "protector" of the republic. Within these walls there were then galas and festivals that seemed almost given in mockery, and to add to the bitterness of humiliation. Sad change beneath the roof where once dwelt the man who had "freed his country from the yoke of France," and to whom, during his lifetime, his fellow-citizens raised a statue* inscribed, "The father of his country, and restorer of liberty!" Even in his lifetime, however, Andrea had to contend with the machinations of the envious and rebellious. One of the most powerful and daring nobles of the state, the Count di Lavagna, immortalised by the genius of Schiller in his "Fiesco" (Lavagna's family name), plotted against Doria; and, taking advantage of the discontent expressed by many of the leading men, because Doria had allowed his adopted son, Giannetino, to share in the government, engaged them to enter into a conspiracy against the aged Doge, under the pretence of defending their liberties, but, in reality, with the intention of securing the supreme command of the state to himself. On the palace being assaulted, Giannetino was slain, but Andrea had time to escape. Fiesco himself perished in the act of boarding a galley in the harbour, being precipitated into the sea. This catastrophe marred the whole design; Doria was enabled not only to resume his power, but effectually to punish the

* This statue was sacrilegiously and madly destroyed by the mob, during the revolutionary phrenzy of 1797. It is by such acts that *Destructives* attempt to regenerate good order.

most powerful and active of the conspirators; and the palace of Fiesco was razed to the ground. Perhaps the last circumstance is to be regretted; for, at this distance of time, it would have been more than ordinarily interesting, as the scene which the Muse of Schiller would still have peopled to the imagination with the shadows of its former actors. Few can enter Venice without feeling conjured up before them Shylock and Jessica*, Desdemona and the Moor; and the palace once inhabited by the Fieschi would have given an additional poetical and historical charm to the rival city.

Unrivalled as is the situation, noble and stately as is the building itself, we quitted the Doria palace with feelings of admirtion mingled with the alloy of sadness. There is something melancholy in the presentiment that this edifice, so invaluable in an historic point of view, will, perhaps, shortly be blotted out from the scene it has so long dignified—blotted out by the march, not of improvement, but of desolation.

We afterwards visited what used formerly to be the ducal

* Shakspeare's Jessica, not Turner's lady of that name, is here meant. Those who saw the latter, some four or five seasons ago, at Somerset House, can never forget her goggle-eyed and brimstony visage. She appeared to be in the last stage of the jaundice — certainly was no candidate for a place in the "Book of Beauty," notwithstanding many are there admitted whose qualifications will not bear the nicest scrutiny.—Apropos of Turner — if he would qualify himself by taking a few lessons in architectural drawing, he would find some fine subjects for his pencil in Genoa; and might also indulge in his usual extravagance of colouring without exaggerating reality. I have heard it remarked, that the secret of his wonderful colouring consists in employing Spanish-white, powder-blue, and flowers of brimstone; and with these he liberally spreads over his canvass. His "Burning of the two Houses of Parliament," at the British Institution, this year, is certainly a wonderful performance, considering it is a night scene; one part of the sky being broad daylight, and the perspective having doubled the length of Westminster Bridge. In any other person these would be called positive absurdities; whereas, in Turner, it seems, they are only the happy licenses of a genius who disdains to be fettered by the trammels of fact and common sense.

palace, when the city was governed by its doge, but is now applied as courts of justice and for other purposes. The principal hall is upwards of one hundred and twenty feet in length, by sixty in height, and decorated with a profusion of columns and pilasters of Broccatello marble. Although it has lost somewhat of its original splendour, and some of the statues were destroyed by revolutionary ruffianism, it still offers a most imposing *coup d'œil.* The exterior of the building is also of a dignified character, but unfortunately excluded from public view by another, occupied as barracks.

The Brignole palace is no less worthy of attention for the fine collection of pictures, contained in its numerous apartments, than for the magnificence of its architecture. They occupy some score of rooms, — and rooms may be said to be reckoned here by scores, rather than as with us. By the by, there are two other palaces also bearing the name Brignole, but this is distinguished as the "Red" one, and situated in the Strada Nuova. I must not however pretend to give a catalogue of all the palaces we visited; to draw up a *catalogue raisonné* of them, specifying their individual merits, would be a task of no little length, while their names alone, with a recurring chime of the epithets "sumptuous," "magnificent," "splendid," "majestic," &c. &c., would convey no information to the reader. Now that they have exhausted Venice, at least St. Mark's Place, which seems to be their "all in all," let some of our caterers for "annual" prints direct their steps to Genoa. They will here find more of the beauties of nature than in the "sea Cybele," and ample attractions in the shape of noble edifices. The great Rubens was so delighted with his sojourn in this city (1608), and struck with its architectural riches, that he actually made plans and drawings of many of its buildings, afterwards published by him in a large folio work.

I thought that I had now done with palaces, but find that I have yet to speak of one by far too remarkable to be passed over in silence, — not after all exactly a palace, but what vies with many in palatial appearance, — I mean the Albergo de' Poveri. Of this nearly all travellers have spoken with either real or feigned admiration, as the most spacious and magnificent of poor-houses. It is situate just without the fortifications, a little to the north-east of the city, and forms an immense pile, nearly six hundred feet square, within which are four courts. In these days of economy, some may think that it argues more ostentation and profusion than good sense and propriety to bestow so much show on a building of this description. Is it then nothing, in the opinion of such utilitarians, that an institution of public charity should announce, even to the eye, the liberality of public munificence? If not very calculating, there is some generous policy even in this excess; — while it shames the sordid, it holds out a stimulus to all.

As may be supposed of a city crowded with stately and most substantial edifices of former times, there are few very modern ones of any note. One, however, there is, and that of a kind which has attractions for most visiters, namely, the theatre called Carlo Felice, situated at one angle of the modern street of the same name, and the Piazza di San Domenico. It was built in 1827, from the designs of Barabino, and, towards the place, has a portico of six lofty columns of the Doric order. Compared with the older style of Genoese architecture, this building is more simple than correct in taste: although the order is not the best that could have been selected for the exterior of a theatre, and all the rest is rather cold and naked. Internally, however, there is show and splendour enough.

The same architect has also added a new façade (1820) to San Siro, a church heretofore celebrated for the richness of its

interior, adorned with marble columns and other costly materials. This new front partakes a good deal of the modern French school: it is pretty and showy, and would become the exterior of a theatre quite as well, or better, than the one its architect has given to the Carlo Felice.

Of other churches there is an abundance, — far more than a stranger can be expected even to peep into, much less to examine. That called the Carignano cannot fail to catch attention, being situated on an eminence almost at the eastern extremity of the city, and being rendered an exceedingly conspicuous object by its cupola and towers. With the exception of the dome, it is not in the very best taste; yet certainly picturesque, and also remarkable for being an exact square in its plan.* Even had it no other attraction, it would be worth visiting for the fine statue of St. Sebastian — the chef d'œuvre of Puget.

In the cathedral, which is dedicated to San Lorenzo, we were shown the celebrated *catino*, or dish, said to be formed of a single emerald, and in regard to which many incredible stories are related, such as that it had been presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and that it was afterwards used by our Saviour when he ate the paschal lamb with his disciples — a most truly extravagant supposition. All that is known with certainty is, that it was brought hither in the year 1101, and, according to tradition, had been taken by the Genoese crusaders at the siege of Cæsarea in Palestine. Although no great venerator of reliques,

* This church was founded in the year 1552, by the Sauli family, and erected by the celebrated Galeazzo Alessi, who may be considered the Palladio of Genoa. He executed most of the palaces in the Strada Nuova, and many other private and public buildings, among which may be mentioned the Sauli Palace, celebrated for the extreme grandeur of its inner court, surrounded by porticoes with marble columns. This palazzo, however, is now sadly neglected, and seems falling into decay.

Napoleon thought fit to lay hold of it and carry it off to Paris; but when the allies undertook to cure the plethora of the Parisians, by applying an emetic that made them disgorge their plunder, this was restored to its rightful owners, who certainly attach more importance to it than the French did. We were also assured that a splendid shrine, pointed out to us in the sacristy, contains the ashes of St. John the Baptist.

Far more interesting to us than the superstitious legends of this kind which we heard; was our visit to the institution for the education of deaf and dumb children, founded in 1801 by the Abbé Assarotti (who died January 4. 1829), and occupying what was formerly the convent della Misericordia. Twenty children are admitted here gratuitously, besides others whose relations are capable of paying for their support. Afflicting as it is to think of the condition of those who are thus deprived of almost the greatest privilege enjoyed by man, it is consolatory to observe how much skill and humanity have done towards alleviating it as far as possible. Several of the pupils displayed extraordinary intelligence and quickness, and have acquired a knowledge of the French, English, German, and Spanish languages. They are also instructed in various arts and mechanical pursuits, in painting, engraving, making artificial flowers, bookbinding, &c. in which many of them show great ingenuity and dexterity. To the questions put to them they instantly wrote their replies with chalk upon a black board; and this some of them did in two or three different languages.

Of schools of another description, namely, on the Bell or Lancasterian plan, or upon the system of mutual instruction, I could not ascertain that there were any in Genoa. Nor is it probable that any plans for diffusing education among the mass of the people will be admitted into Italy so long as the priests retain their ascendency; for they are well aware that an increase

of knowledge — I ought rather to say a diminution of their present ignorance — would render the lower classes less superstitious and submissive: consequently, unless they themselves choose to take the lead, and abandon the mechanical devotion they now uphold, they would not find their account in the spread of greater intelligence among those classes which may be considered as forming the strong-hold of superstition. In Catholic countries religion seems to be entirely the affair of the clergy and the vulgar. The educated classes, or, at least, such among them as are educated to think, are, with some few exceptions, totally indifferent to religion; unless it be as far as it is their policy to impress their inferiors with its importance. Nor is this at all astonishing, since it is hardly possible that a thinking man should not be staggered at the palpable absurdities of Romanism, even in its mildest form, and secretly despise what it may not always be safe or prudent openly to impugn. Very far indeed am I from disputing, that there have been in the Catholic church many sincere and exemplary Christians — men who have done honour both to religion and to human nature — men who have passed through life with the purity of saints, and sustained its trials with the constancy of martyrs. Still the virtues of individuals, however eminent, do not atone for the vices, the errors, and the corruptions of a system. The extravagances of that system have been too frequently and too ably exposed to render it necessary more than to hint at them: — saint-worship, relic-worship, priest-worship; — the spells of paternosters, genuflexions, tapers, processions;—the imputed authority of childish legends and ridiculous tales;—and to all those, though in themselves but a part, may be added the forced and unnatural celibacy of the professed religious of both sexes, with the consequent violation of their vows. If other accusations were wanting, they are readily furnished against a church which pro-

85683

hibits the exercise of reason and rational inquiry in matters of religion, proscribing even doubt as heresy, and whose primary object as a church has ever been to render religious authority the means of secular power.

This may be stigmatised as uncharitable tirade: yet wherefore should the most arbitrary and intolerant of all creeds expect others to exercise that charity towards it which it denies to the rest of the world, and which would compel obedience to itself by actual coercion? That the Catholic church is no longer the arrogant despot it formerly was, cannot be denied; but the change has been wrought from without—pressed upon it by circumstances it could not resist. Had the reformation been extinguished in its birth, the Vatican of the nineteenth century would not have been a whit more tolerant than when in the zenith of its power; and perhaps at this very instant another Borgia or another Medici might have been seated in the papal chair.

To desist, however, from what reads almost like a papal anathema itself, it is now time to say a few words in regard to the Genoese themselves. The lower classes, at least those employed about the harbour, are a brawny race, and picturesquely slovenly and negligent in their attire; nor do the females appear to be much less hardy then the men. The upper ranks have still a good deal of the *air noble* about them, and keep up a sort of patrician dignity by being attended by a couple of servants when they walk abroad. The noble *donne*, especially, are remarkable for the elegant stateliness of their gait; and as few of the streets admit of driving about in carriages, they may be seen on foot, walking with as much conscious dignity as if bearing a part in a solemn procession. In the eyes of a stranger, they hardly look as if they were stirring out on ordinary occasions, having nothing on their heads save

the universal and unchanged white veil, which precludes any mutation of fashion; a custom more favourable to economy than to the milliner. In this respect Genoa is the very antipodes of Paris; it being anything but the paradise of milliners. Hardly a bonnet is to be seen in the whole place: in fact, those preposterously huge ones in vogue a few years ago, which were fitter for the heads of female Brobdingnagians than of European ladies, would hardly be *passable* in some of the streets: at least, were two of them to meet together, woeful would be the encounter, as one of them, and its wearer also, would inevitably be compelled to back out. Why, even Nell Gwyn's epilogue hat, of the dimensions of a cart-wheel, was but a mere prefiguration of those delicate bonnets!

The mention of the Genoese ladies reminds me of the pet animals which accompany them, — I allude to those called *Patiti* and *Cicisbei*, — an idle, ambling, fawning, cringing race, who appear to be distinguished by nothing so much as by their fulsome and abject servility. As to the morality or immorality of the practice of cicisbeism, which attaches a kind of second husband to every woman of condition, — I say nothing: it may be, and I have been assured that it is, perfectly harmless, innocent, unexceptionable, — respectable it is of course. All I have to remark is, that if such be really the case, it is most preposterously stupid, since an old woman would be far more companionable and entertaining than two such pieces of male frivolity. If, too, it be merely a piece of show, it is in exceedingly bad taste: why should those who are not guilty choose to adopt such very ambiguous appearances? Hamlet says, — but I am almost ashamed of so antiquated an authority, — "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Instead of following this laudable species of hypocrisy, there are many people, in other places besides Italy, who like to make a parade of what coarse and ill-

bred moralists term vices. We are taught to eschew even the appearance of evil; — how this precept can possibly be reconciled with cicisbeism, I leave more ingenious casuists to determine.

If the *Patiti* are the inseparable attendants on the fair sex, the beggars, who might here be styled the *Intolerabili*, are sure to attend on strangers; to pester them with their importunities, and actually to besiege them. Miserable-looking, and apparently decrepit objects, as many of them are, I was informed that their wretchedness is frequently no more than a professional masquerade, similar to what we read of in Guzman d'Alfarache, and other Spanish novels of that class, or *a la Picaresca*. As to one instance of the kind I can speak very well; for, being followed into a shop by a crawling wretch, he watched his opportunity, and while I was making my purchase, snatched up a valuable walking-stick I had laid down on the counter, and made his escape with it in the twinkling of an eye. One of the persons in the shop attempted to pursue him, but the cripple was by far the nimbler of the two, and, bolting down some dark passages, got clear off with his booty. I was therefore obliged to console myself with being the unwilling cause of a miracle.

While we were in Genoa, the city was rather in a stir on account of the arrival of the king and his family for the purpose of meeting the king of Naples, who had been betrothed to a niece of the Sardinian monarch. There were numerous festivals on this occasion, and among the rest some reviews and sham fights, — sights which I observed the priests and monks did not fail to attend. They would have formed a stout regiment of themselves. We had an opportunity of seeing the two sovereigns rather closely, as they were walking on the ramparts together, preceded by two footmen, and followed by six more. They formed rather a contrast to each other, his Sardinian

majesty being tall, thin, and sallow; while he of Naples was remarkably stout, and full-coloured in the face. The nuptial ceremony afterwards took place, not in the cathedral, but at the church of Santa Anna, a little distance from the town; and it was performed by Cardinal Morozzo. We saw the bridegroom set out, but in most unbridegroom and unregal trim — in a travelling carriage drawn by six post-horses, with ordinary rope harness.

At all events, thought I, we manage such matters better in England; and, indeed, it can hardly fail to strike an Englishman as exceedingly inconsistent, when he sees how much ostentatious parade there is on many occasions where nothing of the kind is called for, and how little attention even to decency of appearance is bestowed where some little display seems a matter of course. When we were at Turin, we found that it was a point of etiquette for the guards to be formally drawn up, and the drums sounded at the palace gate, whenever any of the junior members of the royal family drove out, although it might be only for a short airing. Here, on the contrary, etiquette, formality, and parade, were totally disregarded, although the occasion seemed to warrant a little more form than ordinary, because kings, like other people, do not get married every day.

Apart from the festivities got up for the occasion, there was no demonstration of joy, either in public or private, on the arrival of the royal family. In fact, the Genoese consider them as intruders, and express, without much reservation, the bitterness they feel at their city and territory being annexed to the crown of Sardinia; and that, too, after England had promised to secure their independence.

I cannot take leave of Genoa without adverting to the dreadful misery it endured in the year 1800, when, in the midst of all their splendour, the inhabitants were absolutely starved into

surrender by the Austrians, who here besieged the French troops under Massena; while an English fleet blockaded the harbour, and completely cut off all assistance by sea. Never, perhaps, have the horrors of famine in a besieged city been portrayed with such frightful truth as those then experienced by Genoa have been by Botta in his History of Italy. This portion of his work has been translated into English, under the title of "Italy under Napoleon;" and so heart-rending is the picture there given of this calamity, that, on reading it, one wishes it were possible to disbelieve it altogether. Dreadful is war under any circumstances; yet in the bloodiest combat the struggle is but short: here a whole population—the strong and the helpless—the youthful and the aged, were doomed to experience protracted misery,—to behold death lingering over them,—to witness their children and their friends sinking around them in agonies day by day, and to be in daily, nay hourly, expectation of the same fate themselves. Why, compared with this, even pestilence is mercy! That is, at least, the infliction of Providence; which carries off its victims by less tedious torture! But that nations should exercise towards each other such atrocious barbarities, and human policy and expediency sanction the commission of such horrors, is most monstrous.

CHAPTER IX.

LAST VIEW OF GENOA. — SESTRI. — SPEZIA. — SARZANA. — VILLAGE WEDDINGERS. — THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI. — MASSA. — PISA. — IMPRESSIVE CHARACTER. — HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES. — PRESENT APPEARANCE. — IL DUOMO. — QUACK CRITICISM IN ARCHITECTURE. — BAPTISTERY. — CAMPANILE. — CAMPO SANTO. — LORD BYRON. — THE MATRON GUICCIOLI. — HIS LORDSHIP'S CLAIMS ON OUR VENERATION.

On quitting Genoa our route lay for some way along the seashore, so that we from time to time obtained glimpses of the harbour and of the noble city to which we had bid adieu. Here we were still more strongly impressed with the peculiar, and, I may add, unrivalled beauties of its site (for, although it cannot boast all the charms of Naples, it possesses others in which that is deficient), than we were on first approaching it. By leaving greater scope for the imagination, distance invested it with a magic that is lost when the reality is too near at hand. Well did it answer to the delineation of a living poet: —

—— " 'Twas where o'er the sea
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries,
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting; and above them all
A palace, such as somewhere in the East—
In Zenastan or Araby the blest,
Among its golden groves and fruits of gold,
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun —
R ose when Aladdin rubb'd the wond'rous lamp."

On our left hand the nearer hills were covered with the fig, the olive, the orange, and the vine, with the Apennines in the back-

ground, whose summits were tipped with snow. From the ascent we gained after passing by Portofino, which lay almost immediately beneath us, we again looked back upon Genoa, and beheld it more magnificent than ever, the eye now taking in all the range of coast and maritime Alps nearly as far as Nice. Of fine scenery I had before, and have since, seen much, but hardly any single view where loveliness and grandeur are so combined as they are here. I can find no phrase, no epithets, to apply to it, that do not appear cold, feeble, and common-place.

Some hours afterwards we witnessed another splendid spectacle upon the grandest scale: the setting sun sank into the ocean, tinging horizon, waters, and sky with a brilliant glow that would have baffled even the mastery of Claude himself to imitate. It seemed as if the reflection of some celestial glory pervaded the whole expanse around us, and rested on the brow of the deep. The dark mountain-forms on the opposite side served only to heighten the sublimity of the effect by their mysteriousness.

After stopping for the night at Sestri, where we encountered the usual humours of the kitchen at the inn, we began to ascend the mountain by a road that must not be a little dangerous in bad or windy weather. Fortunately, the weather was eminently in our favour; for, even at this late season of the year, the temperature was as mild, and the sky as bright and serene, as on a fine summer day in England. The eminences over which we travelled were in themselves desert, exhibiting no other marks of vegetation than furze and wild flowers; but the prospect around was enlivened by numerous villages or groups of houses, and a surprising number of churches. Indeed, the latter seemed almost to predominate, and very far to exceed what the population of the country can require. Pleasing as the villages look when viewed from a distance, those we actually passed through

did not impress us with the most favourable ideas as to the prosperity of their inhabitants; neither did the latter appear in better plight than their dwellings. At least, we fancied that their shoeless and stockingless feet betokened poverty, although they looked hardy, and as if they did not care for articles of attire; still, if systematic beggary or begging be any proof of other than the voluntary poverty of idleness, we had reason for supposing that numbers must be exceedingly indigent; for, on our stopping at a small place beyond Borghetto, our vehicle was surrounded by a mob of clamorous wretches, some of whom actually thrust their hands into the carriage, entreating an alms for the love of the "Madonna," little suspecting that such a form of application was not the most likely to propitiate us heretics.

Spezia, with its noble bay, was the next point in our route. The town itself is small, but populous, and full of bustle, the gulf being a secure rendezvous for vessels of every description. At the entrance to the gulf is a lesser town or hamlet, guarded by a fort, and called Porto Venere, a name borne by it in the time of the Romans. This gulf may be said to bear a considerable resemblance to Torbay, and to consist of seven different harbours. Indeed, it has very few rivals for either commodiousness or beauty; and, as might be expected, its peculiar advantages and highly favourable position did not escape the lynx-eyed attention of Napoleon, who accordingly began to fortify it more strongly, with the view of establishing here a naval depôt and docks. The environs of Spezia and Porto Venere furnish black and dark grey marble, veined with yellow. The gulf itself is remarkable for having a spring or fountain of fresh water in one part of it, which does not mix with the salt water around it. However, I give this merely upon hearsay, as we did not ascertain how far the information received was accurate. At the hotel where we stopped, almost the first thing the host did was

to put into our hands a book or album, filled with the testimonials of visiters, who spoke of the accommodations his house afforded in most laudatory terms.

Almost midway between Spezia and Sarzana, we crossed the river Magra in a flat-bottomed boat. The current was very rapid, but at that time not much more than twenty yards in width; yet the river is sometimes so swollen as to inundate the whole bed of the valley through which it flows, so that it would be impossible to erect a bridge across it here, although the idea has been suggested by some as one that ought to be put into execution. To answer its purpose, it would require to be the very largest structure ever undertaken, and, in fact, to be carried like an aqueduct across the entire hollow between the hills.

Sarzana is not otherwise remarkable than as having been ceded in the 15th century to the Genoese by Tuscany, in exchange for Livorno, which was at that period a mere village, although now one of the busiest and most thriving places on the western coast of Italy: so that Tuscany gained far more by the bargain than Genoa did. For antiquaries, however, Sarzana is not without its attractions, since, on a neighbouring elevation, there is an ancient Roman fortress, said to be in good preservation; yet our arrangements did not permit us to stop for the purpose of examining it.

At no very great distance from hence we met an exceedingly gay troop upon the road, who struck us as being far more in the *playhouse* style than any of the peasantry we had yet seen; and notwithstanding the "bravery" and showiness of their dress, it was evident that they belonged to that class. They were all coquettishly and fantastically decked out: the females mostly in scarlet corsets and jackets, with blue petticoats, short enough to display a good extent of stocking of the same colour, set off by large red clocks. They had long red silk caps hanging down

behind, surmounted by an exceedingly diminutive straw hat. The men, also, were perfect village beaux, although the most conspicuous part of their finery consisted in bunches of artificial flowers, which they wore on one side of their broad hats, flapped up after the Spanish mode. Our surprise at first beholding this gala group abated when we learned that it was a bridal procession, on their way to church. They were all in exceeding high glee, and seemed to have put on wedding faces for the occasion, as well as wedding dresses; nor could we help making some comparisons between this rustic hymeneal set-out and that of his Neapolitan majesty at Genoa,—not exactly to the advantage of the latter; for he certainly had not shown much gallantry in the selection of his nuptial equipage.

Having entered upon the territory of the Duke of Modena, we shortly afterwards reached Massa, a place whose name has become tolerably familiar to our newspaper students and dilettanti in *quidnuncism*, from its having been so recently the theatre of some of the Duchesse de Berri's political intrigues. During her residence here, in 1832, she attempted to organise a counter-revolution against Louis Philippe, proclaiming her son king by the style of Henri V., and issuing manifestoes to her adherents in France, wherein she signed herself Marie Caroline, as regent during the minority of the rightful owner to the throne. Having concerted, as she imagined, her plans, so as to insure a reasonable prospect of success, she embarked from an adjoining port, and effected a landing at Marseilles; but the rashness of her undertaking very soon became apparent, it being almost immediately followed by complete failure and humiliating disgrace. Little did I imagine what would one day be the fate of this ill-starred woman, when I witnessed her first triumphant entry into Paris, and afterwards saw her led to the altar by the Duc de Berri, surrounded by all the pomp of a court and a

splendid retinue, and, I may add, amidst the acclamations of thousands. We put up at the hotel where she had not long before occupied apartments, and had one of the very rooms appropriated to the regent expectant. We heard a good deal of gossip relative to her, but nothing of sufficient importance to deserve being mentioned again.

Although called a capital, namely, that of Massa-Carrara, the place itself is but a small town, with only two principal streets, by no means remarkable for its beauty, and now very dull and deserted in appearance. Equally *triste* and forlorn in appearance is the palace belonging to the Duke of Modena, situated in a small square, in the centre of which there is a column surmounted by a statue. There were, however, a few shabby-looking guards pacing up and down in front. What struck us as being more remarkable than any thing else in this square, was an avenue on each side of it between two rows of orange trees, laden with fruit of the most tempting appearance; but, as may be supposed, no one is allowed to gratify more than his eyes, this golden fruitage being narrowly watched by the sentinels, who would treat any depredator without ceremony.

The Duke of Modena * is any thing but popular with his subjects at Massa, for he never comes near their town; besides which, he is charged with being highly oppressive. Most assuredly, those who travel through his dominions have no reason to be particularly pleased with him, for the passport and douanier system here is exceedingly rigid and vexatious, and we were obliged to satisfy whatever demands were made by the officers, they having, it seems, little more than what they can extort out of travellers.

* He is cousin to the (late) Emperor of Austria; was born in 1779, and in 1812 married Beatrice, a daughter of the King of Sardinia, by whom he has three sons and one daughter.

We were by no means sorry when we set out again from Massa, without first visiting the little town of Carrara, in its neighbourhood, celebrated for its quarries of the fine white statuary marble, so highly prized by sculptors — that is, the better sort of it, for it varies exceedingly in grain and hue; nor is it by any means easy to obtain the most valuable species in such blocks as are required for working large statues and groups of figures. We proceeded straight forward to Pisa, by the way of Pietra Santa; the inn at which place I have reason to remember, not so much on account of its having been honoured by the presence of Maria Louisa, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and other great personages, whose names were conspicuously inscribed on a board hung up over the door of the principal room, as on account of its being dishonoured — in my estimation at least — by the disappearance of a valuable thermometer I left for a short time in my bed-room; or, to speak more accurately, I should say that I left it for ever. Of course, nobody in the house knew what was become of it — not a soul could account for its being missing; — did I suspect any person? — dare I suspect any person in a house honoured by Maria Louisa, the Grand Duke, &c. &c.? In short, I could plainly see, without my poor thermometer, that they were all up to the "boiling point." Such being the case, I was obliged to take matters as coolly as I could, and to depart minus a thermometer, resolving not to trust too much in future to the honesty or honour of people who boast of the honour of, perhaps, having merely baited Maria Louisas, Grand Dukes, and grandees.

After not the most interesting or expeditious journey, — for in one part of it we were obliged to have a couple of oxen yoked to our four horses, — we descried a lofty tower, whose peculiar appearance announced to us that we were quickly approaching

Pisa, within whose walls we very shortly afterwards found ourselves.

Of Pisa, the very name has a powerful historic charm, and calls up a thousand images of greatness and grandeur now for ever departed,—of high achievement and conquest, and of many of those characters handed down to us in the poem of Dante. At present, indeed, it is little more than the shadow of its former self—of what it was in those bygone ages over which time has thrown a bright yet softened glory, as beheld through the vista of centuries, similar to the effulgence of a western sky, where radiance gleams athwart obscurity, and indistinctness invests even ordinary objects with a character of mystery partaking of the sublime. Pisa is fallen; yet so long as its Campo Santo, and that unrivalled, perhaps I should say *unexampled*, group of buildings, the Duomo, Baptistery, and Campanile remain, it can never be extinct. Those prodigies of art carry with them the very form and impress of the period when they were reared: most speakingly do they attest the enthusiasm and energy of a people who, during times of turbulence and warfare, engaged in undertakings of this description. Let priggish, one-sided taste, and finical, routine criticism, object what they may, the style is PISAN. While we gaze on these fabrics, we almost seem to peruse the annals of the republic, to behold the spirit of its citizens transfused into these romantic piles. Vitruvianists, Palladianists, and all the *vulgum pecus* of the "five orders" men—nay, even your pointed style and Christian architecture folks—may safely be left to carp at them, because they cannot bring them into their own narrow schemes of architectural fitness, framed like so many acts of parliament. To be convinced how contemptible are all such pettifogging systems of criticism, a man need but come hither; that is, supposing him to have any soul; for if not, he may as well pace up and down

Regent Street, the Palais Royal, or contemplate some of the very pretty things put up by our modern Greeks and Goths,—all very nice and new, yet with one *leetle* fault, namely, that they are conceived in a spirit totally dissimilar from that of the things from which they pretend to be derived, and, at the same time, are not seldom equally remote from what is required by modern purposes and usages.

While it was the first among the Roman colonies which united itself to the empire, so was Pisa the first to shake off its feudal yoke, and assert its independence. Ere half of the tenth century had elapsed, it had become the head of all Tuscany; at its close, it was a free and formidable republic. Its maritime and naval power, for the acquisition of which its situation was eminently favourable, rapidly increased; so that it was enabled to take a very prominent part in the crusades, and to become a formidable rival to Genoa. The wealth which poured in upon its inhabitants from commerce as well as conquest,—and they were already possessors of both Amalfi and the Balearic Islands,—furnished them with means which they employed worthily, in erecting what now appear rather to have been edifices belonging to the capital of some empire, than those of a city whose immediate territory was a mere petty province, hardly equal in extent to the estate of many a Russian noble. The conquest of Corsica and Sardinia, and a signal victory obtained over the Genoese fleet in 1241, rendered the Pisans for a while the masters of the Mediterranean; yet was this prosperity shortly afterwards overclouded by the successes of their Guelf enemies, the Florentines, who now began to attack them, and whose proximity rendered their hostility all the more fatal. During a breathing pause granted them by their neighbours, the Pisans resolved to crush their maritime rivals, and make a decisive blow against Genoa. Extraordinary and pompous were the pre-

parations made by both the contending parties on this occasion. Surrounded by a train of ecclesiastics, the Archbishop Ubaldini pronounced, from one of the bridges* across the Arno, his solemn benediction on the galleys, as they proceeded in naval array down the river. The command of the Pisan fleet had been intrusted to the Count di Donoratico, better known to posterity by his name of Ugolino, who, although originally belonging to the Ghibelline party, was connected by family alliances and friendship with the Guelfs. No sooner did victory seem to incline towards the side of the Genoese, than the Count, instead of opposing them more boldly, instantly gave the signal for flight; not, it is supposed, out of pusillanimity, but from the traitorous intention of more easily assuming the government of the city, when deprived of the strength of its population: and how greatly it was reduced by this event may be conceived, when no fewer than five thousand are stated to have perished, and eleven thousand to have been carried off prisoners by the victors! Florence, and other Guelf cities united with the Genoese in endeavouring to humble Pisa still further, and destroy the remains of its commerce. About sixteen years after the fatal engagement of Meloria — that is, in 1285 — the treachery of Ugolino became too manifest; for he then ceded to the Guelfs some of the principal fortresses and castles of the Pisans; for which act, and the ty-

* The same, which was afterwards the scene of the annual combat, or "Battle of the Bridge," intended to commemorate a sudden attack made by the Saracens upon the city during the night; and the patriotic heroism of Cinzina Sismondi, who, when the astonished Pisans were intent only on saving themselves individually, braving the imminent danger from which the others fled, boldly passed over this bridge, alarmed the Signoria, and apprised those who were yet ignorant of what had happened, of the peril besetting them. The heroine led them on towards their insidious foes, and a most severe combat took place on the bridge, from which numbers of the Saracens were precipitated into the Arno; the rest hurried to their galleys, and sought safety by immediately getting out to sea.

ranny he had long exercised, they confined him in the tower called the Torre della Muda,—not at first with the intention of starving him to death, but until he should pay the heavy fine they imposed upon him; and not being able, or, as some say, not choosing to do this, he and his sons were at length left to perish of hunger in their dungeon (1288). During the following century, the Pisans made several attempts to retrieve their condition, but without effect; the crafty policy and increasing power of the Florentines, and their gold, more formidable than their swords, prevailed. Within a very few years after the commencement of the fifteenth century, the liberty of the Pisans was extinct.

At present, the population is not much more than one tenth of what it was at the zenith of the city's prosperity. Hence Pisa is characterised by a silence and a look of desertness, which contrast singularly with the stateliness of its buildings. Yet these circumstances serve rather to give it an additional although melancholy charm in the eyes of those who can resign themselves to the peculiar impressions of a place, without demanding the same gaiety and bustle wherever they go, because they invariably carry their own dulness along with them. Here the past is not easily forgotten amid the present; the mind can abstract itself without effort from the latter, and indulge in reveries that carry it back to former days and deeds.

I have already remarked the vast difference between Genoa and Turin, and the character of Pisa is equally distinct from that of either. Independently of particular objects of architecture, in a style to which the two other cities offer not the slightest specimen, Pisa is distinguished by the course of the Arno, which intersects the city, and flows along between spacious quays on which stand palaces and palace-like houses. This part of the town here goes by the name of the Lungarno, and

certainly makes a very noble appearance, as unlike that of the magnificent but narrow streets of Genoa, as that of the formal, monotonous, and ruled-out streets of the Sardinian capital. There is an air of picturesque grandeur in the fronts of the houses on these quays, which we no where observe at Turin. The generality of the houses or mansions in this situation are lofty, and appear to be of the most solid construction; which may account for their making much greater show than could be expected in a city otherwise so much decayed. The streets themselves are spacious, well paved, clean; and, in these respects, Pisa is quite equal, if not superior, to Florence itself. Like every other place in Italy, this city has many churches; but, besides the cathedral, I shall only note that called Santa Maria della Spina, which, although exceedingly small, is highly deserving of its attention on account of the singularity and richness of its architecture, with the minute delicacy and intricacy of many of its ornaments. It seems to have quite as much of the Oriental or Saracenic, as of the Gothic style.

The Duomo and its attendant buildings, which I will now attempt briefly to particularise, are even still more remote from any thing generally understood by the term Gothic. It would be preposterous to compare this cathedral with any of those in England or France; for it bears no more similarity to them, than it does to the Parthenon or the Pantheon. It is neither in the later Roman, nor the Norman or Gothic style; and, therefore, to cut short all stickling about mere names, we may as well call it — of Pisa, Pisan. A question of far greater importance than a technical classification with either this or that style is, whether it is beautiful; and taking that epithet in the sense usually attached to it, I am afraid we must say, No: but then it has merits of a higher stamp than mere beauty, — at least, than that common-place sort of beauty which is manufactured according to

mere rules, and is, consequently, frigid and insipid. Now, a cockney newspaper critic — one of those who write for the ignorance of the "enlightened public"—would settle the matter at once, by spluttering out something about the Greeks and the Romans, and that very great man Inigo Jones, of whom he knows nothing, and of that other great man, Sir Christopher Wren, of whom he knows just as much, namely, just as much as he has picked up out of school-books; and he would conclude by pronouncing that the Pisan Duomo, and the buildings around it, are a barbarous mélange, wherein all principles of good taste, and even the most ordinary rules of the art, are shamefully violated. Further, he would, perhaps, clumsily attempt to be facetious, and compare its pointed dome to an inverted "egg cup."—Looking at the western front of this extraordinary pile, it is impossible to trace any similitude between it and any one of the styles above named; to be sure, there are Greek columns and pieces of detail inserted here and there; and numerous semicircular arches resting upon columns; yet these things are so very differently applied from the styles in which they originated, as to assume a totally different character. As well might we say that this Duomo resembles our English cathedrals, because, like them, cruciform in plan; or compare it with our St. Paul's, because, like that, it happens to have a dome at the intersection of the cross. The lower part of the façade is rather naked as to form, having only a few half columns on which rest arches; and above this are four tiers of open arches and columns forming shallow galleries, the lowermost of which extends the whole width of the front; but the ends of the next gallery follow the slope of the roof over the aisles; and the other two occupy only the width of the nave, the upper one comes within the gable, whose summit is surmounted by a statue of the Madonna and Child. Now, all this is certainly not in accordance with any

one style of art we are accustomed to; and the great number of small arches and columns forming galleries piled up one over the other, may be thought to produce both littleness and monotony. Littleness is certainly no merit in architecture; yet it does not inevitably or invariably follow that minute parts must preclude grandeur of ensemble: at least, here we have a proof to the contrary; since here the result of the whole is grand—bizarre, outré, nondescript, if you will, but still grand—and, moreover, uniform in taste. After all, too, what has been pointed out, amounts to no more than the skeleton or outline, which is filled up and set off with marbles of different colours, carved columns, and other sculptured enrichments, and with a variety of mosaics forming various ornamental patterns in various hues,—a splendid inlay-work of which our Gothic architecture affords no instance. Neither must the noble bronze doors, the workmanship of Giovanni da Bologna, be omitted in this estimate.

Internally the structure is no less singular, and at variance with other examples of the same class of buildings. It has two aisles on each side of the nave, thus presenting four long files of columns, most of which are granite, the rest marble. These support arches; and above those in the nave is a gallery, within each of whose arches are two lesser ones resting upon a small central column. The floor is white and blue marble, and beneath the dome (which is elliptical and highly pointed) formed of mosaic work. The ceiling of the nave and choir, which is of timber, is flat, and coffered, and rich with gilding; so that peculiarity alone would present a remarkable difference from the vaulting of Gothic churches. Neither does this building differ less from them in the plainness and diminutive proportions of its windows, which, however, are not so obtrusive as to interfere with the embellishment of the rest. Of course, they do not admit a great deal of light, yet quite as much as is de-

sirable. Others may, if they please, call the interior gloomy,— a more suitable term, because not carrying with it so reproachful a meaning, would be sombre, — a character, surely, neither incompatible with architectural grandeur or devotional feeling. Our modern English church builders — or at least those for whom they build, — seem to be of opinion that the inside of a church requires as much light as a common sitting-room; and that, too, although there is nothing to be seen in it except the blank walls and the windows themselves, — that is, if we except the new fashions which the female part of the congregation are so proud of exhibiting to their neighbours, as a practical exemplification of Christian modesty and humility in attire. Again, there are critics, who, as the fine gentleman in the play "hated the town and could not abide the country," always take care to object against the churches they visit abroad, that they are either too glaringly fine, or too dark and gloomy.

Nearly in a line with the front of the Duomo, and at a very short distance from it, stands the Baptistery; a little to the south of its eastern end, the Campanile; and on the north side of the area containing these three buildings, is the exterior of the Campo Santo.

The first-mentioned of these is an exceedingly curious structure, which, as far as mere general mass goes, may be likened to the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, — yet larger, and having its dome of the same diameter as the external walls. Both are circular, and both are covered by a dome; yet the one is no more like the other, than a human biped is like a feathered one. It would be difficult to convey any clear idea of it by words alone; because, unless the reader has seen either the building itself, or a good view of it, he would hardly understand the most exact description. I shall therefore content myself with remarking, that the design of the lower story differs very little

from that of the front of the cathedral, except in having small arched windows. To this succeeds a gallery, or at least a series of detached columns supporting arches; above every two arches rises an acute gable or pediment, filled with arches or circles containing busts and half statues; and between each gable is a kind of pinnacle or tabernacle resting on slender columns. The upper story has likewise acute pediments above circular-headed windows; and in the lower part of the dome there is, again, a series of lofty dormers surmounted by pediments. Thus, there is here evidently an intermixture of the pointed style — at least of some of the ingredients of it, for the ensemble itself is decidedly different. — Now, it is very easy to apply all sorts of ugly words to this building — to call it whimsical, fantastic, extravagant, monstrous, &c. &c. — or to deny that it is built in any style at all. I can only say, that, however it may sin against rules — however little it may accord with the Procrustes-like theories of those who profess to bring down both art and criticism to "the level of the most ordinary understanding" — had it double the number of faults such persons can espy, it has one supereminent merit — namely, that of extraordinary *effect*. Once seen, it can never be forgotten, but will frequently rise up before the imagination as a proud vision of the past. It must be admitted, that it would cut but an odd figure either at Charing Cross or in St. James's Park; for there it would look as much out of its place as our Queen Elizabeth in a party of waltzers, or as strange as a *rhapsody* of Homer bound up with the rhapsodical cantos of Don Juan; but at Pisa, in a line with the Duomo and Campanile, it not only staggers all puny criticism, but absolutely overwhelms it.

Of the three, the Campanile * is by far the most celebrated,

* Of this structure both Forsyth and Woods speak very depreciatingly; I have, however, the minor authority of Eustace and Matthews for allowing

From a sketch by W.R. Wilson Esq.r Pub.d by Longman & Co.r London. 1835 W. Clark. sculp.r

Holy Field, Pisa.

I should say *notorious*, structure; because its inclination out of the perpendicular has caused it to be mentioned even in school-books, and spoken of as something wonderful, whereas its architecture alone would never have obtained for it a hundredth part of its present fame, — and most vulgar fame it is. What, however, has thus given it repute, by no means enhances its beauty: its leaning attitude merely causes a disagreeable kind of surprise, so that one fairly wishes it were possible to plant it quite upright, that one might have the satisfaction of contemplating it, without feeling almost giddy at the same time. Being free from all additions of detail belonging to the pointed style, this tower bears a still stronger resemblance to the front of the Cathedral than even the Baptistery does. Above the lower story are six successive open galleries, surrounding a cylinder which forms the interior. There is also a seventh story, above these, of the same diameter as the inner cylinder. Being so much alike in their parts, these three buildings afford a tolerably complete study of this peculiar Pisan style; as we can thus judge of the effect of nearly the same features differently combined and disposed, and applied to masses varying both in their proportions and in their plans.

The Campo Santo offers a further example of a later period of the Pisan style. Externally it makes little display; but within,

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myself to admire it. To judge of such a production, not by the impression it makes upon the eye and mind, but according to rules derived from another and far different mode of building, is sheer cant of criticism. If Mr. Forsyth was displeased with its small columns and "multitude of orders," — an expression, by the by, exceedingly uncritical and incorrect, since every story is of the same order, if such a term can be fairly applied in similar instances, — how greatly must he have been scandalised by that glory of Cockney-land, St. Bride's steeple, with its smaller columns, and "multitude of orders," disposed after the Chinese fashion! To say that the Pisan Campanile is incomparably finer than that architectural monster, would not be saying much in its commendation.

is as striking a scene of its kind as can be imagined. This cemetery, which is celebrated for being filled to the depth of about ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land at the time of the crusades, might be taken for a noble museum formed by spacious cloisters surrounding the four sides of the open area. The walls are covered with ancient frescos, which bear, alas! testimony to the effacing power of time. They are, as may be supposed, all of a religious character, and strongly tinctured with the peculiar notions of the age to which they belong. Besides these, there are a great number of sarcophagi and other pieces of monumental sculpture and inscriptions, and also several modern monuments. The architecture displays itself chiefly in the series of arcades forming the cloister, of which there are five at each end of the *Campo*, and twenty-six on each side. The arches themselves are semicircular, but divided into compartments by slender mullion pillars, from which spring small pointed arches and open-work tracery. The extent and uniformity of the design materially heighten its effect; and what adds in no small degree to give variety to the scene without disturbing it, is, that from the area or cortile itself the eye catches a view of the Baptistery, Duomo, and Campanile, rising above the comparatively low cloister; so that at this point are concentrated together in a focus, as it were, the most brilliant rays of Pisan architecture.

Where ancient Pisa's far-famed "Sacred Ground"
Is with rich storied cloisters girt around,
Whose frescoed wall strange visions give to view,
— A long array that melts in sombre hue,—
Oft let me pace the expansive marble floor,
Musing on deeds of old and days of yore,
And sculpture's records one by one explore.
Here contemplation, with the past inspired,
May meditate unbroken and untired;
In things inanimate the thoughts may trace
And feelings of a now departed race.

Considering the *Campo* as a cemetery, I know of no finer one than this. These long and spacious galleries, where the every-day world seems shut out from sight, and not permitted to intrude itself upon attention, seem to invite to meditation—to solemn, tranquil thought. Unbecoming gaiety and repulsive gloominess seem to be alike avoided. By moonlight, the effect must be, I should conceive, most poetical. Compared with this venerable architectural cemetery, that of Père La Chaise strikes one as little better than a Parisian Tivoli—a sort of tea-garden, decked out with a multitude of miniature temples and obelisks—all very pretty and finical, and so far, perhaps, quite as appropriate for Paris as the Campo Santo is for Pisa.*

Although I have dwelt rather longer upon Pisa and its antiquities than Sir Egerton Brydges, who says that he passed through it, "only stopping to change horses"! I cannot help adverting to one circumstance, which may probably give it more importance and interest in the eyes of some persons than any thing else. It was here that Lord Byron for a while domiciliated himself, taking up his abode in the Palazzo Lanfranchi; and it was here that, availing himself of the enviable freedom of Italian society—so different from what our narrow-minded, puritanical, insular prejudices tolerate—he formed an unplatonic connection with a married lady—La Guiccioli.† To call it an adulterous

* As we learn from an inscription above the principal entrance, the Campo Santo was completed in 1283. Its architect was Giovanni di Pisa, who is also said to have executed some of the sculptures and architectural ornaments in the Church della *Spina*. The dates of the other buildings are as follows; viz. the Duomo, of which Buschetto was the architect, was commenced in 1063; the Baptistery (Dioti Salvi, architect) in 1152; and the Campanile (Guglielmo d'Inspruck, and Bonanno Pisano, architects) in 1174.

† I once chanced to dine at the same table d'hôte with this Guiccioli; and she appeared to me to be then very far from the fascinating, beautiful creature she has been represented. Either his modern Eloisa must have changed sadly, or else his Lordship must have been smitten by the strangest attractions

intercourse would be offensive to ears polite; neither am I quite sure whether such term would justly apply to what seems to have been quite a family arrangement. His Lordship was upon the most amicable footing with the lady's father and brothers; and he and his fascinating *cara* lived openly together; so that *hypocrisy*, at least, was not one of their sins. Besides which, even the most strait-laced will doubtless concede some latitude in such matters to the phœnix of his age; for what is the advantage of genius, if the possessor is to be tied down to the observance of the ordinary duties and obligations of morality—things intended only for ordinary, every-day people. In the opinion of some of his Lordship's worshippers,—those, namely, who cant so much about his genius,—Pisa ought, undoubtedly, to be considered consecrated by it, since it was here that he wrote several cantos of his Don Juan; a strange production, it must be confessed, for one who, at the outset of his literary career, exclaimed, in most Cato-like tone,

> "—— The Muse must still be just,
> Nor spare melodious *advocates of lust.*"

Others have been reviled as renegadoes, apostates, and turncoats, for far more excusable, and, perhaps, meritorious inconsistency between their earlier and their later conduct and opinions. Granting that Lord Byron possessed all, or even ten times, the genius his most enthusiastic admirers claim for him, it is not easy to perceive how intellectual power can justify moral turpitude, or how vice is rendered innoxious in proportion as it is palatable and alluring. Prostituted genius is but splendid guilt. When great talents are employed for the benefit of mankind they command respect; not so when abused and employed for the

in the world. However, she was then evidently in the wane of her popularity, if not of her charms; nor did any one seem to take much notice of her.

purpose of sapping and undermining moral and religious principle; of sneering and doubting, and doubting and sneering at what constitutes the best, the only, safeguards of society. The language of a living Italian writer, when speaking of Guicciardini, is strikingly applicable to Byron:—"By those who rank talents and knowledge," says Rossini, "above all other human qualities, this man will be ranked one of the most eminent characters of his time; but by those who are of opinion that virtue ought to be more highly esteemed than any thing else, his memory will be held in detestation." Unfortunately, the world is but too inclined to accept genius, talents, nay, almost mere cleverness, as an equivalent for what is of infinitely greater importance. It forms of them idols, before which it grovellingly prostrates itself. Again, it is urged in extenuation of brilliant yet profligate writers, that their works do not produce that harm which is imagined; and that there are antidotes against the most pernicious doctrines. Yet is it to be feared that those who swallow the poison are precisely those who eschew the antidote; besides which, the criminality on the part of the authors is just the same, whether bad consequences result from their publications or not.

To say that there have been many others, besides Lord Byron, who have employed their pens in the cause of lewdness and unholiness, is no excuse for him, unless we assume that guilt is only comparative; that no one is guilty, if not the very guiltiest of all—a monster of unparalleled turpitude. An English poet of the nineteenth century certainly cannot avail himself of the plea frequently put forth in extenuation of similar literary offences, namely, that great allowance is to be made for the ignorance and licentiousness of the times when they wrote, and the then state of society. In Byron's flagitious performance there is, very evidently, a studied purpose to corrupt. This *animus* is every where apparent, from beginning to end. Lord Byron

could not be that consummate fool we must suppose him to have been, if we say that he probably considered there was nothing particularly mischievous in it. Good God! and are we to be insulted by being told, by way of apology, that it contains many splendid poetic passages? These gems are set in the most disgusting ordure; we can neither touch them without being defiled, nor contemplate them without sickening.—After all, those who like to go with the crowd in the admiration of Byron, are at liberty to do so; but I, for one, must be excused from bearing them company to the shrine of their adoration. Genius I do not depreciate: the abuse of it all ought to deprecate; for in proportion to its excellence in a good cause, is its atrocity in an evil one; then, as Cowper has well expressed it,

> Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,
> It stabs at once the morals of a land.

It is not for finite and erring creatures to judge a brother sinner; yet neither should mistaken compassion seduce us so far as to applaud where we ought to condemn, to extenuate where extenuation becomes apology, to disguise or to palliate the principle of mischief that remains to corrupt others. Let us not impiously deify talents, without any reference to the application made of them. Where the noblest gifts have been liberally bestowed, the perversion of them, so far from arguing superior merit, only argues superior baseness. And it may be well for us to bear in mind that *genius* exists but for time; it is righteousness which endureth for *eternity*.

In regard to his Lordship's scepticism, if he really felt that concern it is pretended he did, at his involuntary doubts concerning revealed religion—if he was sincere in seeking conviction for his own mind—he certainly acted most inconsistently, and has afforded sufficient grounds for questioning his sincerity, by obtruding those doubts upon the world, by making such a

parade of infidel sentiments, by most ostentatious and irreverent levity, and catching at every opportunity of dragging it in. Putting the most charitable construction upon his conduct in this respect, had he, or have his friends, any right to be angry, if, taking him at his word, we do not suppose that he was more than ordinarily excellent, when his own showing represented him to be more than usually libertine, in his principles? The author of Don Juan certainly could not claim the apology—and most wretched apology too—of the Latin poet—

"Musa lasciva nostra vita proba est."

Neither can he be entirely exculpated from the charge of a paltry kind of hypocrisy; since, notwithstanding all his bravado, and professed contempt of public opinion, no man was ever more sensitive on that point. If he really despised the opinion of the world, why did he torment—or pretend to torment—himself in the manner he did? And show himself as pusillanimous as

"A godless Regent trembling at a star?"

Why did he first publish to the world the secrets of his domestic life, and then childishly complain of the inconvenience to which impertinent curiosity subjected him? Had Lord Byron, instead of seeking the sympathy of the world so indelicately, confined such matters, as they ought to have been, to himself, the world would have no more troubled themselves about his domestic uneasinesses than about those of any other lord.

Should the reader be of opinion that all this has nothing whatever to do with my journey, he has only to pass it over entirely. If he coincides with the general tenour of what is here said, he will not cavil at its being thus introduced, although in way of digression. Those who dislike the sentiments themselves will, of course, say that they ought to have been omitted; or else,

perhaps, they will accuse me of being wanting in charity towards one who is now no more. But there is a charity to be observed towards the living, no less than the departed: by reproving the immorality of which they have been guilty, we cannot possibly injure the latter; the former we may benefit. "It is folly," says a writer of the present day, "to reverence those dead, who, while living, did not reverence themselves."* Harsh, too, as the language may seem in which I have ventured to speak of Lord Byron, it is almost laudatory compared with that of another, who has expressed his opinion of the poet's moral character in terms of the bitterest indignation.†

If wealth be bestowed on a Chartres, so is genius sometimes bestowed on a Byron, to mark how worthless wealth and genius are in the sight of heaven, and how despicable they may be rendered in the sight of man.

* See a note to one of Pierce Pungent's Satires, Fraser's Magazine.

† See note to the R. A.'s Addresses to Lord Byron, in "Archery and Archness."

CHAPTER X.

LEGHORN. — GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PLACE. — AN EXTRAORDINARY CHURCH FOUNDER. — JEWISH SYNAGOGUE. — ENGLISH BURYING-GROUND. — SMOLLETT.

LIVORNO, or, as we oddly Anglicise the name, Leghorn, was our next resting-place after quitting Pisa; and although it is but a very moderate distance between the two — only about fifteen miles — we seemed to have got quite among another people, and into a different part of the world. After the solitude and quiet of Pisa, the animation, bustle, and hurry of a thriving, well frequented port like Leghorn could not fail to strike us very forcibly. In the former place, the past seemed to be every thing, the present, in comparison, nothing; here, on the contrary, every thing speaks of the present — not of decline from former grandeur and opulence, but of increasing prosperity. Although the site itself was known to the Romans by the name of Portus Herculis, Leghorn possesses no vestiges of antiquity, and its oldest buildings are of comparatively recent date; which will by no means appear singular, when it is recollected that, as already noticed, this place — ceded in the fifteenth century to Tuscany, by the Genoese, in exchange for Sarzana — was then a mere fishing village, with nothing more than its natural advantages of situation to recommend it. Instead of palaces indicating rather former magnificence than actual opulence — a haughty pomp rather than luxuriousness — one here perceives plain, substantial houses, with very few edifices besides that offer much to a stranger's notice.

At Pisa it is the buildings, at Leghorn the population, which most arrests attention. The signs of traffic are observable every-

where; and in the harbour, which is a free port, you behold ships of almost every nation; and in that part of the town called *Venezia Nuova* — because, like that city, it is intersected by various lesser canals communicating with the principal, and you find small craft laden with merchandise from the ships, which is thus landed at the doors of the merchants' warehouses. The number of foreigners who resort hither, as to a general mart, is no less striking. Algerines, Armenians, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, are to be seen here in their respective costumes, besides numbers from various parts of Europe. The *Via Ferdinanda*, leading from one of the squares to the port, is generally thronged with them, and may be considered as their rendezvous. During what may be called the "high change," the Babel of tongues is hardly less striking than the motley Babel of dresses, which gives this scene a semi-oriental air, — the more so, as the air, properly so called, is strongly impregnated with the narcotic odours wafted from innumerable pipes and segars. Almost every one seems to be a votary of the Lethean plant; and those whose olfactory nerves do not sympathise with its fumes, must nevertheless submit to be fumigated and incensed by its vapours — so unlike the balmy fragrance of the "sweet South," unless they take care to steer clear of this highly-flavoured street. King James's "counter-blast" against tobacco would have no effect here.

A sentimental tourist would do well to eschew Leghorn entirely, as a most unsentimental, unromantic trading place, the very Amsterdam of Italy, — so much so, that we can as readily believe it was transported hither from Holland through the air, as that a similar aërial journey was performed by the Holy House of Loretto. It is a place far better suited for those plain, incorrigible John Bulls who are teased by their wives and daughters to roam over Italy, that they may boast of having breathed the air of the Alps as well as that of Highgate Hill; and who occasionally perform such truly tramontane exploits as

133

that of drinking tea on the summit of St. Peter's dome.* At all events, such persons may here secure for themselves true English comfort at the hotel St. Marco, kept by a Scotchman of the name of Thomson. Whether he claims any relationship with the bard of the "Seasons," I know not, but suspect that he has very little of the poetic temperament; for his house is managed with the greatest order and regularity, and affords all those conveniences which an Englishman values more than ever, after experiencing the want of them in other countries. Comfort is but a very prosy, intractable subject for the pen; so that, after all, Thomson's accommodations had nothing in them so piquant and stirring as the miserable inn where, by way of divertissement, our banquet took a summerset down the stairs. If James Thomson himself had been inspired here, it would have been to write another "Castle of Indolence."

As may be supposed from what has already been hinted, the churches at Leghorn afford very little at all remarkable as "sights." Even the Duomo itself, which in much smaller and inferior towns is generally an object of interest, has hardly any thing to repay a stranger's curiosity. By far the most extraordinary—not on account of any particular merit in its structure—is one lately erected by an individual, who, having amassed a large fortune by keeping a "gin temple," devoted a considerable portion of it to building a temple of a very different description. This may be mentioned without much apprehension; it not being at all likely that his example will prove contagious among any of his fraternity in England, although a far greater number of fortunes are so made in our own country than in Italy. Intemperance in drinking is by no means a common

* Such is reported to have been actually done by an English family party when at Rome. Many exhibitions quite as preposterous have been made by some of our countrymen when in Italy.

Italian vice—least of all, excess in drinking spirits; nor is there, perhaps, any other place besides Leghorn, where wealth could have been accumulated by vending them. In a seaport like this, filled with the crews of merchant vessels, the greater consumption of ardent spirits is easily accounted for.

If, however, Leghorn exhibits little of the usual splendour and parade of catholicism in its churches, neither does it manifest such rigorous intolerance of other creeds as prevails elsewhere. Protestant heretics are allowed the indulgence of having a church of their own, where a worthy English clergyman, Mr. Hare, regularly officiates; and the followers of Judaism seem to enjoy here peculiar privileges, conferred upon them by Francis I. of Austria, and Maria Theresa. The Jews, in fact, form no inconsiderable part of the resident population; their numbers being estimated at nearly twenty thousand, out of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Their synagogue is a very spacious building, but not otherwise remarkable than for the extraordinary number of lamps in it. Except the latticed galleries for the women, there is little to indicate its purpose; and very little of the respect due to a place of worship is to be seen in the behaviour of those who frequent it. Although a Rabbi was reading some part of their ritual when I entered, instead of paying any attention to him, those around me were conversing together on ordinary topics, with as much indifference as if they had been in the open street, or any other place than a house of prayer: nay, some of them were talking over matters of business; so that it was impossible not to be forcibly reminded of the text where their forefathers are reproached for similar profanity, and for converting the sanctuary of their religion into "a den of thieves." Singular inconsistency! that a people who so pertinaciously adhere to ordinances which subject them to many privations and inconveniencies, possess so little of the real devotional spirit of religion! Yet so it is: where much stress is laid upon externals

and minute ceremonies, the observance of these seem to be considered a full equivalent for that of which they are but the mere conventional and dead signs, unless accompanied by what alone can give them efficacy and meaning—the assent of the mind and the feelings, and that internal reverence which passeth show. That those who comply with forms, merely as forms, and what they have been accustomed to, should be guilty of such scandalous conduct as that I here witnessed, is, perhaps, not very surprising; but that it should be tolerated by those who must certainly have the power of enforcing outward decency of demeanour, is indeed strange, and as lamentable as it is unintelligible. And here I may observe, that in this respect these matters are very little, if at all, better conducted in catholic churches. They are too frequently made places of rendezvous, lounging about, and idling; whispering talk may be heard; and, if report does not grossly belie them, assignations are often made in them; so that with all the *adoration* professed to be paid to the Virgin, many of her votaries place their affections on other things besides virginal purity of mind.

Our countrymen, and foreigners of other nations here, have their respective burying-grounds. That belonging to the English is a spacious area, handsomely laid out and well kept up, and inclosed by a low wall and iron rails. Cypresses and other shady trees give it a solemn and grove-like appearance; and among these are to be seen a number of monuments executed in marble, and displaying great variety of shape. Most English travellers make a point of visiting this cemetery—if only for the purpose of beholding the spot which covers the mortal remains of the celebrated yet too cynical writer who ranks so highly among British novelists.* Although not equally so in his expressions,

* Among many interred here, are, that highly distinguished English senator Francis Horner, Lords Guildford, Daer, &c.

Smollett was frequently quite as coarse as Swift in his topics and ideas; nor did he scruple to dwell upon some matters which a writer of the present day would hardly venture to allude to even in the most cautious and obscure language. Even if we have not become much more moral since his time, it is by no means to be regretted that we have become more decent. Although they may not actually corrupt the principles so much as do many works more loose in the sentiments, yet more chaste in their expressions, still such productions as his cannot but contaminate the mind. Our just abhorrence of one evil ought not to render us too indulgent towards another, because it happens to be a contrary one. It is folly to suppose, because vice is frequently tricked out in spurious sentimentality, and its hideousness softened down, or rather made to appear positively alluring, by the *lenocinium* of the elegances of diction, that we ought to adopt barefaced grossness and indecency. Surely there exists a salutary alternative besides such an egregious "Hobson's choice" as that. Perhaps, in his last moments, even Smollett himself would gladly have resigned all his fame, could he have expunged much of what he had penned. There is hardly any very great breach of charity in this supposition; for is it to be imagined, that a trembling sinner about to enter upon an unknown awful world, can reflect otherwise than painfully, that he bequeaths to the world he is about to quit for ever, a durable testimony of his frailties and errors—of his unprofitable use of talents that might have been more salutarily employed? The fame acquired in the service of the world, whether literary or any other, is but poorly fraught with consolations for a dying bed. Of course, I must and do expect that such sentiments will be scouted and reprobated by many, who will stigmatise them as being in the highest degree illiberal, narrow-minded, and bigoted. But surely one humble individual may be allowed to set his face

against, and to deprecate that morbid illusion so prevalent at the present day—that greatly miscalled charity, which would justify before man things that cannot be justified before God. Had they thought fit to do more than mention that Smollett lies buried here, others would probably have considered it incumbent on them to eulogise the talents of the man; but I have chosen to speak as I feel, and I feel that such idle adulation must be rejected by the spirit of the sinner.

If there be any place where we feel the insufficiency, not only of earthly possessions, but of worldly fame and reputation, surely it is where we are surrounded by the records of mortality, and reflect that, were it possible for them to revisit this globe, many would deprecate the homage they so ardently aspired at while living. How few of those whose memories are held in respect, have really been actuated by the sincere desire of benefiting their fellow-mortals and fellow sinners, or by any other worthier motive than selfish ambition. We deify genius,—when shall we learn to honour virtue? When shall we acknowledge that real greatness and real goodness are one? Alas! we make even the grave itself minister to our earthly affections and carnal delusions, and cry out, Peace! peace! when there is no peace;—we pamper our imaginations with vain gauds,

"On quicksands build, and trust to broken reeds."

What avails to "Dives" his costly tomb, or the parasitical applauses of the world? Surely the despised Lazarus hath the better portion; and many are the Lazari of whom the world recks not, because while living they neither flattered the world, made themselves friends with it, nor obtained any share of the honours it bestows. Yet more than all its honours, its triumphs, and pleasures, shall be their exceeding great reward.

CHAPTER XI.

LEGHORN. — THE LAZARETTO. — FUNERALS. — CIVITA VECCHIA. — GALLEY SLAVES. — GASPARONI, THE DEVOUT BANDIT. — PAPAL SOLDIERS. — A KITCHEN SKIRMISH. — FIRST VIEW OF NAPLES. — BEAUTY OF ITS SITE AND ENVIRONS. — AN ANTI-POETICAL SPECIMEN OF THE INHABITANTS.

BEFORE taking final leave of Leghorn, I ought to say a few words relative to a building with which many are obliged to commence their acquaintance with the city, and to be domiciliated there much longer than is by any means agreeable. I allude to the Lazaretto — or I should rather speak of them plurally, there being two at a short distance from each other. They are noble structures, and greatly ornamental to the general view of the place. The quarantine regulations are here very severely enforced; and if any of the crew of a vessel happen to die before the term is expired, the reckoning commences *de novo*. Or should any suspicion be attached to a cargo, the whole of it is forthwith committed to the flames, no matter how valuable it may be.

On looking over my notes on Leghorn, I find that I have passed over many particulars registered at the time, yet I must not omit a funeral procession I saw acted there, and which, instead of being an edifying solemnity, was a scandalous burlesque of such a ceremony. It was headed by several boys dressed in black gowns, with hoods of the same colour over their heads and faces, with holes in them for their eyes, — a contrivance that saves a great deal of trouble, as it is impossible to tell whether merry or sorrowful countenances are thus concealed from view. These were succeeded by a group, not of mourners,

but of fellows dressed in the costume of such,—in black gowns, with white cords around their waists. Far from simulating grief, they did not even make a show of decorous gravity, consequently were not liable to any charge of hypocrisy. Next appeared several monks, barefooted and long-bearded, who conducted themselves more decently; most of them being, in fact, "old feeble carrions," with cadaverous countenances, and not a little ghastly in their whole appearance. They were like so many walking *memento mori's*, and formed a most singular contrast to the rest of this funeral train. After some priests, who were the next, came the bier, covered with a velvet pall; and behind it those who I suppose ought to have acted as principal mourners; instead of which one of them was actually laughing and talking with those around him, and I expected every moment he would be reprimanded for his grossly disgusting behaviour. Surely the mummery itself was sufficient, without turning the whole thing into a mere farce.

At Leghorn we embarked in a noble steam vessel of five hundred tons burthen, on board which were about one hundred and fifty passengers, and eighteen carriages. It was in excellent order; well fitted up; and I recognised it as the same vessel I had some years before seen arrive at Glasgow from Greenock, where it had been built, in order to have its machinery added to it. The sight of Corsica brought to our recollection "Theodore," Paoli, and Napoleon Buonaparte. Nor was the latter unremembered when we passed by Elba; which produced a remark from one of the passengers, that, notwithstanding his aversion to the "proud islanders" on the other side the Channel, Napoleon—or, if not himself, his destiny—had a singular penchant for islands, not being content with fewer than three, viz. Corsica, Elba, and St. Helena; the last of which was the very best of the trio. However that may be,

the second is certainly the best for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, since he derives a very large revenue from its mines.

In respect to our voyage itself, it was no more to speak of than an expedition from London Bridge to Margate,—most unromantically comfortable and devoid of incidents and disasters; and the following morning beheld us safely landed at Civita Vecchia, the Trajani Portus of the ancients, and, according to some, the place where the apostle St. Paul first arrived on his way to Rome. The entrance to the harbour is guarded by a lighthouse with forts; and a sort of canal extends from it into the town, along which there is a quay, with numerous buildings for the galley slaves. Of these miserable wretches there are about two thousand, all in fetters, and many of them apparently quite worn out by toil. Let not the laws, however, which sentence them to such punishment be accused of wanton cruelty and severity. The instinct of self-defence compels society to adopt measures that would be quite horrible and unjustifiable, considered merely as actions, without reference to motives. Even dreadful as the life of a galley slave must be, it is perhaps more easily to be borne than solitary confinement for the same term—at least by the hardened and obdurate, who can better reconcile themselves to physical pain than to the dreadful solitude of their own mind when cut off from all intercourse with their fellow creatures. As a means of working the criminal's reformation, sentence to the galleys is a very defective mode of punishment; being one better calculated further to corrupt and harden the soul, and to imbrute the faculties, than to produce any moral amendment. What good result, beyond that of preventing their committing further offences against the community, and of obtaining their labour, can be expected from herding together these wretched outcasts and outlaws?

Pre-eminent in miscreancy among the wretches at Civita

Vecchia, was the infamous bandit—I leave others to style him, by a violent catachresis of language, the *celebrated*—Antonio Gasparoni; who was confined in a small close cell, strictly watched by two centinels with loaded muskets constantly at the door. This detestable monster, who commenced his trade of murder at the precocious age of sixteen, has been accused of committing one hundred and forty-five similar atrocities, besides numerous rapes and other crimes. Of these, he has confessed himself guilty to the number of one hundred and five. His *débût*, at the age above-mentioned, consisted in murdering his parish priest, because the latter refused to grant him absolution!! To prove to the world the sincerity of his penitence, and how well he merited the absolution he had been defrauded of, he fled to the mountains, joined a gang of banditti, and obtaining a triumph over the military police sent to apprehend him, was forthwith elected by his comrades to be their captain and leader—

So should desert in arms be crowned!

He now set up his standard, and obtained a large accession of followers, consisting of those generous, ardent, spirits, who are solicitous to correct those abuses in society which arise from the unequal distribution of property. One of their heroic exploits was to storm a convent of nuns at Monte Comedo, and to carry off thirty-four girls who had been placed there for their education. What an interesting incident for a novel or a melodrame! This gallant achievement, however, loses much of its lustre, when it afterwards turns out to have been executed, not from obedience to the all-powerful instinct of love, and the irresistible influence of beauty, but in the expectation that a heavy ransom for the captives would be readily paid by their parents. Shocking degeneracy! Well may we exclaim that the age of chivalry is gone. Ransoms were accordingly paid, varying from two

hundred to a thousand dollars; and these the noble Antonio had the courage to treat for in person;—so great, it is said, was the terror excited by his name! Truly, a most comfortable and well-ordered state of things—"most worshipful society!" Or it might be, that he was supernaturally protected by the amulets that he wore upon his person, in the shape of divers crosses and images of saints. Odd as it may sound to an English reader, the brave Antonio was, like Pope's "pious Needham," actually devout,—a good catholic; as the stress he laid upon the efficacy of absolution ought to convince us. According to his own positive declaration, he never was once guilty of committing murder—*on a Friday*. What exquisite delicacy of conscience—what refined theological casuistry does that single trait discover to us! He also fasted upon vigils and other holydays; and to make sure of absolution, compelled a priest to bestow it upon himself and his brave companions in arms regularly once a month. A more pointed satire upon catholicism can hardly be imagined. One priest employed for this purpose had, however, greater regard for worldly honesty than for the piety of his penitents; and was hard-hearted enough to betray them, and cause the apprehension of the whole band.

It seems, however, that the "pious" Antonio, who so scrupulously abstained from murder on Fridays, and who rigidly observed the rites of that church for which he manifested so much zeal, was not too bigotedly attached to its ministers. He could draw fine distinctions, and discriminate most nicely between what was due to the church itself, and what was due to its servants. The parish priest has already afforded one instance of his subtle logic of conscience in similar cases; and another may now be recorded. Happening to return home once from a skirmish in which his troops had been worsted, he noticed a bishop and a friar who had been made captives the day before, and who

now began to treat with him about their ransom. On this, Gasparoni is stated to have treated the Bishop as a Portuguese is related to have avenged himself upon a mortal enemy—declaring that he would not pardon him unless he would first deny his Saviour, and then instantly stabbing him to the heart! Warned by the terrible fate of his fellow captive, the friar obstinately refused to obey the atrocious mandate, when Gasparoni exclaimed, "Thou wilt be an acquisition to Paradise, and mayst save the bishop's soul from purgatory;" then instantly shot him dead!

In time, matters proceeded to such extremities that government was compelled to adopt at last what it ought to have done at first—to harass and starve out these wretches, and compel them to surrender; which they did, on the pledge being given that their lives should be spared. They were, accordingly, all secured and brought to Civita Vecchia, where such as are now living are kept under the strictest surveillance.—After this brief sketch of him, it is hardly necessary to add, that should any novelist be in want of a hero above the common stamp of the ordinary mortals whom they are wont to press into their service under that sadly abused title, they cannot do better than apply at Civita Vecchia, and take for their model such a truly interesting specimen of humanity as the *pious* Antonio Gasparoni.

Short as our stay at this place was,—too short to allow us to seek any acquaintance with the phœnix of devotion to whom I have attempted to do justice,—we did not at all regret that we were unable to extend it; since the place itself offers little that calls for remark, or is calculated to impress a stranger with any high opinion of the Papal territory, should he happen to enter it here. Most assuredly, the appearance of the soldiers we found here was not such as to convey a very awful idea of his Holiness's military force. They might be sufficiently martial

for a churchman's army, although any thing but warriors in their guise, or soldier-like in their deportment. They were poor-looking creatures, in coarse brown coats buttoned up to their chins, blue pantaloons, and leather caps, upon which were the Papal arms. The barracks are far more creditable in appearance than these their occupants; being a rather handsome pile of building.

The garrison of the kitchen at our inn seemed to the full as military and pugnacious as the papal soldiery; for some either more than usually hungry or impatient guests having invaded their territory, and begun to help themselves to whatever they could lay hands on, quite a skirmish took place between the two parties. Loud was the clamour and din of contention, and the tumult was increased by the numbers whom curiosity attracted to the spot. It was a fine mock heroic scene, set off by all the *bravura* of gesture. In defence of his violated rights, the chef de cuisine brandished a knife of most formidable size; but, instead of intimidating, this only produced volleys of laughter in return. The invaders carried the field, and bore away many a smoking trophy of their prowess; somewhat, I must own, to the dismay of ourselves and other more pacific guests, who apprehended that the victors would leave nothing eatable behind them.

As soon as our passports had been inspected — which was done with a phlegmatic indolence more official than national, and very ill according with our impatience to get through this annoying formality — we re-embarked for Naples, and coasted along the land. The view we thus obtained of the adjacent country did not inspire us with any particular desire to examine it more closely, so bare and deserted did it appear. Having passed the mouth of the Tiber, from which we were told Rome may plainly be distinguished in clear weather, we began to approach the Neapolitan shores. At length the smoking summit of Vesuvius

announced that the Siren city itself would shortly meet our eyes. On entering the bay, it suddenly burst upon us in all its Armida charms, in loveliness which even the most cunning pencil can but imperfectly imitate.

" Balmy thine air, and sunlit is thy sky,
Like a clear mirror lies thy bay's wide sheen;
Fraught with delights to fascinate the eye,
Art thou, Parthenope, whose pomp serene
Shows thee of fairest cities the enchantress queen.

" Luxuriant Circe! and, like Venus, doom'd
Consort to be of a Vulcanic mate,
Vesuvius fierce, whose fires have oft illumed
Earth, sky, and sea, as would they desolate
With flames thy beauty. Perchance yet may fate
For thee reserve a kindled lava tomb.
As did those cities twain endure the hate
Of nature, so may'st thou exchange thy bloom
For horror-glaring scath, and aye-enduring gloom!

" Trust not thy loveliness; nor thou confide
In charms the indulgent heavens have bestow'd,
Arraying thee as chaplet-crowned bride.
The treach'rous death in lava stream that flow'd,
What time its molten tide impetuous glow'd
O'er Herculaneum, or the ashy storm
Pompeii with sulphureous hail bestrow'd,
Would not relent in pity to thy form,
Or witchery of thy wiles all amorous and warm.

" Tremble, thou minion! Lisboa, too, was fair;
Enthron'd in regal majesty she dwelt;
Yet did the earthquake not her glories spare:
All unprepared the stunning blow she felt,
And reel'd; but thou engulf'd in flame may'st melt —
Be blotted out, with flakes all drifted o'er,
That in thick crimson clouds thy towers shall pelt;
— Sink ne'er to rise, and thy lost pomp restore,
Like her, but leave a wreck of devastated shore."

Such a catastrophe as that alluded to in these stanzas, would not be the most improbable event of the kind that has occurred; for an unusually fierce eruption in the direction of the city might extend to that distance; and as severer phenomena of the kind are generally preceded or accompanied by shocks of earthquake, the consequences in such a case could be hardly less than fatal, although the calamity itself might not be instantaneous. It must be owned, that the view of Naples is not of a kind to excite any dismal ideas; for nothing can be lovelier than the whole extent of the scene that stretches around the bay. Nevertheless, Vesuvius forms too conspicuous an object in the picture not to excite some apprehensions for a populous city in such close vicinity to it. Were it not for the almost unparalleled amenity of the site, it would seem little short of foolhardiness that the inhabitants should not have gradually abandoned a district so fatally celebrated by the destruction of towns in their neighbourhood. It must be admitted, that in one respect Vesuvius is a desirable neighbour, since the city, the bay, and their environs, derive an additional charm from the combination thus produced of the terrific and the beautiful; while, on the other hand, the richness and luxuriance of nature we here behold, impart additional interest to the mountain itself.

Lisbon, Genoa, Constantinople, Naples, are all noted for their superior charms of locality; and for each, in its turn, has pre-eminence of beauty been claimed by those who have visited it. In one point they all agree, namely, in the extraordinary display they make from without, owing to their being built on rising and irregular ground; and in the combination of water and landscape, in which they are unrivalled. In other respects no two of them are alike; each offers some attraction that seems wanting in the other, although it is not quite certain that they would be more

fascinating, did every one of them possess the same advantages as its rivals. Fortunately, no one is called upon like Paris — I mean the Trojan, not the French one — to adjudge the apple to any of them in particular; else I should perhaps say, for gorgeousness of appearance, and the superb beauty of its site, it ought to be awarded to the Turkish capital, which, when beheld in the aggregate, may be allowed to realise the descriptions of Oriental magnificence.

Naples has, perhaps, upon the whole, a character of softer beauty than any of the other cities. Nor is it visible beauty alone — the picturesque luxuriance of prospect that captivates the eye, which confers this distinction on it—but the voluptuous balminess of the air; this is, of course, a blandishment which no pencil can transfer to the canvass, although it may be able to express the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere, and the vivid hues in which objects are here arrayed. After all, the happiest picture can do little more than suggest or revive impressions obtained from no one single view or station, but communicated by feelings arising successively in the mind. A painter can do no more than place us in an anchored bark, and show us the bay from that fixed point of view, which, if a particularly happy one, has probably been selected for representation again and again; yet this is but a kind of sleeping beauty, compared with the animation and motion the same scene acquires as you float past it, while the objects seem gradually to shift before you, and exhibit themselves differently grouped and differently lighted up.

The environs of Naples are in landscape what Ariosto's *cantos* are in poetry—fraught with the gayest and most vivid imagery, the varied richness of which prevents satiety by continually offering novelty. Nature, art, and all the elements of nature, are here mingled together—I may be allowed to say *all*, because

that of fire here frequently exhibits a sublime spectacle. Masses of building — some, as the Castle of St. Elmo, towering aloft — others forming extensive ridges of palace-like forms — gardens and spots of sylvan beauty peeping from between terraced roofs — the undulating and jagged outline of the shore, — these are a few, and but very few of the attractions Naples boasts. Although not rich in the remains of ancient edifices, like Rome, still the whole of the *contorni* and the very soil are interesting to the classical and antiquarian traveller. Cape Miseno, Baiæ, Cumæ, Puzzuoli, Pausilippus, Virgil's tomb, — all carry us back to Roman times — all are "graven to our eyes" with records of the past; — all embellished by fable, by legend, by poetry, and by history.

> "Elysium and Cimmerian antres dark
> With gloom more dread than night, and fields laid bare
> By sulphurous inundation from earth's womb,
> Alternate meet the wondering eye, and show
> Nature in fondest smiles and direst frowns."

Although nobody now reads, every one knows Sannazaro, at least his now proverbial line, in which he compares Naples to "a piece of heaven fallen upon earth;" which is certainly as brilliantly happy a compliment as that Moore has paid to Ireland: —

> "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Yet this same "piece of heaven" seems to be peopled from another place; for all at once my reveries were put to flight, owing to our vessel being beset, as soon as we had dropped anchor, by a number of boats filled with watermen, porters, lodging-house keepers or their emissaries, and other gentry of that description — all urging us to accept their services and civilities in the most uncivil manner possible. What a Babel rout! I should imagine

that Billingsgate must be tranquillity to it. This may be "a piece of heaven," thought I, but "heavenly peace" is certainly not included in it.

On our landing, our baggage was most rigidly examined; but more especially a few books we had brought for our amusement, which were turned over, and looked at with an eye of extreme jealousy. After they had completed their rummaging, the douaniers had the presumption to request us to pay them for the trouble they had occasioned us. This we resisted as most unjust; observing, at same time, that the search had been expressly made for their own satisfaction, not for any particular gratification of ours.

CHAPTER XII.

NAPLES. — STRADA DI TOLEDO. — CONTINUAL TUMULT. — DEGRADED CONDITION AND CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTS. — KING'S PALACE. — THEATRE OF SAN CARLO. — ANECDOTE OF THE KING, ETC. — NEW CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DI PAULA. — CATHEDRAL. — SAN JANUARIUS'S PERIODICAL MIRACLE. — CATHOLIC POLYTHEISM. — CHAPEL OF IL TESORO. — EXTRAORDINARY FONT. — STATUES IN SAN SEVERO. — L'ANNUNZIATA. — FUNERAL OF A PERSON OF RANK. — BURYING-GROUND, AND DISGUSTING MODE OF INTERMENT. — NOTE ON THE BEDLAMITE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP. — MUSEO BORBONICO. — NOTE ON POMPEII. — THE PAPYRI.

NAPLES itself presents a singular contrast to its external and distant appearance, which announces a kind of placid gaiety; yet, as is the case with Constantinople, the interior of the city is almost the reverse of what it first promises to prove. The streets are, for the most part, narrow and irregularly built; and what appeared at a distance to be stately edifices, turned out to be very ordinary buildings—more so than they might otherwise look, were not our expectations so highly raised beforehand. Thus, a stranger is apt to view the city itself with nearly the same odd feeling as he would the scenery of a theatre, if standing upon the stage and looking between the wings. Undoubtedly, there is some embellished architecture, yet very little of it is fine, although by no means deficient in finery—it being in a very corrupt and vicious taste. However, many will find ample amends for all this in the liveliness that pervades the harbour, the Chiaja, and, above all, the principal street called

the Strada di Toledo. Most large cities have some one particular spot or quarter which is taken as their characteristic *par excellence*. What the Palais Royal is to Paris, St. Mark's Place and the Grand Canal to Venice, such is the Strada di Toledo to Naples—its focus, its vortex. Even our apprenticeship amidst the bustle of Leghorn had but ill prepared us for the incessant hubbub and uproarious throng that prevail here: it is a continued Saturnalia, a year-long carnival, where one would imagine the entire population to be collected, some stationary, others passing and repassing in an incessant tide. Although the number of inhabitants does not exceed four hundred thousand, and by some has been estimated at much less, Naples appears far more populous than Paris or London; for here almost every body is out of doors; shoemakers, and various other artisans, work at their respective trades in the streets. On my remarking this to a friend, he observed:—"True; the people here seem to have built houses only that they may keep out of them, and crowd together in the streets, for the sake of making which the houses themselves, I suspect, have been erected. The whole city is ambulatory—all are peripatetics." In most other places, let the throng be ever so great, you see people walking on, and the chief noise arises from the rattling of carriages; here, on the contrary, especially in the Strada di Toledo, every one is in a bustle for the nonce, and most vehemently so. Their tongues, too, are quite as active, or even more so than their feet; for those who are sitting or standing about are invariably talking, and of course gesticulating—both with extraordinary vehemence; for Neapolitan talking is what elsewhere would be termed vociferating and screeching.

No wonder their Punchinello is so great a favourite with them—all ranks, the highest as well as the lowest—since he is but a personification of the national character, and by no means an

exaggerated one. Women and children are not the least efficient performers in this *al fresco* street concert, and their voices make up in frequency and shrillness for what they lack in depth of bass. Add to this the continual bawling of hundreds of Stentorian lungs, whose owners are hawking about fruit and innumerable other retail commodities; and as if all this were not quite sufficient, both the throng and the concert are further swelled by numbers of donkeys, each of which has a large bell attached to its neck. Let the reader conceive the effect of a thousand postmen's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and he will obtain some notion of the music of the Strada di Toledo. There is, to be sure, one counterbalancing advantage, namely, that the noise of carriages is quite drowned by this congregation of dins—masculine, feminine, adult, infantine, asinine—at least asino-tintinabular. And this circumstance again points out how indispensable it is for a pedestrian to be ever upon the alert, and to abstain from reveries and musings, lest some vehicle should cut them short by driving over him—the unfortunate *absentee*. In fact, no ordinary presence of mind is required for perambulating this part of the town, amid an atmosphere of stunning noise and tumult, which are such, that, as Webb remarks, they "sink Charing-Cross to the level of *still life*." Nor is the eye *stunned* much less than the ear, so incessant and so varied is the procession of magic-lantern figures and groups one here beholds. Lazzaroni, monks, porters, beggars, pickpockets, hawkers, idlers, busy bodies, wheelbarrows, cabriolets, donkeys, carriages—all pour in swarms from the neighbouring streets into the Toledo. Here you observe handsome modern shops and *cafés;* a little farther on you come to a range of butchers' shops, which, although they bespeak abundance of good cheer, and the Neapolitans' inclination for it, and notwithstanding that some fancy is shown in decking

them out, are not particularly inviting objects for delicate folks. In some of them may be seen a row of hogs hung up just after being killed, and the blood draining from them; in others, the entrails of animals and long chains of sausages suspended like garlands, and macaroni hanging like ropes. And as if a third sense should not be unregaled, where two others are filled to repletion, a passenger may enjoy gratuitously the mingled effluvia arising from broiling, frying, and cooking in the open air; for such culinary operations are here performed in the street, by those who are always ready to furnish a customer with an *impromptu* dinner. No one can accuse the Neapolitans of being an artificial people, for they do almost every thing as naturally and unceremoniously as possible. The lower orders work, eat, drink, scold, and quarrel in the streets: they have no curtain lectures among them, but all are *pro bono publico*, and for the edification of the numerous by-standers. Occasionally a short pause intervenes: a procession of some brotherhood, with long hoods over their faces, and bearing their holy standards and ensigns, comes in sight; and the populace, who have just been laughing or quarrelling, begin to fall down on their knees, and beat their bosoms in the most zealous manner; for who shall say that they are not devout, if thumps and bruised knees constitute devotion? These symptoms of devotion, however, seemed to be confined to them, for the upper classes take no notice of such exhibitions; nay, some — as far as they dare venture to do so — express their contempt of them.

The carriages increase the tumult without adding much to the splendour of the scene; very few of them, indeed, bearing any resemblance to what would be thought even a passable "set-out" in London. So far are they from being at all "well-appointed," that it is by no means uncommon to see a fellow in a ragged livery behind; and as for the vehicles themselves, many of them

are shabbier and in more woful plight than most of our hackney-coaches. However, the Neapolitans are daily gratified with a sight of a train of the royal carriages, on their way from the palace to Capo di Monte, &c.; and although this is merely for a morning's airing, there is as much parade, etiquette, and display, as if it were some extraordinary occasion. A flourish of trumpets and drums invariably announces the procession, which generally consists of carriages and six, with footmen in rich liveries, and attended by outriders, equerries, and dragoons. The same punctilious ceremony is likewise observed here as at Turin; for whenever any of the royal family, though it should be only a baby, passes out or into the palace, the military on guard are drawn up, trumpets sounded, and arms presented. In the eyes of an Englishman, such fuss and fussiness appear more absurd than dignified; and where there is so much parade on the commonest occasions, little can be added to it on extraordinary ones. But the Neapolitans must have their show—a procession of some kind or other,—something to run after, and to stare at.

It would be difficult to say which are the more numerous class, Lazzaroni and beggars, or monks and priests: all of them absolutely swarm here; so that whenever you stir abroad, you are certain to come in contact with some of them. In fact, they may be all comprehended as being only so many varieties of the same genus. The lower grade, at least, of the clergy at Naples, are by no means distinguished by decorum and propriety of conduct: many of them will freely accost strangers, and beg them to give them something; and, if we may credit what is asserted by the author of "Tableau de Naples," some do not even scruple to proffer their services, and act as their conductors to places of debauch! This disgraceful meanness is attributed to their being so miserably ill paid—not sufficient to provide them with the bare necessaries of life; which again

arises from the disproportionate number of ecclesiastics, a great part of whom enter the church merely as a convenient refuge, —not so much because they are inclined to it, as because they are disinclined to all occupation. Whatever the advocates for the "voluntary system" may say, never can a clergy maintain its respectability and character, and consequently its due influence as a spiritual body, unless so far independent in their worldly circumstances as to be raised above paltry temptations, and not exposed to the necessity of courting a pitiful popularity, as their sole chance for obtaining a livelihood. Those who would refer us to the example of the Apostles, and their immediate successors, as the model for the economy of a Christian ministry, quite overlook one circumstance, which is, that in order to render the case perfectly parallel, as regards all parties, there must also be a community of primitive Christians. When laymen begin to sell their possessions, and distribute their goods to the poor and to the church, they may then, with some degree of consistency, call upon the clergy of modern days not only to maintain the doctrines of the Gospel, but to imitate the poverty and self-denial of its first preachers. However, I am here touching upon what refers rather to the clerical profession among ourselves, than to the Catholic priesthood of Italy. To break off, therefore, from this digression, I now take leave of the Strada di Toledo and its mob, which is continued, *sans intermission*, every day in the year, and all day long.

At the southern extremity of this street we enter the *Largo di Palazzo*, or square where the king's palace is situated, *largo* being the term here adopted instead of *piazza*, to denote any open space. As a building, the palace is more striking for its mass, than for the architectural taste it displays, although it sounds grand enough in description to say that the front has three orders— Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian — and numerous ornaments. In them-

selves, the parts are *mesquin* and *bizarre*—the design is puerile; but an edifice continued in one unbroken line for upwards of four hundred feet, and nearly one fourth of that extent in height, must be execrably bad indeed, not to possess some degree of majesty. There is a kind of grandeur attainable even by the repetition of littleness; and in such cases, it is produced not by the individual parts, but by their collective array; just as bodies of military strike us with the idea of power, notwithstanding that the soldiers themselves are no more than other men. There are three entrances in this front, the centre one of which leads into a quadrangular court, surrounded with arcades; and near the staircase to the upper apartments is the kitchen. The steam and fumes emitted from this culinary laboratory are too powerful to escape notice, and the condition of the court is too filthy to escape reproof: let me not, however, be misunderstood—I mean the condition of the court-yard. The Italians, in general, are not a very nice or squeamish people, and the Neapolitans as little so as any of them. The very air of the houses here is infected with the odours, more pungent than aromatic, collected in the corners of the staircases; for these being a common passage, and, as it were, a continuation of the public street, since each floor—and there are not a few of them—is occupied by different families, they are made use of for very common, or, according to English ideas, very uncommon purposes. Still, it gives no offence either to native noses or eyes, and if they can endure it continually, surely a bird of passage like myself has no right to grumble at it, as being both disagreeable and indelicate. Still, the precincts of a palace ought to be sacred from such defilement; however, perhaps the scents from the kitchen are considered such an ample nasal gratification, as to make sufficient amends for any nasal penance. From this palace there is a communication with the fortress called Castel Nuovo, to

serve as a retreat for the royal family on any emergency. Besides which, there is another private and subterranean passage leading from the palace to the sea-shore; and it was by this they and Lady Hamilton made their escape, in 1798, and embarked for Sicily, carrying with them an immense quantity of valuables, and of money in gold and silver.

Contiguous to the palace is the great Opera-house, or Royal Theatre of San Carlo, one of the largest in Europe. The original structure was destroyed by fire in 1815, but rebuilt within the following year, and is now more splendid than ever. In its full splendour, however, it is to be seen only on very particular occasions; and it was our good luck to be able to behold it fully lighted up, in consequence of a visit from the royal family. In order to secure places, it was necessary to apply for tickets several days before; yet although the throng was great, and the people poured in crowds at every avenue, there was no scrambling or confusion; for each ticket is marked with numbers, and half of it is torn off by the person who receives it; after which you deliver the remaining part to another, who points out your seat, being the corresponding number to that on the card. Hence there is no occasion for that tremendous rush and squeeze, which sometimes occur at the London theatres, because each ticket secures its possessor a place, let him enter when he may. As the house was lighted up by about eight hundred wax tapers, the *coup-d'œil* was certainly magnificent; yet neither the decorations of the audience part of the theatre, nor the scenery, answered our expectations. Hardly are they to be compared with what we are accustomed to at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. A difference still more striking to English visiters was, the absence of any expression of public feeling on the royal party entering their box; which seemed to be no more than the signal for the curtain's imme-

diately drawing up. No salutation was interchanged between them and the audience; and, in fact, the king did not choose to make himself visible, until more than an hour afterwards, which seemed to give some offence even to the Neapolitans. He was dressed in a plain blue uniform with epaulettes, and wore exceedingly long white gloves, that reached half way up his arms. His juvenile queen, apparently a mere child, was dazzling in diamonds, if not in beauty; for she had a tiara of brilliants on her head. Neither of this royal pair, however, appeared like bride or bridegroom; for, although they were seated in the same box, I did not observe them speak to or take any notice of each other during the whole evening: not that his Majesty's attention was engrossed by the performance; for he turned his head away from the stage, and seemed to be entirely occupied in gazing through his opera-glass at another part of the house, where, it was said, he found a more attractive object.* Besides

* His majesty (who was born January 12th, 1810, and succeeded his father in 1830) has little of real majesty either in his deportment or behaviour. We heard some odd and almost incredible anecdotes related of him; one of which was, that entering a room where his queen was seated at the piano, the latter rose up out of compliment, on which he requested her to be seated, and pretended to hold her chair for her while she sat down, but drew it away, and caused her to fall on the floor. This practical piece of liveliness was certainly inexcusably gross, even for a king of the *punchinello* Neapolitans; and, setting aside the coarse vulgarity of the insult, evinced an utter want of self-respect. It is further a proof, that as the superstition of ceremonial devotion may exist without any feeling of religion, so may the superstition of over-acted parade and etiquette be kept up, at the same time that the ordinary decencies and civilities of life are utterly disregarded. Of the gentlemanly notions and conduct of the higher classes of the Neapolitans, some idea may be formed from the following anecdote recorded by Dutens: — An English traveller found, after returning home from a *conversazione* in one of the first circles at Naples, that his pocket had been picked of an exceedingly valuable gold snuff-box: happening the next evening to be at a similar party, he observed a very handsomely-dressed person taking a pinch out of a box which he recognised as his

their majesties, there was the Queen dowager, the king's mother, and her other sons and daughters. The opera, which had been got up out of compliment to the royal marriage, was a most dull and heavy affair, and the ballet ludicrously wretched — such as would not be endured even at a minor theatre at Paris.

The exterior of this theatre is much handsomer than that of the first edifice, and shows that its designer, Niccolini, has done something towards introducing a better architectural taste among his countrymen. Most of the churches here, — and they are sufficiently numerous, being computed at above three hundred, — are any thing but beautiful, although no pains have been spared on them. We see a profusion of ornaments, and abundance of rich materials, but very seldom the least elegance of design in any respect; consequently they look too much like ware-rooms in which finery is packed up and stowed away; and one regrets to find what might have been rich and tasteful decoration, so employed as to produce a childish, paltry effect, or rather an unmeaning jumble, without any effect whatever beyond that of creating dissatisfaction at a very great cost.

Before I speak of the cathedral, it may be as well to take a look at the new church of San Francesco di Paula, which occupies the side of the Largo di Palazzo, facing the palace. It was begun by the late king, in fulfilment of a vow to that effect,

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own; on which he informed a Neapolitan of his acquaintance of the circumstance, and, to his great astonishment, learnt that the party who had made so free with his property was merely an amateur, and not a professional light-fingered gentleman, being a person of fashion and consequence. "But make yourself easy," said his companion, "I pledge myself that the box shall be returned to-morrow." His Neapolitan friend was punctual; and on receiving the box, the Englishman asked him how he had contrived to make the *amateur* restore it. "I gave myself no trouble about the matter," replied he; "for *I picked his pocket of it*."

should he be restored to his dominions. The general appearance bears some resemblance to that of St. Peter's at Rome, or rather of the Kazan cathedral at St. Petersburgh, having two wings or colonnades, each of which forms a quarter of a circle as in the latter building, not two crescents facing each other, as in the first mentioned. The interior was not sufficiently advanced to enable us to judge what it will really be; yet there can be little doubt that it will be, upon the whole, one of the noblest structures in the city, in far better taste than the majority, and do credit to the taste of Bianchi, its architect. In the same square are two equestrian bronze statues, originally intended to represent Napoleon and Murat; but they were afterwards decapitated, and the heads replaced by those of the late king and his father. Considered as decorations to this *largo*, these figures have a fine effect, and are spiritedly executed; but at present, the colour of the bronze is too green and of too fresh a hue, like that of Canning's statue at Westminster.

The cathedral is externally Gothic, of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the front may originally have been good of its kind; but it has been sadly mutilated by repairs, for *churchwardenising* is not confined to England alone. The interior is still more metamorphosed; so much so, that few traces now remain of what it has been. Indeed, this church is more remarkable for the standing miracle of the patron saint of the city, to whom it is dedicated, than for its intrinsic merits as a building, although there are many fine *bits* of antiquity and other things in it. Every school-boy has read of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or San Gennaro, as he is here called, which takes place annually on his festival, the 19th of September, and also on the 6th of May, to the great satisfaction of the faithful; nor can there be any doubts that the same miracle might be repeated every day throughout the year, and

every hour in the day. On these occasions, the sacred vial is taken from its repository, and the officiating priest holds it up to the people, and shakes it, until the substance it contains begins to melt; which, of course, many chemical preparations would do, if enclosed in a bottle that is rubbed in the warm hands, and well agitated. As to the substance itself, and the degree of liquefaction produced, that must of course be taken entirely upon trust,—at any rate by the majority of spectators; because, how is it possible that any one, even a few feet off, should be able clearly to distinguish what is contained in the vial, or whether it stirs? Even the motion of the vial itself would prevent the eye ascertaining whether the substance was solid or liquid, the whole time. As an ocular deception, it is by no means so ingenious as many of those performed by mountebanks who devour fire, and pull yards of ribands out of their mouths, or as many of the feats performed by the clown in a pantomime. However, it would not be safe to venture upon such remarks at Naples: the substance is of course human blood, and the blood of no other than San Januarius; and it is equally indisputable that the prayers, which form part of the ceremony, must have a great deal to with the liquefaction; for for we can hardly suppose that they are only intended to render the whole of this notable piece of *make-believe* more plausible.* Let me not be told that some respect is due even to the super-

* When the blood, or whatever it is, does not liquefy, the populace have sometimes, it is said, exhibited their zeal and devotion in behalf of the miracle, without any consideration for the poor saint himself, by foully abusing him, bestowing on him the appellations of scoundrel, *briccone*, and various other Billingsgate names. One would imagine that such revolting and blasphemous scenes would be instantly put a stop to by the priests themselves. However, they, it seems, endure all that the others dare: and indeed it might be a matter of some peril to interfere; for if a refractory saint is obliged to stand the pelting of these wretches' tongues, refractory priests could expect no less than to be torn piecemeal. In his account of these proceedings, Webb no-

stitions of an ignorant people: let the common people themselves be ever so besotted and imbruted in worse than pagan idolatry, their priests can have no such excuse, unless we suppose them one and all, the highest as well as the lowest, to be equally ignorant, and not culpable, only because labouring under the grossest delusions.* If mummeries of this kind are not essential to, but the mere excrescences of, Roman catholicism,—the impurities it had contracted in times of universal ignorance and superstitions, wherefore are they not now abandoned? Why have not all jugglery and mountebankism of this sort been discountenanced by the church itself, and suffered gradually to fall into desuetude? By being now kept up, they merely furnish Protestants with fair arguments against it; although it must be admitted, on the other hand, that the strongest miracle that Romanism can produce, is, that it should even now be able to

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tices as "especially execrable," the conduct of one ecclesiastic of conspicuous rank, "who palpably manifested, by a display of derision, his utter disbelief and high scorn of the whole farce!" That it should excite scorn, even in Catholics themselves of the least understanding, is not surprising; why then, in the name of common sense and common decency, are such abominable exhibitions and buffooneries any longer tolerated?

* Speaking of the veneration paid to martyrs, a church historian of the present day observes: — "The people we may compassionate; but we blush when we discover the most distinguished writers of the fourth century, Athanasius, Eusebius the historian, Gregory Nazianzen, Chrysostom, Jerome, and Augustine, engaged in shameful conspiracy against their religion, while they exaggerate the merit of the martyrs, assert or insinuate their immediate sanctification, and claim for them a sort of reverence which could not easily be distinguished from worship. In this age, and from this cause, arose the stupid veneration for bones and relics: it was inculcated and believed that prayer was never so surely efficacious as when offered at the tomb of some saint or holy person; the number of such tombs was then multiplied; at all of them miracles, and prophecies, and prodigies, and visions, were exhibited or recorded; *and the spirit of the Gospel was forgotten* in the practice of forbidden ceremonies, and the belief of impious fables." — *The Rev. G. Waddington's History of the Church.*

maintain its ground at all, in spite of the palpable absurdities with which it is on every side beset. Neither can it be alleged that such practices may be safely tolerated as harmless, as serving to amuse a people not sufficiently enlightened to be convinced of matters of faith by reasoning and argument, and incapable of rational devotion. Systematic deception is not laudable: no casuistry can justify such wretched expediency as that of fostering slavish superstition, merely because it is agreeable to the people themselves, because they are well satisfied, and the more readily attached to the church. Away with such base, worldly, and cowardly policy, so opposed to the very principles of Christianity! the religion of the Gospel rejects it with contempt; and if the filth and cobwebs of corruptions, that now disgrace the temple of Roman catholicism, cannot be swept away without endangering the fabric itself, it must be deplorably rotten, unsound, and unsafe.

Similar policy and craftiness, and worldly authority on the part of its priesthood, might have upheld paganism; and equal pleas might have been urged for maintaining the latter. In fact, it may be said still to exist here—in this part of Italy at least; for it has done little more than put on a new dress, and assumed new names, with very little if any internal change. Saints, both male and female, have been substituted for the divinities of the heathen Pantheon; and it is to these that the people are taught to address themselves, and in them to confide. The Madonna is the great goddess of their devotion—the deity of the Catholic Olympus. Could any thing be urged in favour of this system on the score of its salutary influence upon morals, we might admit that even so degraded a religion was preferable to none; but unfortunately Catholic devotion has very little, if any thing, to do with conduct. Assassins, prostitutes, and utter reprobates may be very good Catholics: even Cardinal "Ruffo's cut-throats would never

mount a horse without crossing themselves and muttering a prayer!" As for the domestic virtues, it is mockery when speaking of Naples to mention them: such universal dissoluteness prevails here, that even the "hypocrisies of decency" are disregarded as perfectly useless; and marriage seems to be kept up for no other purpose than as yielding the additional luxury of—adultery. To be sure this renders the crime less disgraceful, or rather takes away all disgrace whatever from it in individuals; but then it is only to heap it upon the whole community. In the most wholesome societies there will be blotches: and far am I from claiming for England unspotted purity of manners; but still, foul as they are in themselves, these leper spots are partial; do not extend over the whole of our social body—they have not thoroughly corrupted its entire mass.

Let me, however, quit the ticklish subject of Neapolitan morals, and return to the cathedral and the piety it displays. The chapel of San Gennaro, or, as it is otherwise and not improperly named, *il Tesoro*, is a magnificent rotunda, with forty-two columns of broccatello marble. In this place, and the adjoining sacristy, there is no small show of wealth, and of those gauds in which the Catholic saints seem particularly to delight. The pomp exhibited in architecture and painting is intelligible enough; not so that which consists in treasures hoarded up in cases, which do not contribute even to make any show in the way of the furniture of a church, as is the case with magnificent candelabra, and other utensils. Treasures of this kind are fitter for a goldsmith's or jeweller's shop, or for the toilette or boudoir of a fine lady, than as offerings to a saint. The Madonna has had more necklaces, jewels, and other finery bestowed upon her, than are in the possession of all the princesses upon the face of the earth. Yet, if genuine at first, it is hardly to be supposed that all her diamonds continued so very long, when the substi-

tution of those of paste would answer the purpose quite as well, and afford the saint herself an opportunity of performing a miracle, by converting such mock into real brilliants. It is impossible to be serious on such matters without becoming quite vituperative; and the folly itself is so ridiculous as hardly to deserve serious abuse. Before I take leave of the cathedral I should observe, that one of its greatest curiosities is a baptismal font of most heathenish character, it being an antique vase sculptured with a *bacchanalian subject* in relief! However, we may charitably suppose it was duly exorcised and purified before it was applied to its present use. Neither is this the only instance of similar appropriation of pagan and idolatrous things to the service of the church. Catholicism is not very scrupulous in this respect; for it has undeified many of the classical gods, and worshipped them anew, under the names of such saints to whom they could best be likened.

Few travellers omit visiting the church of San Severo, not so much on account of any thing else, as to admire three statues, —one of a Dead Christ, another of Modesty, both covered with a veil executed in marble, beneath which may be discerned the lineaments of the face, and the muscles of the body; and a third, representing a man endeavouring to extricate himself from a net, the meshes of which are also wrought out of marble. They are all astonishing productions, and display extraordinary patience and mechanical skill; yet are rather mere curiosities than works of fine art—*difficiles nugæ* of the chisel.* The last-

* Cicognara, who, in plate 8. of his third volume, has given representations of the "Modesty," by Corradini, and the "Dead Christ," by Sanmartino, is very far from eulogizing them. "The artifice," he says, "is too laboured and apparent. The folds of the drapery in which the body of Christ is wrapped up, are badly managed, too minute, too uniform, too cutting, too servilely and affectedly displayed; and leave us only to admire the mechanical patience

mentioned figure is styled *Disinganno*,—a word for which we have no equivalent in our language, except we choose to coin the term *Undeception*. I almost wonder it is shown to heretics, since it is as likely as not to be taken by them for an allegorical representation of human reason, endeavouring to extricate itself from the meshes in which catholicism has involved and entangled it.

The church of the Annunziata, designed by Vanvitelli, the architect of the Palace at Caserta, is one of the least exceptionable in point of style: indeed it is, for Naples, in superior taste. Passing over other churches, which it would be useless to particularize, let me now mention a piece of funeral pageantry I witnessed in one. Noticing that the front was hung with black cloth, against which was a pompous escutcheon, we walked in and found that the interior was similarly arrayed in sables, and lit up by a number of burning tapers. In the centre was a catafalco, formed by four open arches, supporting a kind of canopy roof that was richly gilded, and surrounded by a number of statues. Beneath this lay a sarcophagus, on which was inscribed a long epigraph, setting forth the titles and merits of the nobleman in whose honour this commemoration was made. There was certainly something solemn and impressive in the scene; for the blaze of lights, so far from creating any gaiety, served only to render the dark draperies of more gloomy contrast, and to bring out the flickering of the gilded ornaments of the cata-

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displayed in this figure, which is rather *crimped with plaits* than veiled with a flexible covering." To the "Modesty" he objects, not without reason, that so far from corresponding with such character, the attitude displays the whole person most ostentatiously. The lady's thin, gauzelike covering, is but a poor screen in itself, and, as there is no appearance of its being tied or confined any where, looks as if it would drop off if she stirred, and leave her in a state of complete nudity.

falco. These kind of ceremonies are repeated annually for a certain number of years; probably, according to the sum left to defray the expences, which, of course, must be considerable.

The funerals of persons of rank are conducted with equal ostentation. During the time of our stay here, a prince, whose name I have now forgotten, died, and the body lay for several days publicly in state. At the gate of the court-yard there was a military guard, and other sentinels were stationed in different places. After passing through corridors lined with black cloth striped with gilt tinsel, we reached the principal room, where, upon a raised platform, beneath a velvet canopy embroidered with gold, lay the deceased, dressed in full regimentals, and with the face exposed. On each side, both at the head and feet, were figures of angels; and there were eight massive candelabra supporting wax tapers of enormous dimensions, besides other lights, placed on two small altar-tables, facing each other on the opposite sides of the apartment. The place was filled with spectators; and there was quite as much funeral etiquette observed as if the deceased had been a sovereign prince. The procession, on the day of the funeral, was conducted with equal pomp; the whole street was lined with military on both sides, who, on a signal being given, the march commenced; these were succeeded by a band of musicians, and next followed about half a dozen different regiments with their arms reversed, and each headed by some general or commanding officer on horseback. Next came a lofty cross, borne by a person apparelled in white, and followed by a number of others in gowns of the same colour, hooded, and bearing lighted torches in their hands. These having passed, the bier, on which lay the body attired as before, and with the face still exposed, at length made its appearance, after which the whole closed with a train of old men, "hired mourners,"

accompained by attendants bearing black flags and halberts, with "death's heads and cross bones" on the top of them.

A similar fondness for display, although, of course, upon a much humbler scale, prevails among the people generally. We more than once passed a shop hung with black cloth, where a dead body was lying on a bier, dressed out in holiday clothes, and with the face uncovered. Even death itself may thus be rendered too familiar an object, and come to be viewed with indifference; besides which, there seems a certain want of feeling in thus exposing to public gaze and idle curiosity the last remains of a relative or friend. Respect for those whom we have lost is best shown by avoiding the parade of grief on the one hand, and indifference on the other. They who really sorrow on such occasions, are rather inclined to avoid all useless ostentation of woe, and to withdraw from, rather than solicit, the attention of a world which cannot sympathise with them. In those whose sorrow is that of mere form, the less they display of it, beyond what decency requires, the better. As regards the dead, it is but mockery; and as respects themselves, it is but an ill-simulated concern that imposes upon no one. A most singular contrast to the formalities thus observed before a funeral takes place, is the shocking manner in which bodies are ultimately disposed of. After all the other ceremonies are gone through, the corpse is stripped of its finery, placed in a kind of shell, or tray, and a trap being opened into a vault beneath the church, it is then shot down into that horrid receptacle, to rot there with a number of already putrifying bodies, precipitated one upon the other. About a mile out of town there is a large public burying-ground, divided into three hundred and sixty-five vaults, each of which is covered with a flag of lava, having an iron ring, by means of which it is lifted up.

One of these vaults is used successively for every day in the year; and all those bodies which arrive in the course of that day are here flung down. According to a recent writer *, "the public are thus effectually preserved from every thing offensive either to the mind or senses." I suspect that he has never witnessed the scene, or he would have expressed himself very differently indeed. Being present when the bodies of two young persons were, after being first stripped bare, hurled down into one of these horrible pits, a sight presented itself to me I never shall forget. A number of carcases lay strewed below in the most hideous manner; and it might truly be described as

> "A charnel foul with human gore defiled,
> Where Rottenness and Pestilence all brooding sate,
> As in their nether den, than which less dread,
> And loathsome less, those caverns of despair,
> Where traitor spirits groan. Immitigable there
> Dwell Noisomeness, and Silence, and the ebon void
> Of Darkness without hope."

Whether the senses be actually offended or not, except at the very time a vault is opened, still there is surely enough to strike the mind aghast, even at the bare idea of committing a corpse so irreverently to fester in a heap with others, when even the very beasts that perish do not lie huddled together after death in one mass of corruption.† What a dark spot is this in a

* Mr. Thomas Roscoe. Webb, on the contrary, reprobates these vaults and those in their churches where carcases are heaped up like the offals of a slaughter house, in terms expressive of horror. Although it was spoken of very disparagingly in one quarter, and obtained little notice in any other, Webb's book is very far indeed from being the least interesting of those which have appeared on the subject of Italy during the last ten years. The style, it must be admitted, is uncouth, and sometimes inverted even to obscurity; but the matter is, in general, excellent; and many of his observations show him to have been no common-place observer.

† I would, nevertheless, recommend the *imaginative* Madame Shelley to

picture of so much loveliness, where all nature seems to teem with life and delight, and to be prolific of intense enjoyment!

Among the institutions of which Naples may be proud, is the Museo Borbonico, occupying the building called Gli Studi, which was erected in 1616 by Fontana, the architect of the Royal Palace, for the University. Here are congregated an immense collection of antiques, chiefly discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and originally deposited in the Palace at Portici, but of late years removed hither as more secure than in a place so much nearer to Vesuvius. Unless a traveller can devote months to the examination of these treasures, and comes prepared to it with a more than ordinary stock of archæological knowledge, he is quite as likely to be bewildered as instructed, and to feel his mind oppressed by a chaotic assemblage of new ideas. He may, indeed, note down a few objects as to which he may afterwards speak, and derive such assistance from the catalogue as will enable him to give a formidable catalogue in his turn; but in order to obtain a real insight into the collection, he must go over the whole two or three times, and then afterwards give his study to particular classes of its contents. That which consists of various implements, domestic utensils, pieces of furniture, and other articles, either of utility

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come and take a peep down one of these vaults; for it would, doubtless, give a fillip to her ideas, and set her brains to work in concocting such another delectable *morçeau* as her *Frankenstein*.

> "Shelley, whose page such rottenness discloses,
> That squeamish readers fairly stop their noses."

This good lady may be considered as the leader of the "Raw Head and Bloody Bones" school of romance. Some of her descriptions would be quite horrifying, were they not, most fortunately, supremely ridiculous. It must be mortifying, too, to reflect that, after all, her wonderful conceptions are matched by the fancies of bedlamites.

or luxury, discovered in Pompeii, is highly interesting; but it would be idle to attempt to enter into an account of them, particularly as engravings of many of these are to be met with in several publications; and the two little volumes of "Pompeii," forming part of the series entitled the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," will afford more satisfactory information respecting them than could be here conveyed in an entire chapter devoted to the subject. All, therefore, I shall say, is, that the classical student and antiquarian will find a wide field open to him, and from what he here beholds, will be able to satisfy himself as to the domestic usages and customs of the ancient Italians. It is hardly necessary to observe, that in connection with his studies here, he must carefully examine Pompeii itself, and the buildings where the respective articles were found. Although it was almost impossible that every thing should be preserved in *statu quo* — only arranged, in the houses where they were discovered, it is to be regretted that at least one of the more spacious mansions that have been exhumed was not preserved intact, and fitted up with the moveables that were brought to light at the same time, with the addition of more from other places. Nay, it would not be a work of great difficulty, or of magnitude as an undertaking, to *restore* some one of the most perfect houses—at any rate the principal part of it, and convert it into a small separate museum at Pompeii itself. This would be carrying, to a certain extent, into effect the wish expressed by Forsyth, for a single house could be securely guarded from improper intrusion, even without being actually inhabited. Or should it be considered a kind of sacrilege even to *restore* otherwise than upon paper, any one of the numerous houses now excavated at Pompeii, why not fit up at Naples, either in the museum itself, or in some building attached to it, a set of apartments planned exactly according to the ground floor and

courts of one of the original models, making use of such paintings, mosaics, and other decorations as could be introduced into the walls and floors according to such examples? *

The paintings detached from walls at Pompeii and Herculaneum are more curious as evidences of the style of execution, and the mode of treating their subjects, in vogue among the ancients, than valuable for their intrinsic merits. Ornamental works of this description executed on the spot, and *fixtures* in dwelling-houses of the usual class, are hardly to be taken as specimens of what the ancient painters could achieve: they belong rather to the province of the "decorator," than that of the artist properly so called; still we may, in some degree, judge from them of the state of the art as to technical skill, and those things which when once brought into practice will be attended to or attempted even by the most inexpert. The composition of

* Although I may thus seem to be anticipating some remarks that more properly belong to the chapter on Pompeii itself, I will take this opportunity of putting another question, by way of hint to those whom it may concern. How happens it that none of our travelled and monied connoisseurs have erected as an ornamental building in their pleasure-grounds, if not a precise model of the whole of a Pompeian house, something that should combine all the more striking and characteristic features of one? To say that such a thing would be mere childish "make-believe," because not genuine, is hypercriticism. To pass it off as genuine, would be indeed absurd, but to refuse to admire it as an imitation, provided it were correct as to taste, and ably executed, would be no less so; for we might as well say of a fine cast from some celebrated antique statue, that it is a mere sham thing in plaster — a gross piece of imposition, when we know that the original is elsewhere. Neither need such a building to be merely a thing for show, as it might be rendered a very pleasing retreat in hot summer weather, at a convenient distance from the mansion, containing, of course, a bath, and, perhaps, some of the rooms applied as cabinets for a museum. After all, there is one objection to the scheme, which is, that a London winter does not terminate till the dog-days have commenced; and an English October and November are hardly calculated for playing at summer *à la Pompeii*.

nearly all the subjects is more *sculpturesque* than pictorial; there being little attempt at grouping, and not more effect of chiaro-oscuro. The perspective is hardly better than that of the Chinese, and would have supplied Hogarth with some valuable ideas for his satirical, and, it must be allowed, too grossly overcharged print, in which he has huddled together all sorts of extravagant blunders in this elementary part of the artist's grammar.

There is one apartment which contains objects fit only for the eyes of erudite antiquarians, and such gentlemen as the late Mr. Payne Knight, who obtained a very conspicuous niche in the once-famed "Pursuits of Literature," for his ultra-classical studies. Were it sealed up hermetically, and the mysteries it contains never again revealed to the light of day, or any other light, it would not be matter for regret. In regard to them, we can hardly make use of the hack line,

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa,

because it is more advisable to pass by them altogether, without looking at all.

If not the most ornamental or sightly objects the museum affords, the Papyri are certainly not the least curious—valuable I do not care to say, because their literary worth remains yet to be discovered. These manuscript volumes so closely resemble sticks of charcoal, that, when first discovered, they were mistaken for solid pieces of that substance. These relics occupy four rooms; and here the process of unrolling them is carried on. This, as may well be conceived, is an operation as tedious as it is ingenious,—one that requires the utmost skill and delicacy of hand, combined with unwearied patience. Our countryman, the late Dr. Hayter, was employed fifteen years on the

task, in which he is now succeeded by a pupil and assistant. The process itself, which is said to have been the contrivance of a monk, is simple, yet hardly to be described intelligibly without the assistance of drawings, showing how the papyrus is fixed in the frame employed for that purpose, and how it is gradually unrolled. Notwithstanding the great length of time during which these labours have been constantly going on, very little has been actually effected. Besides the slowness of the operation alone of unrolling, the task of reading the manuscripts is a most formidable one, as the characters are distinguishable from the surface on which they are written only by their gloss. The papyri themselves are generally much mutilated towards the edges; consequently, they are more or less illegible in such parts, and the meaning must be made out by conjecture. Then again, facsimiles must be taken, and afterwards transcribed, so that it is by no means to be wondered at that not morē than two or three volumes should at present have been printed.* What

* According to the tabular statement given by the Canonico Jorio in his "Officina de' Papiri," published about ten years ago, out of the total number of 1756 papiri (of which only 371 were at all in what may be called a perfect condition), 210 had then been entirely unrolled, and of these eight had been decyphered, and three of them published. Above five hundred had been partially unrolled and examined, and of these only sixty were found to have any title; the rest offered no clue by which either their authors, or the subjects they treated of, could be conjectured. Added to all the other extraordinary difficulties attending the various processes, is, that in consequence of their being frequently on different *papiri*, the various portions of the same work, or volume, are not discovered till after the lapse of many years.

A foreign traveller has been somewhat sarcastic on the subject of the Herculaneum manuscripts: — "No wonder," he observes, "that the work proceeds so dilatorily, when, of the six persons employed in the task, I found that two were seated at a table and yawning over their work; two others were lounging about doing nothing except — yawning; and the remaining two were explaining to some strangers the mode of operation adopted, and at the same

may yet be discovered, it is quite impossible to say, but hitherto nothing of importance has come to light; none of those works of which the fragments existing in quotations by other authors cause their loss to be so deplored by classical scholars. Were it possible to ascertain beforehand whether a manuscript would, when unfolded, compensate for the time and labour bestowed upon it, how much fruitless and unavailing trouble might be spared! For my own part, I think the task would have been allotted to Sisyphus as a very suitable punishment, and quite as trying to his patience as the one he is fabled to have undergone. No joyful *Heureka!* has yet sounded through Europe, announcing the discovery of a literary prize. Did we but know the taste of their collector, we might in some degree estimate the probable value of the literary treasures he had gathered. Perhaps he bought them merely for show, without giving himself any concern about their contents; or for some other reason quite apart from their intrinsic merit as literary productions. 'Twere a curious speculation, yet, perhaps, a ticklish one, to pursue farther, else much might be said on this head—more than discretion here warrants. I will, therefore, content myself with observing that, let the collection itself be ever so worthless, if the owner of it was a Pepys, and, like that worthy, kept a faithful register of all the public and private gossip of his day, we should probably obtain from it more information relative to the minutiæ of ancient manners than can now be collected from all the classics put together. What a prize, not only for the learned but the whole reading world! What a prize for the

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time yawning." The same writer also censures the practice of proceeding with a manuscript once commenced when it is found to promise no interest, instead of putting it aside for another, until either something valuable should be discovered, or a catalogue of the whole obtained.

lucky wight who should be so fortunate as to be able to give the first translation of it! What a prize for the publisher who should secure the copyright of it! And what a prize for Messieurs the Reviewers! Certes, they would require a new set of trumpets for the occasion, to proclaim with all due pomp the wondrous *Heureka!* to the universe; for their old trumpets begin to be sadly out of repair.

From a sketch by W. E. Wilson Esq.

Pub. by Longman & Co. London. 1835

W. Clark sc.

A scene in Naples.

CHAPTER XIII.

NAPLES CONTINUED. — PRIESTS. — DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH. — OBSTACLES THROWN IN THE WAY OF SCHOOLS. — CHINESE COLLEGE. — THE CARNIVAL AND ITS MADNESS, WITH A NOTE ON COWPER. — PUBLIC GARDEN. — A ROYAL REVIEWER. — PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY FOR MURDERERS. — PUBLIC SCRIBES. — MANIA FOR RIDING.

NAPLES actually swarms with priests and religious of various denominations; so much so, that they seem to constitute nearly a third of the entire population; yet far from indicating a greater degree of religiousness than usual in the people, this excessive numerousness of ecclesiastics is no small cause, and consequence likewise, of the laxity in which they indulge. Hardly would they abound to the extent they do were a severer discipline enforced; while, on the other hand, were there fewer of them, they would be better regulated — would be more open to observation, and would have some duties to perform; whereas, at present, they seem to be at the best mere idlers and loungers — every way unprofitable members of the community. Among them are some who act the part of itinerant preachers; but their eloquence is like the oratory of the mountebanks and quacks — all addressed to the pockets of their auditors. One of these ambulant doctors of the church will take his station upon the Mole, or at the corner of some street, where he mounts, perhaps, upon a melon-vender's stall, and forthwith a crowd of lazzaroni and others of the populace quickly collects around him. He proceeds to denounce them most lustily, as vile reprobates and sinners, for whom there is no hope. The flames of purga-

tory, the day of judgment, the horrors of final condemnation, are depicted by him in tones truly terrific. At length, when he thinks he has made a due impression upon his audience, and fairly exhausted himself by the violence of his bawling and gesticulation, he checks his maledictions and threatenings, and draws forth a paltry wooden image, which he assures them has been rubbed against a piece of the true cross; and that as it can communicate the virtue it has thus received to any other image, so can such image communicate its virtue in turn to the possessor of it, and effectually purify him. This comfortable doctrine of religious magnetism is quite to the taste of the lazzaroni, who, if they have any cash in their pockets, forthwith become purchasers of his miraculous ware. Yet, woe to the preacher, should he encounter one of those whom he has thus armed with holiness, in a spot convenient for robbery! since his penitent would not scruple to make him refund, and more than refund; and that, too, without employing other exhortation than that of his hands. Doubtless, the lazzarone considers his ghostly adviser to be a great knave, only protected by a spell; while the preacher, doubtless, comforts himself with the idea that his impostures and jugglery are kept in countenance by the example of San Gennaro. Really, what is here called religion seems to be little more than a barefaced system for stultifying, brutalising, and demoralising the people!

Well may I say "stultifying;" for the farcical ceremonies that pass here for religion exceed credibility. At Christmas time, we saw fellows playing on bagpipes, or some such instruments, before figures of the Virgin—not only those at the corners of streets, but in churches, which are not exactly the places for such amateur antics; especially as there is quite enough of mummery performed in them by the "religieux" themselves. These antics, however, take hugely with the lower orders, who

relish devotion all the better for the admixture of a good deal of puppet-show with it. It is rather wonderful, they have not placed their favourite Punchinello in the calendar: they have so long patronised him, that he ought now to patronise them, in the character of their tutelar saint. Nor would he be the first imaginary person on whom the honour of saintship has been bestowed; respecting which odd humour for deification Blunt records some curious instances.

The veneration of the Neapolitans for saints and their festivals does not extend to the Sabbath, that being a divine and not a Roman catholic institution, consequently the church cares very little whether it be observed or not. At least, appearances fully justify such a conclusion; since nothing can be more shameful and scandalous than the low riotous amusements which then take place. The festivities and "*recreations*" that here shocked our eyes, were hardly fit for a city of decent pagans, being as revolting to taste as to decency. The neighbourhood of the mole was quite a Bartholomew fair, crowded with all sorts of puppet-shows, merry-andrews, and buffoons. Men might be seen dressed in women's clothes, and impudent creatures of the other sex dressed up like men, and swaggering like so many bullies. As may be imagined, especially when Neapolitans are the actors, these exhibitions are not conducted in dumb show. In addition to the Babel uproar of tongues, bawling rather than speaking, there were drums, trumpets, tambourines, and all sorts of noisy and uproarious instruments. Dancing, drinking, and singing form a part of these "innocent diversions;" and towards evening the revelry becomes more frantic than ever. Instead of making any attempt to check such abominations, the clergy may be said openly to countenance them; for there were many "*religious*" strolling about, who apparently relished the *fun* that was going on quite as well as their neighbours! It is quite

sickening to witness such loathsome depravity and profaneness: to behold a whole people, and a people professing Christianity, thus giving themselves up to all manner of ungodliness and gross indulgence. Were they openly to profess atheism, they would at least be consistent, and not outrage common sense as they now do, by turning a day of holy rest into one devoted to tumultuous rioting—to gross sensuality, devoid of any thing religious, moral, intellectual, or even rational. Here some one may cry out, and ask why I cannot leave these people to be happy their own way? if they see no harm in all this, wherefore need we be shocked at it? Such philosophy appears to me, for one, as being more comfortable than sound; because, according to such argument, any creed or no creed is as good as the best.

Heathens see no harm in heathenism, therefore heathenism is as good as Christianity; and if catholics see no impiety or impropriety in giving themselves up to amusements, not only quite at variance with the character of the Sabbath, but even disgraceful to rational beings, it ought not to scandalise any other sect of Christians. I do not ask what hearts, but what heads can people have, who allow themselves to think thus in regard to matters of this class? Surely such flagrant abominations as those just described are among the worst of heresies, and call for strong measures of reform. The age, indeed, for ecclesiastical councils and synods is gone by; but the head of the catholic church and his prelates would not be unprofitably occupied in remedying some of those internal disorders, abuses, and corruptions, that, let their doctrines be what they may, deform their ecclesiastical system. Admitting, for a moment, their creed to be unimpeachably orthodox, by what fatal and unaccountable anomaly does it happen that it reconciles itself to so much practical turpitude and flagitiousness? "The tree is known by its fruits;" what, then, are we to think of that which

is nearly barren, except in works of unrighteousness, impurity, and errors of the grossest description. Little does it avail what mystic interpretation the Romish church itself may give to many of its ceremonies, so long as the people are allowed to view them in a different light, and to consider an outward compliance with them all-sufficient for salvation. Neither is it, herein, merely negatively culpable; for it ever has been, and still continues to be, the cowardly policy of its priesthood, not only not to promote; but, as far as in them lies, to prevent the instruction of the people.

In proof of their opposition to every plan which has for its object the diffusion of instruction among the lower orders, may be instanced the decided hostility with which any scheme for establishing "schools of mutual instruction" has been opposed throughout Italy. As mere worldly and selfish policy, the course thus adopted is not injudicious; the cause of humanity may suffer; society and morals may be debased by it: but the Church is safe; so true is it that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," and fearlessly pursue their own interests, regardless of all other consequences.

In fact, no one is allowed to open any seminary of instruction at all, without previously undergoing many harassing formalities. In the first place, a petition to that effect must be presented to the government, which refers it to a board appointed to examine into and control such matters. This body apply, in their turn, to the priest of the parish wherein the applicant resides for testimonials as to character; and if satisfied on this point, they next make enquiries respecting the petitioner's political principles and conduct. Should it pass these ordeals, the application is then submitted to the minister of justice, by whom it is laid before the king. After this it finds its way back again to the board of examiners; and other formalities remain to be complied

with before the licence is ultimately granted. Now, although there is an undue exercise of inquisitorial power here, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble occasioned, the principle itself, if confined within proper limits, must be allowed to be a wholesome one. It is hardly too much to require from those who undertake so important a charge as the education of youth, that they shall be able to produce some testimony as to moral conduct, and their competency in those branches of instruction they profess to communicate to others. In England, the greatest blockhead and ignoramus may open a school: a man who positively knows nothing himself, may undertake to teach others; for it seems to be a maxim among us, that the thing a person is best fitted for, who is unfit for any thing else, is — a school. *Artists* who have failed in that character, set up as drawing-masters; as the present president of the Royal Academy observes —

"What graphic dunces sink to drawing-masters!"

In their case the mischief is not much; for pencils are sharpened, rubbishly prints are copied, and sketch books are filled to the delight of papas and mammas, who, not content with their own wondering admiration, insist upon having yours. Here the quackery is ridiculous enough, but not of very serious moment; in other branches of education it sometimes proves an important evil — one that calls for preventive measures. By establishing a proper board for the purpose, before whom persons intending to open schools should undergo an examination, and receive credentials as to fitness for such office, those who are incompetent would be excluded from the profession; and if they practised at all, must do so like other quacks and empirics, who cheat only those who are aware before hand of the danger they incur.

The subject of education suggests to me to introduce here

some account of a very singular seminary established at Naples, namely, the college for Chinese. The pupils are brought over from their native country when quite children, and are carefully instructed in different languages, and various studies. Above all, they are most zealously trained up in the tenets of the Roman catholic faith, the object being to send them home again as missionaries to propagate its doctrines among their countrymen. Very few ever return to Italy to give an account of their success, and of the number of converts they have made; for it is supposed that most of them fall a sacrifice to the fury and prejudices of their own people, who regard them as apostates; the Chinese being as intolerant of heresies and innovations as the catholics themselves. Perhaps, in one respect, catholicism is well calculated to obtain proselytes among pagan nations, because it offers other images and other superstitions for those it seeks to abolish; but at the same time it is too narrow and exclusive in its creed to be adapted for communicating the simple truths of the Gospel in their original purity and force.

In the hall we were first shown into, the walls were nearly covered with portraits of *élèves*, who had been sent out as missionaries, and forfeited their lives in the cause they had espoused. During their abode here the students are not permitted to go abroad, or to hold any intercourse, save with their teachers and each other. Hence they are enabled to keep up their native language by conversing chiefly among themselves. In their costume there is nothing particularly remarkable, as it consists merely of a black gown and cap of the same colour; but their physiognomy and complexion sufficiently indicate the country of their birth. The latter is exceedingly sallow, or rather yellow, while their high cheekbones, small sunk eyes, arched eyebrows, flat noses, and thick lips, give them all a strange similarity of look. They showed us a number of

curiosities of their own workmanship, and pointed out to our notice a lantern suspended from the ceiling of the apartment, on which were represented various figures that are set in motion by some piece of mechanism. They spoke several languages fluently; and on my mentioning that I had visited Jerusalem and other places in the Holy Land, they exhibited much curiosity after further particulars, putting a great number of questions to me relative both to the city and the country in general. These youths continue in the college, under a strict system of study and discipline, until they have made such proficiency as may qualify them for the hazardous mission they are obliged to undertake.

After what has always been related as to the incessant and uniform hubbub that prevails at Naples, it will be conceived that, if it suffers no alloy, it cannot very well experience any increase. Such, at least, was my opinion, yet I found that I was mistaken in it; for continuing our stay here till the carnival, we had an opportunity of seeing to what a pitch of craziness these people will proceed, and how even Neapolitan liveliness admits of caricature. Universal tom-foolery was now the order of the day; nor age, nor sex, nor rank, made any difference; all seemed equally infected with the bedlamite mania.* A Roman

* "The pope," says Cowper, in one of his letters, "grants dispensations for folly and madness during the carnival; but it seems they are as offensive to Him whose vicegerent he pretends to be, at that season as at any other." What would the poet have said had he ever been an eye-witness of the extravagancies then committed, without discrimination of rank, sex, or age? — Perhaps he would have written another "Expostulation," addressed to the pope himself. Having mentioned Cowper's name, I will add, that he is an honour to our literature and our poetry. His feelings are all English, in the very best and strongest import of the term; all his affections pure, and generous; and his sensibilities ennobled by a sincere sympathy with the diviner part of our nature, or rather with human nature spiritualised by redemption from sin. Cowper is pre-eminently the poet of the best affections

Saturnalia must have been a very dull formal affair, compared with the scaramouch doings here acted throughout the whole city. One might imagine that a congress was held of all the scaramouches, jack-puddings, buffoons, and clowns, in the world; each striving who should distinguish himself by the greatest possible extravagances and absurdities. The most lunatic antics imaginable were played off in the streets by persons dressed up in preposterous disguises. The lowest of the mob seemed to have found their way into carriages on this occasion; for the company in those vehicles seemed as arrant buffoons as those on foot. Showers of *bonbons*, or rather hard pellets made of paste, and about the size of marbles, were flung on every side, to the no small danger of eyes, teeth, and noses among those who did not wear masks. Royalty itself must

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and the tenderest feelings—of the warmest and most delicate charities of life. Pre-eminently, too, is he the poet of the feelings. There is an earnestness and sincerity impressed upon whatever he utters, that give it an irresistible force — a force infinitely greater than can be attained by those who make a grand parade with superlative and high flown sentiments, put on for the occasion, and so expanded, that no sooner do we touch them than they burst like soap-bubbles. He is, *par excellence*, the poet of common sense; and his productions will now endure as long as any thing else in our language. Perhaps it was fortunate that they first appeared when they did, for it is rather questionable whether they would have established themselves so firmly at the present day. Their merits are not to be ascertained on a hurried perusal, and *cursory* reading is one of the besetting sins of the age. Besides, Cowper is entirely free from that ultra-liberality which is one of the signs of the times. Hence many consider, and all but say, that he is gloomy, ascetic, a moping, low-spirited, and spiritless creature; hypochondriacal withal, methodistical, over-scrupulous; in short, a perfect *saint*, in the modern quizzical meaning attached to that designation. Besides, it must be owned, that he occasionally employs expressions so very broad, that they would be voted quite unendurable by any Jemmy-Jessamy reviewer. In proof, he somewhere remarks, that there are persons who have "more than *guts* to satisfy — the yearnings of the heart!" How tremendously shocking to ears polite!

needs put on motley like the rest; not content with honouring these ceremonies by their august presence, the king and his brothers took a conspicuous part in them; and, dressed as sailors, were drawn in a wheeled machine made to resemble a large boat. On their commencing a broadside on the populace with their *bonbons*, they received some furious volleys in return. The pellets hissed about them like grape shots, and actually covered the deck of their vessel. Whether this was considered particularly complimentary, I do not know; but I am sure the peppering they underwent must have made them nearly black and blue all over, unless they adopted the precaution of casing themselves up in armour beneath their outward dresses before they sallied forth on this expedition, Alas! thought I, for "the divinity that doth hedge in a king!" no symptom of it was discoverable here, except, indeed, such divinity as that of father Jove, who had certainly an unaccountable penchant for masquerading, in which frolics he invariably made a beast of himself. His example, however, is but a poor precedent for kings of flesh and blood, who are apt to look rather contemptible when they thus play the fool for their subjects' amusement. Undoubtedly here was plenty of fun going on during the carnival: but it seemed that of the dullest and most stupid kind — almost too low for the taste of an English scavenger or coal-porter. So far from at all enlivening or exhilarating, it rather humiliates one by the degrading colours in which it sets forth human folly. Those who can be amused by such scenes, would not be disgusted by beholding a holiday in bedlam, when all the inmates were set at liberty and allowed to play what tricks they pleased. For one thing, however, I felt grateful — that we have no carnivals in England. Political mountebanks we may have, but at any rate they do not don the costume of play-house clowns. Not even the great O'Connell

himself puts on a merry-andrew's dress to captivate public attention.

The affability, condescension, and come-at-ability of his majesty of Naples on this occasion, were certainly not much of a piece with the formality and etiquette I have already noticed as being observed when any member of the royal family stirs out of the palace. Neither is the licence then allowed much in keeping with the extraordinary punctilio and rigour observed in other matters where they might very well be dispensed with altogether. In the public garden, which lies between the Chiaja and a handsome street extending along the north side of it, there is a small rotunda containing only a bust of Tasso placed upon a pedestal: and as the building is surrounded with a palisading, there seems little occasion for further protection, especially within such a place, and in a country like Italy, where statues are to be met with everywhere. A sentinel, however, is stationed there, rather, as it should seem, to prevent persons approaching to look at the building or the bust than to protect either; for, on my advancing up to the railing for the purpose of examining, as I thought, very innocently, the features of the poet, the fellow came in a violent passion and ordered me away. At first I stared at him in surprise, hardly knowing what he meant, for I had not even touched the railing; upon which he presented his musket with the bayonet fixed on it. I of course withdrew, not knowing to what extremities he might proceed, or whether his authority extended so far as to warrant his discharging his piece at me for the sacrilege my eyes had committed. I do not believe I lost much by being prevented from farther gratifying my curiosity, since the treasure defended by this dragon seemed to be not worth guarding at all; except, indeed, with the view of preventing its paltriness being detected. I have since thought

that this redoubtable sentinel acted as he did, imagining that he should thus impress me with a high notion as well of the personal bravery as of the strict military discipline of the Neapolitan soldiery, who, even among their own countrymen, rest under the imputation of being sadly deficient in both. *A propos* to this, there is an anecdote related that does not set their reputation for courage in the most dazzling light: — Lord Harrowby made an excursion among the environs of Naples at a time when it was rather dangerous to leave the city at all; in addition, therefore, to his guides, he engaged two soldiers to accompany him for greater protection in case of attack. When they began to approach what was considered the most perilous part of the route, his military attendants made a full halt, and intimated to his lordship, that if he was disposed to proceed onwards, they felt no such inclination, but would await his return on that spot. His reproaching them for their poltroonery had no effect; and, at length, one of the guides proposed that they should go forward, and leave their valiant protectors behind. "*E voi non avete, paura?*" said his lordship; "*Signore, no,*" was the reply; "*noi non siamo soldati.*"

Of their discipline, some idea may be formed from the following circumstance: — Besides his fondness for practical facetiousness and waggery — of which an instance has been given, and his taste for street masquerading, his present majesty has a more respectable hobby, namely, a passion for reviewing — I do not mean authors, but soldiers. On one occasion of this kind, he commanded them to march forward to a certain point, which was not to be reached without crossing a muddy ditch. Instead, however, of setting that inconvenience at nought, as soon as they came up to it, the soldiers wheeled round. A second time the royal word of command was given, but with no better effect; they then went about the other way. Upon this he put him-

self at the head of the line, and ordered them to follow him; and when he came to the fearful pass, leaped from his horse, and marched through the ditch. There was now no alternative left; all were obliged, much against their inclination, to follow the royal example: neither was this all; for to punish them still further for their disobedience to military orders, he commanded one troop to march, without halting, to a distance of fifteen miles, and sent the rest to Portici and other places about Naples. Some apprehensions were entertained that this rather capricious severity would be followed by a mutiny among the soldiers; but they, doubtless, thought it was quite enough to have been forced to get into a ditch, without getting into any further trouble. Their march afterwards certainly allowed them time to reflect upon what had passed; and it is not in the nature either of Neapolitan soldiers, or others of the same nation, to effervesce long together.

They are like their own Vesuvius, apt to break out into sudden fits of rage, but it generally subsides again very quickly; and, indeed, if they have a good deal of fire and combustibility in their tempers, they have also, Vesuvius-like, no small quantity of mere vapouring, fume, and smoke. See some of the lower orders quarrelling, and you would imagine they were going to tear each other to pieces, when, lo! a few minutes afterwards, they are as calm as if there had been no affray whatever: — a tremendous eruption of abuse and imprecations, and, for that time, the storm is over. Not unfrequently, however, matters turn out differently; bloodshed to death — *murder* is an ugly word—ensues; and when such is the case, it is regarded rather as a misfortune than a crime on the part of the survivor. *Povero! Ha avuto una disgrazia!* A sanctuary is at hand, and a pecuniary compromise with the relatives of the murdered person generally

settles the business; although there are cases where the friends are not so easily appeased, they being so unreasonable as to demand *justice!*

Few practices can be more opposed to reason, law, and moral principle, than the right of sanctuary claimed by churches. In ages of complete barbarism something might be said in its defence, as offering a barrier against lawless violence and persecution; whereas at present it is an infamous abuse, utterly irreconcileable with either policy or religion—with either divine or human laws. Is the temple to afford a shelter to miscreant baseness? is the altar to be rendered an asylum for the blood-stained murderer—for the Cain who has imbrued his hands in his brother's gore? Greater profanation of the sanctity of such places cannot well be imagined, because it is to convert them into a refuge for crime, in open violation of justice. It is grievous enough that law should be frequently perverted for the purpose of screening guilt; that wretches, of whose criminality there cannot be the slightest doubt, should, through some miserable yet successful quibble, be able to elude the punishment justly due to them:—at least, let not religion be made to appear to lend itself to similar dishonesty. What may seem mercy, as far as individuals are concerned, is a species of double cruelty towards the community at large; because by promising a fair chance of impunity, it encourages the evils from which society suffers. Were punishment a speedy and inevitable consequence of crime, offences against law would greatly decrease. Strong, indeed, must be the temptation, most irresistible that passion that could prompt a man to rush upon certain destruction. *Sanctuary* is a foul blot, a spot of corruption, upon the catholic church: would that we had nothing at all similar to it, both in extravagance and perniciousness, here at home!

Although not famed for literature or its literary men, Naples can boast of not a few men of letters—that is, scribes who offer their services to the illiterate, and indite epistles on any subject dictated to them. No doubt the phrases are stereotyped, and the whole arranged according to certain *formulæ;* yet, as the receivers of these effusions hardly compare notes together, that is of little moment, particularly on affairs of mere business. In affairs of the heart, such correspondence at second hand must be rather awkward; the more delicate parts—sentiment and feeling—are likely to evaporate, and leave only a dull *caput mortuum* behind. However, refined sentiment does not appear to be in vogue in Neapolitan love-making. Such a business would be despatched in much less time than would be required for writing half a dozen letters *à la Richardson* or *Rousseau;* for unless even the higher orders of females here are greatly belied, they are less inclined to stand upon ceremony than to follow their inclinations. It may be presumed, therefore, that these gentlemen of the pen are chiefly employed upon matter-of-fact topics, especially as they take up their station in the street, and generally in the neighbourhood of the post-office; for, after what has been said, it will readily be believed that the streets of Naples are not more agreeably adapted for purposes of literary composition than those of ancient Rome, as is amusingly described by Horace. Were even the people on foot less turbulent, the whirl of carriages would carry off many an idea before it could be set down upon paper, except in stenographic characters, and with as much volubility of hand as the Neapolitans possess of tongue.

The number of carriages, in fact, particularly on Sundays and *fête* days, is quite astonishing, and the vehicles themselves equally so; not on account of their elegance, but their tawdriness and grotesque appearance. They are mostly what we

should call cabs, gaudily painted, and gilded in gingerbread fashion. These may be seen crammed with women, and driving about pell mell, as if upon business of the utmost emergency; and woe to the poor man of letters with whose ricketty desk and stool they should happen to come in contact. In one ordinary sort of calesso, I have seen about a dozen persons packed together! some of them sitting on the shafts, and the rest huddled one upon another in such manner, that their condition must be little short of purgatory. Nevertheless their tongues find free play, to such a degree that one might frequently suppose the driver was proceeding with a cargo of maniacs to bedlam.

Really, the blessed idleness of the Neapolitans seems to be their torment, so bent are they upon doing the nothing they have to do in the most obstreperous manner. How greatly the world is deceived by appearances! since, so far from being in their favour, the beauty of their climate and the fertility of their soil have rendered them all slothful drones, as far as industry is concerned—have repressed all exertion, bodily or mental—have lapped their faculties in inertness—have enfeebled their minds, and have chained them down in a state of semi-barbarousness, in grovelling sensuality, and in no less grovelling superstition. But they enjoy existence: truly, so do swine, and probably in a far greater degree; because they enjoy according to their nature, which is more than can be affirmed of human beings, who reject the highest privileges and birth-right of *theirs*.

CHAPTER XIV.

VESUVIUS. — THE ERUPTION IN DECEMBER, 1832. — SUBSEQUENT ERUPTIONS.

THE first object of our examination, after we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity in Naples itself, was Vesuvius; an object which, by the contrast it offers to the delightful amenity of the landscape around, renders the latter far more impressively charming than it would be, were the whole a scene of prodigal luxuriance and uninterrupted fertility. This contrast speaks equally forcibly to the imagination and to the eye; and if it did not exist, the Bay of Naples would lose much of its charm for both. To enter upon a formal description of the mountain, would be here quite superfluous, almost every circumstance of note respecting it having been given again and again by other tourists. Besides which, its precise locality and appearance are tolerably well known to fireside travellers and "stay-at-homes" by the innumerable views and prints of it: not that I mean to say, that even the most faithful representation can convey any adequate idea of the rigid desolation which marks it. It looks as if not only encrusted with, but mailed up in its coat of hardened lava: its scathed sides seem indignantly to repel the genial influences of the elements, or to yield to them only in favour of the vine, which, in some places, shoots forth from out the crevices of the lava,

> "Smiling like garlands on an ashy corse,
> In mockery of death."

The two most remarkable eruptions of this volcano, which have occurred in modern times, are those of the years 1779 and 1822; during both which showers of ashes were not only carried full in the direction of Naples, but a considerable quantity of that matter fell in the streets; so much, indeed, as to occasion very serious and justly-founded apprehensions.

Our visit to Naples proved to be admirably well-timed for viewing one of those singular spectacles, namely, that which took place in December 1832; and of this, as an attentive eye-witness, I now purpose to speak. It commenced on Friday the fourteenth, when the lava poured down the side of the mountain. Viewed through a telescope, the stream of fire could be distinctly perceived; and nearly every other minute a vivid burst of flame was emitted from the crater. At night-time these coruscations were truly awful, and cast a blood-red glare over the bay, and on all objects not too minute to be lost in the surrounding darkness. Nor was the effect of these flashes at all lessened by the pitchy volumes of smoke that succeeded them, and either towered aloft or expanded themselves like a canopy of densest darkness above the volcano. At such times the two streams of lava seemed to glow more intensely. Their number was afterwards increased by a third, that made its appearance on Tuesday; and the following day they all seemed to be more violent. On the Thursday one of them stopped; yet that to the south not only continued unabated, but its course became so accelerated on the two succeeding days, that it was feared it would reach and overwhelm Torre del Greco. Fortunately, however, it stopped before it extended to that distance, although not before it had laid waste many vineyards, and destroyed several cottages.

Notwithstanding the eruption had then hardly ceased, I had

the temerity to set out on the evening of the last-mentioned day, in company with a guide, for the purpose of exploring the scene more nearly, and thereby satisfy myself as far as possible as to the immediate results of such a phenomenon. On reaching the "Hermitage," we found many already assembled there, who, from similar motives, had ventured upon the like enterprise. This, it must be confessed, by no means tended to make me relax my determination; especially when I found there were many females among them, who were carried up in chairs fixed on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. From the "Hermitage" we set out again with lighted flambeaux; and, after stumbling among old lava that resembled blocks of ice at the breaking up of a frost, arrived at the real ascent of the mountain. Here we were convinced how exceedingly toilsome was the undertaking we had engaged in; for we had to scramble our way as well as we could, frequently slipping back again, and sometimes sinking into loose ashes and cinders. We were therefore obliged to halt every now and then, in order to rest awhile after our exhaustion. Hardly did I envy the fair travellers what at first seemed to be their more commodious method of journeying, it being wonderful how their bearers contrived to keep their footing, without precipitating their burdens down the mountain.

We kept about the distance of no more than ten yards from the burning lava, which was now trickling down in a gentle stream: consequently the heat from it was very sensibly felt by us; as may be conceived, when it is said the lava is not effectually cooled for a whole twelvemonth from the time of an eruption. The noise of the volcano, too, now began to be frightful; and, what rendered it more so was, that we perceived occasional emissions of flame and stones, which latter we were apprehensive would fall on the very path we were taking. At last, parched

with heat and quite exhausted, we gained the summit, where there were already many persons of both sexes assembled, but found that it would be madness to attempt approaching the crater; for, where we stood, the heat was scarcely endurable. Around the cone, perforated by the crater itself, is a kind of rim, with a hollow between the two, into which the lava first pours itself, and then escapes through the fissure in it down the sides of the mountain. It was upon this rim or mound we stationed ourselves, not however for long; as a very few minutes after an alarm was given by my guide; and, on turning round, I perceived the lava forcing its way through the ground, just below where I had seated myself. It was a scene which a man of the strongest nerves might confess he had not witnessed without dismay. During some seconds the noise was quite alarming: the discharge of volleys of musketry and artillery, commingled with the hissing of some tremendous steam engine, would not convey an adequate idea of it. On thus finding a sudden vent for itself, the liquid fiery matter spirted itself forth in a sparkling shower intensely glittering on the eye, and presented to us the image of a burning fountain. Considerations for safety, however, prevailed over curiosity; and, after the first few instants of surprise, we hastily retreated from the perilous spot which had afforded so unexpected and so complete a view of this tremendous phenomenon.

On finding myself comparatively out of danger, I felt as if miraculously preserved from destruction; and although I have not since regretted the occurrence, must own, that had I had any reason to anticipate it beforehand, I should hardly have subjected myself to such a trial, even if assured no positive injury would result from it. No one could have witnessed it without deep awe, and without being impressed with the greatness of

that Being who "touches the mountains, and they smoke." The mind involuntarily recurred to that manifestation of Jehovah on the top of Mount Sinai, when "the sight of the glory of the LORD was like devouring fire in the sight of the children of Israel." Equally impossible was it not to figure to one's self the final catastrophe of the earth, when the fiery element shall be permitted to involve all things in universal conflagration; when "the heavens shall vanish away like smoke," and "pass away with great noise; the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works thereon be burned up."

Strongly impressed with the wonders I had just beheld, I immediately began to descend the mountain, considering it too rash to incur further peril, when that from which I had been permitted to escape proved so much greater than I had anticipated. Our return was performed far more speedily than our ascent; and I re-entered Naples with feelings not easy to be described.

Before I take leave of the subject, I may as well note here some after particulars connected with this eruption. In the following June, a new crater formed itself, and the old one became choked up with lava. From the crater thus opened, stones and ashes were thrown up to a great height, and were accompanied with loud detonations. Besides this, another opening was rent on the east side of the mountain, whence the lava flowed down in the direction of Torre dell' Annunziata, and continued to do so for about a week, when it subsided; but not before it had caused great alarm. In August, there was another eruption, attended with shocks of earthquake, which, although productive of no serious consequences, occasioned many houses to vibrate very perceptibly. A remarkable phenomenon occurred again in April, 1834, when two new small craters

opened themselves, and vomited forth both stones and flame. About two months afterwards, an enormous fissure presented itself in a small cone, on the side facing Torre del Greco, also a number of lesser crevices, from which issues smoke of a particularly disagreeable and gas-like odour. On the 22d of June, a violent shock of the mountain announced an eruption, which shortly after occurred, and the lava divided itself into two torrents; one of them taking its course towards Bosco Tre Case, the other towards Vetrano. This eruption was distinguished by a thick column of vapour, nearly half a mile in height, the appearance of which during the day was unusually sublime.*

Sometimes the mountain is entirely clear from smoke; and then the inside of the crater may be distinctly viewed by those who have courage sufficient to look into so frightful an abyss. It is said, that persons who have actually gone thither for that purpose have committed suicide, by precipitating themselves into the yawning gulf. And it is further asserted, that duels have occasionally taken place upon the very summit of the mountain, almost close to the edge of the crater. Baron Gerambe, of well-known and whiskered celebrity, is reported to have here "celebrated" himself by an exploit of this kind, when it was stipulated beforehand that the survivor in the deadly contest should fling

* A new crater formed itself on the 13th of March, 1835, from which were emitted volumes of smoke and showers of stones. On the following day there was a considerable eruption of flames from this fresh aperture, and also from the old crater. These phenomena seemed to warrant the expectation that some more than usually formidable convulsion would take place; as has actually happened since, for, on the 2d of April, there was an explosion which tore away and hurled up into the air huge masses of earth from the very place where hundreds of persons had been walking the preceding evening, but who were fortunately prevented from returning to the spot at the time of the explosion, being detained at Resina by a violent storm of rain and hail.

himself down into the crater. Probably, this was only a piece of empty gasconade,—one of those boasts easily made, because never intended to be put into execution. At all events, it is certain the Baron did not bury himself within the bowels of Vesuvius, because he was afterwards an inmate of the Convent of La Trappe—for such a character, an exit from the world quite as striking or even more so than the other would have been.

CHAPTER XV.

PUZZUOLI. — GROTTA DI PAUSILIPPO. — TRADITIONS RELATIVE TO VIRGIL. — MONTE NUOVO. — ACCOUNT OF ITS FORMATION, BY AN EYE-WITNESS. — AVERNUS. — SIBYL'S GROTTO. — BAIÆ. — TEMPLES. — CENTO CAMERELLE. — PISCINA MIRABILE. — PUZZUOLI. — TEMPLE OF SERAPIS. — THE SOLFATARA.

THE natural wonders and subterraneous operations of the elements continually going on in the neighbourhood of Naples, are not confined to that side of the city where Vesuvius is situated, the opposite extremity of the bay showing nearly equal, although not quite similar, phenomena and effects. In fact, the whole vicinity appears to be undermined; and, while it exhibits traces of former desolation, suggests apprehensions for like calamities, although it may be impossible to predict them before they actually occur. It is no wonder that the poet of the *Æneid* should have made this region the approach to his Elysium and Tartarus, since nature herself may be said to have stamped it with the characters of both — with all that is smiling above and all that is terrific beneath. Almost every where do we trace the *veteris vestigia flammæ;* and boiling springs and sulphureous vapours on the one hand, with fiery eruptions and smoke on the other, might justify, as a poetical conception, the idea that Vulcan and Neptune were here contending for possession of the territory.

Postponing for a while our visit to Pompeii, our first excursion was to Puzzuoli and Baiæ, places of more poetical note than Pompeii itself. To this track, the long cavern called the Grotto of Pausilippo, forms a characteristic approach. There is some-

thing of mysteriousness in this extended subterraneous avenue, that, by inducing a suitable tone of mind, prepares the visitor for searching into the vestiges of antiquity—the fragments of other days, and the wonders that exist in our own. Some imagine that it is, for the greater part, a natural cavity; although it may have been perforated through at one extremity, and brought into its present shape by the operation of man; and if so, the work may, with great probability, be ascribed to the early colonists from Greece. Popular tradition, however, which here, as elsewhere, delights in the supernatural and wonderful, ascribes its formation to the power of the "MAGICIAN, VIRGIL;" for in that character he is, or, perhaps, I should say he was, long held by the common people of Naples. According to this strange legendary fable, Virgil is reported to have opened the passage through Mount Pausilippo in a single night; at least, that certain spirits performed it at his high behest. Various other equally singular feats are said to have been achieved by this "sorceror," which, fortunately, appear to have been all of a very harmless, if not profitable kind. Among other caprices, he is said to have conjured his own image into some bottle or vessel of glass, which was to be as a charm for the protection of the city and its inhabitants: a feat in which he seems to have anticipated the wonder-working bottle filled with the blood of St. Januarius; unless, as may be the case, tradition here jumbled the saint and the sorceror together, confounding the one with the other. This magic bottle, however, disappeared when the city was taken in 1191; just before which a flame was discovered in it, which may account for the talisman's having lost its efficacy. To Virgil is also attributed the honour of having cast a brazen steed, endued with such magic power, that all horses afflicted with any disease were restored to vigour by looking at it; or, should that fail, by the affected limb or part being rubbed against the corresponding

one in the image. This, as may well be conceived, excited the jealousy of the Neapolitan farriers and horse doctors, who, accordingly, bored a hole through the body of the steed, and thereby deprived it of all its healing virtue; after which the metal was melted down, and cast as a large bell for the cathedral. This extraordinary horse formerly stood near that entrance into the cathedral, where there is now a kind of fantastic pyramid erected in honour of St. Januarius; and a bronze head, supposed to be that of this identical animal, is now to be seen in the Museum, whither it was removed from the court of the Caraffa palace. Virgil is also said to have constructed the baths at Puzzuoli, and marked on each for what diseases it was a specific; but the doctors of the medical school at Salerno were as jealous of him as the horse-doctors, and they most enviously erased the inscriptions, as interfering too much with their own prescriptions. Tradition further tells of a wondrous magic garden formed by him, and guarded around by an aerial wall. This enchanted territory lay between the present Poggio Reale and the ruins of Queen Johanna's palace. It is also believed, that Monte Vergine derives its appellation from no other than Virgil. On that hill, I should remark, there is a church containing a gigantic statue of the Madonna, which manifests its miraculous powers by raising a storm, should any one enter the building with a piece of meat in his hand;—a circumstance quite as credible and veracious as the magic garden, and its solid aerial wall.

Conjuror as he was, it seems that Virgil at last outwitted himself; for the legend informs us that he must needs take it into his head to restore himself to youth, after the hazardous recipe employed by Medea for the rejuvenesence of Æson. He accordingly commanded a faithful servant to cut him to pieces, and to put his limbs into a vessel that was to remain beneath an enchanted lamp for nine days, at the end of which period he was

to revive in the full bloom of youth. Unluckily, before that term expired, the emperor missed his favourite, and suspecting foul play, forced his entrance into his castle, notwithstanding it was guarded by enchanted brazen griffins. Finding the servant in such suspicious circumstances, for he was watching the limbs of his dead master, he ordered him to be forthwith seized and led to execution. This broke the charm, before its operation was fully completed; but in proof of its efficacy, a naked infant suddenly made its appearance, and, after uttering sundry imprecations, as suddenly vanished.

As these particulars are not likely to be very familiar to English readers, I have ventured to introduce them here, although I will not undertake to say that they are calculated to increase our reverence for the great Latin poet, who is thus reduced to the rank of a dealer in the black art. That Virgil was buried near Naples, admits of no doubt; yet it is not quite so certain that the structure which passes for his tomb was really such. The building shown under that name is situated in a vineyard above the Grotto, and offers little more than a rude mass of bare walls. One traveller compares it to a mere pigeon-house; and it certainly appears to have been a *Columbarium*, or family sepulchre, rather than the tomb of an individual. Scepticism in regard to names becomes, too, somewhat excuseable where we find high-sounding appellations liberally bestowed, wherever the slightest remains of an edifice have furnished any pretext for doing so.

The guide-books would lead us to expect an infinity of wonders—baths, palaces, and temples—if not quite so well defined as their names, still, in some degree, intelligible to the eye; whereas it seldom happens that you can make out more than some fragments of wall, on which, any where else, no one would bestow the slightest attention. To be sure, the imagination has full play, and is at liberty to reconstruct as fast as it pleases;

yet it is not every one's imagination that is so completely architectural as to be able to satisfy itself after that fashion. Besides, imagination could shape out just as much, perhaps still more, from the names alone; for, in fact, it is rather chilled, when, instead of aught at all realizing the anticipations excited by classical and historical names, we discover the objects to which they are attached so utterly unimportant. It must either be an exceedingly lively imagination that can create anything out of such scanty materials; or an exceedingly dull one that cannot figure to itself something infinitely better without an actual and sensible object. Apropos of this: I recollect the indignant complaint of one traveller against *Reichard's Guide des Voyageurs*, for leading him a Will-o'-the-Wisp chace in search of a temple of Bacchus at Cortona; which place he took in his route expressly for the purpose of visiting what he hoped to find an interesting, although neglected piece of antiquity. He accordingly provided himself with a cicerone, who conducted him into a walled enclosure, and, turning round, exclaimed, "This is the temple!" The traveller was much in the condition of the Barmecide's brother in the Arabian tales, whose host entreated him to partake of roasted lamb and pistachio nuts, and other delicacies, out of the empty dishes before him. Seeing his dissatisfaction, the cicerone assured him that it had been visited by many *Milordi Inglesi*, all of whom had expressed their wonder at it, and had even carried away bits of stone from it as mementos of their visit. This last trait is so perfectly English, that the cicerone's tale receives some confirmation from it; otherwise, "Milordi Inglesi" in the mouth of an Italian means nothing at all. That Englishman must be a poor creature indeed, who does not here come in for his share of that exceedingly comprehensive title.

At Puzzuoli itself, that which most of all struck me, was the swarm of beggars who surrounded us immediately on entering

the place, and followed us in such a mob, that we had some difficulty in alighting at the inn, and making our way through them. Shortly afterwards, we crossed over the bay to Lake Lucrinus, formerly of much celebrity, and conjoined with that of the gloomy, but poetically-famed Avernus. Now it is dissevered from the latter, while itself, no longer surrounded by its once awe-inspiring, impenetrable shades of wood, is contracted into what is comparatively a mere pool. What renders this the more remarkable is, that this was no gradual change, nor wrought by the lapse of time, which frequently alters even the external face of nature and the aspect of sites; but occasioned by a sudden and most violent convulsion, which took place on the 29th of September, 1538, when, within the space of twenty-four hours, the lofty insulated hill called *Monte Nuovo* was cast up.

During the two preceding years several shocks of earthquake had been felt at Naples and Puzzuoli, and throughout all the surrounding district; and indications of some extraordinary catastrophe, such as a continual trembling of the ground, and hollow rumblings beneath its surface, manifested themselves continually for about seven or eight days previous to the convulsion itself. According to an eye-witness, Marco Antonio de' Falconi, who has described the event in a letter to the Marchesa della Padula, "On the above-mentioned day flames were seen to burst forth from many places in the ground, especially in the hollow encircling the Lake of Avernus, and between Monte Barbaro and the Collina della Pericola. Here the flame seemed to collect itself into a mass, and burned so violently, that the earth began to open itself, and vomited forth such a prodigious quantity of ashes, water, and pumice-stone, as to cover the surrounding lands. Even Naples itself did not escape a shower of ashes and water, that fell during the night. This extraordinary phenomenon continuing the following day, the inhabitants of the

villages fled to Naples for shelter, as the only means of saving their lives. Numbers of birds were found lying dead on the ground, and also quantities of dead fish thrown up on the sea-side. The sea itself seemed to recoil from the shock, and withdraw itself from its former limits, the strand being covered with a deep mass of ashes and pumice-stone. Dense pillars or mountains of smoke, partly quite black, and partly of a brilliant white hue, rose up from the opening in the earth, and seemed almost to realize the fables of the giants Typheus and Enceladus warring with heaven."

This eruption gradually ceased; but within four days, continues Falconi, a fresh and more dreadful one took place about two hours after sunset. "I was returning at the time," says he, "from Ischia, and not far from Cape Miseno, when I perceived several columns of smoke extending themselves over the sea, in the very direction of our bark. Never did I hear a more violent explosion than that accompanying these clouds of smoke; while the quantity of ashes, stones, and vapour, threatened to commingle both earth and sea together. Some of the matter then vomited was afterwards said to have fallen in the valley of Diano, about 150 miles distant, and in various parts of Calabria. On the two succeeding days, the smoke abated so much, that several persons ventured to approach the scene of convulsion; and, on their return, they reported that an entire mountain had been thrown up, about three miles in circumference, and as lofty as Monte Barbaro; that this mountain had covered up Canetaria and the castle of Tripergola; that to the south it extended nearly as far as the sea, northwards to the Lake Avernus, and on the east to Monte Barbaro; further, that it had altered the form of the whole surrounding neighbourhood, to such a degree as to render it impossible to recognize it for the same. To those who have not been actually eye-witnesses of the event, it must

appear quite incredible that a hill of such magnitude should have been cast up from the earth in so very short a time. On the following October 6th, numbers repaired to the place for the purpose of satisfying themselves as to the truth of the report, and examining this prodigy of nature. Some ascended about half way up, others still farther; but, shortly after sunset, a new eruption took place, so sudden and so violent, that many of those who were then present were stifled to death. Some portion of the ashes then thrown out, were carried not only as far as Naples, but even to Monte Somma (one of the two heads into which Vesuvius divides itself); and I have remarked that the clouds of smoke almost always take that direction, which would lead one to imagine there must be some kind of communication between the two places."

These extracts, from the account given by one who wrote it immediately after the occurrence itself, will hardly be considered as uninteresting or unimportant; and they certainly go far towards convincing us that the city of Naples is, if not actually situated upon, at least surrounded by, a field of extensive and frequent volcanic action. Consequently, as I have already remarked, it is very far from improbable, that the city will one day or other be either swallowed up or overwhelmed by some wide-spreading devastation of nature. I do not say that the immorality of its inhabitants will draw down upon them such an awful visitation; but their virtues will hardly avert it, or work any miraculous intercession in their favour.

Along with its woods, Avernus, towards which we next bent our course, has lost that grandeur of gloom which invested it in former times with sublimity, and rendered it a fit haunt for superstition—a congenial spot for fable and for imagination. In fact, it is better that the visitor should dismiss all classical reminiscences from his mind; or else he will be wofully dis-

appointed at finding a very prosaic, uninteresting character substituted for that with which fancy and poetry have invested it. If they ever possessed that property—from which the lake itself is supposed to derive its name—the waters no longer exhale death to the birds that venture to fly across them :—

" Such prodigies and marvels long have ceased."

Having lit torches for that purpose, we proceeded to enter a vaulted cavern or tunnel, called, it is difficult to say why, the Sibyl's Grotto. According to Virgil, her place of residence—her mystic cave, was at Cumæ; therefore, the appellation bestowed on this subterraneous passage is only as referring to her vaguely and accidentally. Or else, it has received its title as being the entrance through which the Sibyl conducted Æneas in his descent to the infernal regions; and it certainly does look not much unlike an approach to the Stygian shades. The cavern itself may be about 150 feet in length, from its entrance, and about 13 wide. At the farther end, we came to some water, through which we were carried by our guides, upon their backs, into a kind of recess beyond it, supposed to have been intended for bathing, and accordingly denominated the Sibyl's Bath. Afterwards, we ascended a flight of narrow, broken steps, leading a considerable height upwards, but now without any outlet above. Most probably, this originally formed a secret communication beween some temple or oracular shrine above, and the grotto below: such a place must have had manifest convenience, for, supposing there was no direct passage from one to the other, there may have been some orifice or pipe, through which a person at the top of the stairs might deliver oracular responses or commands with very imposing effect, as the sound would then appear to be emitted from the altar itself.

Our curiosity being now gratified with exploring this cavern

and its recesses, we quitted it, and, proceeding to the shore, re-entered our boat, and after rowing a short distance, arrived at what is called Nero's Villa, or Baths; with which latter title they better correspond, there being now little more to be seen than a series of long and narrow subterraneous corridors, and small adjoining chambers for bathing. At the earnest recommendation of our conductor, we agreed to submit to the experiment of a natural vapour bath; and on entering the place found what seemed to be a vast cauldron filled with water in nearly a boiling state: the liquid was evidently too hot to admit of our touching it safely with our hands, and the heat of the place, although we had stripped off our garments before entering, was hardly supportable. Our guide took out a pailful of the water, and dropped an egg into it, which was very quickly boiled. In the meanwhile we were almost suffocated by the steam, and the perspiration trickled down our bodies in large drops. So great was the change of temperature we felt on leaving this chamber, that we were glad to dress ourselves again with all possible expedition. On regaining our boat we sailed some way along shore, and could plainly discern that it had, at one time, been studded with an almost continuous succession of buildings, although their remains consist of little more than shattered and shapeless fragments, and such solid masses as have been able to resist the injuries alike of time and of man. Even could we have examined, it would be absurd to pretend to particularise them. Did the Neapolitans possess any of the spirit of antiquarianism — any in the slightest degree approaching their passion for Carnival antics and *bon-bons* — they would find ample materials for such study; but they seem to value them only for their attracting strangers hither, and so giving themselves the opportunity of extracting from them some of their gold. Strangers seem to be the only persons who care even to visit such places

at all; since the Neapolitans themselves prefer the humours of their Molo and Strada di Toledo to all the classic haunts and sites around them.

As we sailed gently along, near the shore, we could distinguish the ruins or remaining foundations of former buildings lying beneath the water. The superstructures once raised upon them may have been of stone or marble, but now we discern only brick; so that, here again, imagination must do more for us than the eye alone possibly can. We were now approaching Baiæ, and these are probably the remains of some of the numerous villas that skirted the whole shore, in continuation of the town itself; for immediate proximity to the sea, so that its waves dashed up against the walls of their houses, seem to have been a leading object with the wealthy proprietors who erected mansions along the coast of this bay. Baiæ itself is so delightfully situated, that it is no wonder it should have been selected by the luxurious Romans as their retreat from the metropolis. Yet, in retiring from it, they did not leave the vices of the capital behind them: on the contrary, as luxury increased, it was here carried to its highest pitch; and not luxury alone, but licentiousness also. A cultivated taste for the beauties of nature rarely, and then but faintly, displays itself in the Latin classics. Here and there they put together a few general images of natural scenery, but there is nothing distinct or graphically brought out; none of those more delicate touches and observations that show a familiar acquaintance and *con amore* study of the objects themselves. The Romans seemed to have valued Baiæ and the adjacent coast for its luxuriousness, and nothing else. While the climate and the site contributed to their physical enjoyments, the aspect of nature itself neither reached their hearts nor refined their feelings. It certainly did not humanise them; for never at any period did selfishness,

gross sensuality, and cruelty, so disgrace the Roman character, as when the senators and nobles of the imperial city abandoned themselves to the delights of their Baiæan villas.

Almost immediately after landing from our boat, we reached the ruins of what are here pointed out as three distinct temples, dedicated respectively to Venus, Mercury, and Diana; but they are now generally supposed to be only different parts of one edifice, forming a series of baths. This hypothesis has given rise to another; for, in order to obtain some specific and distinguishing name for them, they are conjectured to have been those belonging to a villa erected here by Nero. Within, all of them are circular; but the first, or Temple of Venus Genetrix, is octagonal on the outside. That which passes under the name of Mercury is the best preserved and largest of the three; being a rotunda, one hundred and thirty feet in diameter,—dimensions only a few feet inferior to those of the Pantheon at Rome, like which edifice, this is also lighted by an aperture in the centre of its dome. The Temple of Diana Lucifera was also covered by a dome, half of which has fallen in; but from what remains it is evident that it had no aperture, like the preceding one, for the admission of light.

Hence we traversed what is called the Via Appia, a road paved with very large stones, and still in excellent preservation. After gratifying our eyes with the prospect commanded by the hill above the present village of Baiæ, we once more regained our boat, and coasted along to Cape Miseno, a spot enjoying the double distinction conferred upon it by Virgil, and by the villa of Lucullus. Misenum was also a general rendezvous for the Roman fleet on the western coast of Italy.

Ascending to the village of Bauli, about a mile distant, we had a most lovely prospect, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. This, however, warned us that time was wearing away

apace; so, lighting our torches, we immediately entered a building, which branches out into a number of subterraneous galleries and cells, whence it derives its popular name of the Cento Camerelle. Lalande imagines that it was constructed in imitation of the Cretan Labyrinth; others, with more plausibility, assume that this was a prison, and that in these gloomy cells and recesses many of the early Christians were confined in the time of Nero. As a place of punishment nothing can be better devised; and I could not help fancying that it would be a most suitable abode for such inmates as the "pious" cut-throat Gasparoni and his associates. There are antiquaries, however, who will not let us enjoy this supposition, but contend that these dungeons were constructed for a far more familiar and certainly less disagreeable purpose — merely as wine vaults; and that the Camerelle themselves were only so many bins in which the vessels were stored up. This hypothesis certainly takes the poetical edge off the matter: when one has wrought up his imagination to a sense of the appalling and horrible, to be told that we see no more than the receptacles for wine jars, is apt to give a sudden *jar* to one's ideas. Nevertheless, it is amusing enough to consider what very different things different persons make out of the same things; and, likewise, how very differently an object affects us, according to the view we take of it.

In the vicinity of the Cento Camerelle there are many tombs, and human bones are frequently dug up. Most of the tombs are now open, and some of them are in good preservation. They may be described as small rooms, with three rows of niches, about two feet high, and half as wide and deep. This spot was formerly, or is still called, the Elysian Fields, and is contiguous to the lake, which bears the gloomy name of Mare Morto, or the Dead Sea. Our next object was the Piscina Mirabile, a vast reservoir for water to supply the Roman fleet at Misenum.

This immense construction, whose vault rests upon forty-eight pillars, distributed in four rows, and supporting arches, is about two hundred and fifty feet long, by eighty or more wide, and twenty-five in depth. The front consists of five vast arcades, the two end ones forming entrances, from which a descent of forty steps conduct down to the very bottom. The whole is most massively built; and pillar or pier is of such dimensions, that, when joining their outstretched hands, six persons cannot reach round their entire circumference. The sides of the reservoir are crusted with a tartarous deposit from the water, so exceedingly hard, that it is with great difficulty pieces of it can be detached from the stucco to which it adheres. It is said to be capable of taking an exceedingly high polish, and to be sometimes used for lids of snuff boxes and other ornaments. The structure itself exhibits no sign of decay, but looks as if it would remain for thousands of years more, except it should be destroyed by one of those convulsions of nature, of which this country has been so frequently the theatre.

We then returned to Puzzuoli, respecting which town I shall now briefly speak. Like most other places of any note, its first origin is very obscure; and it probably existed *in embryo* — there might be just sufficient to warrant a name — long before any thing like a regular town of any kind existed. Without making a parade, therefore, about very doubtful founders, it may be as well to pass over such enquiries, and state at once that it was a port of considerable importance for the traffic it carried on with the Phenicians, and other eastern people, before it fell under the Roman dominion, prior to which period its history is involved in obscurity. After that event, it became the favourite resort, or residence, of many of the wealthier inhabitants of Rome; to which city Cicero compares it, for the opulence and magnificence displayed in its buildings. Of these few and imperfect traces now

remain; for Puzzuoli has suffered greatly, both from the assaults of the barbarians, who more than once rendered themselves its masters, and no less from shocks of earthquake, and other calamities. The guide-books talk, indeed, of the remains of a magnificent Corinthian temple dedicated to Augustus; and when you enquire for them, you are referred to some half-dozen misshapen fragments of columns inserted in the exterior of the cathedral, with an equally indistinct bit of architrave above them. On such occasions one is apt to feel some of the indignation expressed by the traveller at Cortona against the temple of Bacchus. It is too much like a hoax upon the gullibility of travellers, who, it should seem, are to be put off with fine names, and nothing else.

Far more satisfactory are the remains of a temple of Serapis, or one of those Serapeons which were erected in all the principal seaports of ancient Italy, after the introduction of Egyptian mysteries and worship, and their being engrafted on the native paganism. * The power before attributed to Æsculapius began then to be transferred to Serapis; and the temples erected to him were not merely places for the celebration of religious rites, but formed a part alone of an assemblage of buildings, serving some of the purposes of an hospital or lazaretto. Of this kind was evidently the one near Puzzuoli, which consisted of a square court surrounded by a colonnade, or cloister, with a kind of open chapel, rather than temple, facing the principal entrance. This colonnade was enclosed by a range of small rooms, or cells, of every alternate one of which the door opened directly into the colonnade, and those of the others into a narrow external passage running along the sides of the building. One set of these chambers were probably for the use of the priests or

* In his "Sabina on the Coast of Naples," Böttiger gives us some curious traits relative to Isis worship and Serapis worship among the later Romans.

attendants belonging to the Serapeon, the other for the invalids who came hither to be cured of their diseases. Little, however, can now be determined, since, with the exception of three out of the four larger columns forming the portico to the temple, or sacrarium, scarcely any thing remains, save the lower part of the walls, by which the original plan may be traced. The smaller columns forming the general portico round the court were carried away to be employed in building the palace at Caserta. There are, indeed, various architectural fragments; but they have all been piled up together in a place which is kept locked up, after the more curious pieces of antiquity had been selected from them and sent to the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

In our way back to Naples we took the opportunity of examining the Solfatara, a spacious hollow resembling that of a crater, nor can any doubt be entertained as to its being of volcanic origin. The parched appearance of its sides, cracked with fissures and crevices, would sufficiently indicate the fact, even were not more sensible testimony of it afforded by the scorching heat it emits, and the rumbling sounds within the earth, similar to those of a pent-up furnace; added to which, the offensive sulphureous vapour constantly emitted is so powerful as to affect respiration almost painfully. The ground, too, seems hollow under your feet, and a nervous person might imagine that it would give way. On scraping it to the depth of a few inches a hot vapour issues forth. In fact, the whole spot may, as its name denotes, be considered as a vast sulphur mine, for which purpose it is used, and produces a considerable revenue to the government. With such inflammable and combustible materials within its soil, it is no wonder that the whole of the territory surrounding Naples should have so frequently been subjected to their fury, and been rent and shattered by their agitation.

CHAPTER XVI.

POMPEII. — EXAGGERATED IDEAS ENTERTAINED OF IT. — DEFECTS OF ITS DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. — THE CASA DI GOETHE. — OTHER PRIVATE HOUSES. — THE BATHS. — WANT OF GLASS. — THEATRE. — DEFECTS OF ANCIENT THEATRES. — AMPHITHEATRE.

BEFORE setting out upon an excursion to Pompeii, most persons provide themselves with a stock of ready-made ecstasies, — a convenient assortment of exclamations, epithets, and other et cæteras, all of which may be put into requisition. Undoubtedly there is something particularly flattering to the imagination in the idea of beholding completely revived — resuscitated from its sleep of ages — exhumed, and brought to light from out its tomb, which by overwhelming has preserved it, an ancient city, dispeopled, indeed, of its inhabitants, yet in every other respect perfect and intact.

As generally happens in such cases, it is so exceedingly difficult to arrive at the exact truth, without seeming to fall short of it, that, in order to avoid the reproach attached to the latter, truth is exaggerated into falsehood, and falsehood sometimes pushed into absurdity. Were we to take some writers at their word, Pompeii exhibits to us the exact image of its former self — every thing remains *in statu quo* — and when we visit the buildings and houses, we have merely to imagine that their occupiers have just left them, and will presently return. In a mere poetical sketch, such licence and stretch of fancy is allowable enough: no one expects a poet to give his evidence as a witness does in a court of justice; therefore Schiller may be allowed to see all that it has pleased him to see

in his "Pompeii and Herculaneum." In mere prose, the same degree of licence looks too much like lying; at any rate, matter-of-fact readers, who make no allowance for enthusiasm or embellishment, are in danger of interpreting such accounts too literally. They, good easy people, figure to themselves rows of streets and houses "all compact," and all but ask what is the rent of a ready-furnished house in the best parts of the town.

The truth is, Pompeii offers to our view only the skeleton, the mere wreck of a city; all exhibits devastation and confusion; every building is dismantled and unroofed. Whatever was portable has been carried away; and even mosaics have been taken up, and pictures painted on the walls cut out and detached from them. The more solid parts are standing, though denuded; and according to remaining bits of ornaments, and such documents for furniture and embellishment as are to be found in the Museum at Naples, architects have made *restorations* upon paper that convey a very lively idea of Pompeian atria and apartments, but of which we here meet with no more than the rude materials and imperfect indications. It must be admitted, that the singularity and strangeness of the scene takes hold of the mind very forcibly; and as far as names alone go, it is impossible to be dissatisfied, or complain that any thing is wanting. If we require illusion and effect, it is better to stick to books and engravings. We are shown what are distinguished as vestibules, atria, porticoes, exhedræ, tablina, triclinia, baths, ambulationes, &c. whose names make a promise to the ear the things themselves do not keep to the eye. There is hardly a closet or recess that has not some fine-sounding classical term appropriated to it; consequently there are far more verbal distinctions than perceptible differences.

The reader will gladly excuse me for not repeating here any of the hackneyed and threadbare accounts relative to the history

of Pompeii, its destruction, discovery, exhumation, &c. Instead of detaining him by such *information*, which, should he not be already acquainted with it, he may obtain not only from preceding travellers, but from any encyclopædia,—to say nothing of the two little volumes I have already mentioned, which afford so copious an account of every particular, or of such works as Gell's Pompeiana, and others of that class, — I shall confine my remarks to such circumstances as struck myself, and to what came under my own observation. In my opinion, this specimen of an ancient city is not at all calculated to put us out of conceit with a modern one, the latter being far preferable in almost every respect. Admitting that the temples and other public structures were magnificent, — a point that may be easily conceded, especially as they were set off to the greatest advantage by the plainness of every thing else,—such buildings alone do not constitute a city. Neither do exceedingly narrow streets, with only open shops, and the entrances into the houses towards them, at all correspond with modern ideas of grandeur, convenience, or cheerfulness. On the contrary, so far from partaking of, they are directly in opposition to such qualities. The houses themselves were not at all better suited to any of our notions of comfort and accommodation, but were, rather, most ostentatiously inconvenient. Effect and display there certainly must have been; for, on first entering, nearly the whole of the interior was thrown open to view in successive parts, — to such a degree as to destroy all privacy, and, unless in very spacious mansions, to leave hardly any space for a tolerably sized room of any kind. The perspective effect on looking up a vista varied by colonnades and atria, by divisions now ceiled, now open to the sky, by parts now contracting and then again expanding, and by a court or garden at the extreme back ground, must have been pleasing and striking enough, — quite scenic in its arrangement,

—although it could also be wished that greater variety had been shown in such arrangement, instead of its being made in every case so nearly the same. Still the whole of this amounts to no more than what we should now include as one continued vestibule: there were divisions but no separation, except such as might be occasionally made by curtains or draperies.

The rooms appear to have been all detached, and must either have been very badly lighted, or else greatly exposed to the weather,—which, let people say what they will about the extraordinary fineness of the climate, must have been attended with much inconvenience, more than would have been put up with had the inhabitants had the means of remedying it. In such rooms, for instance, which had a large unglazed window opening to the peristyle of the further court, there could have been no privacy, because, unless the court itself was kept perfectly secluded from all intrusion, conversation must have been continually liable to be overheard. Although curtains might serve well enough to exclude eye-curiosity, they would be a most treacherous defence against ear-curiosity, as they would sometimes have screened listeners, and so given them a double advantage. The general smallness of the rooms, too, must have greatly increased the inconveniences just adverted to. Nay, the rooms on each side of the atrium seldom exceeded what in England would be termed mere closets: — it is literally impossible "to swing a cat in them;" and they also resembled closets in being perfectly dark, unless they received some faint degree of light by means of an open space left between the door itself and the soffit of the doorcase. Perhaps they were used as mere closets, after all; for to what other purpose such gloomy, ill-ventilated cells, all crowded together, could have been applied, it is not easy to conjecture. If they were receptacles for beds, an Englishman would no more relish sleeping *à l'antique* in such a doghole, than the

Doctor's guests relished his classical dainties at the entertainment described by Peregrine Pickle.

That ample accommodation for chambers and sleeping rooms was supplied by an upper floor, is what we are not warranted in supposing, there being no traces, or, at the best, very imperfect ones, that any thing of the kind existed. A few staircases have been discovered, but so exceedingly awkward and inconvenient, as entirely to exclude the idea of their having led to any habitable or family apartments. It is most likely that they were merely the ascent to some small turret or single chamber on the roof, or else to the terrace roof itself. To assume the contrary is no compliment to the Pompeian architects, but rather to imagine them a set of the most arrant bunglers in the world, who, although acquainted with the use of stairs, were not able to make even a decent staircase: I am, therefore, very much inclined to agree with the writer of an article on Pompeii, in the first volume of the Library of the Fine Arts, where he says, "We are so apt to dwell only upon those particulars which flatter the imagination by their splendour, that, in picturing to ourselves the state of social life among the ancients, we pass over, or exclude from sight, all meaner details, all imperfections and deficiencies: we exaggerate to ourselves what *was*, without stopping to enquire what there *was not;* and consequently our estimate is quite erroneous. By studying the ruins of Pompeii, we shall correct much of this poetical delusion of the fancy; and the disenchantment would, doubtless, be still more complete, could we have actual experience of the mode of living that then prevailed."

For the light it has thrown upon the domestic architecture of the ancients, and numerous circumstances connected with that and their habits of life, Pompeii deserves the enthusiastic affection with which archæologists have examined and contemplated its

remains. For the attention to decorative effect it displays, it likewise deserves to be carefully studied by the artist, notwithstanding that some of the ornamental paintings themselves exhibit a more whimsical than refined taste. Indeed, mere copyists had better quite leave alone what they here meet with; but there are valuable ideas and materials which a tasteful and judicious fancy may work up, retaining all that is essential to character and yet avoiding defects. Although, therefore, I am of opinion that a Pompeian house would be a wretched substitute for an English one, I still think it might afford a model for a merely ornamental structure — at least one not intended as a habitation, but of the kind hinted at in the note at page 172.

One of the latest-discovered private buildings is that called the *Casa di Goethe* *; and as it is also one of the most spacious and richly ornamented, some brief notice of it here may not prove unacceptable. The place is about 120 feet in width by rather more than 300 in depth, and in accordance with a strange yet prevalent fashion at Pompeii, the front is not at right angles with the sides: — I call this a fashion, because the frequency of its occurrence seems to indicate choice or intention, rather than accident or necessity. This house is remarkable for having two entrances from the street in front †, that to the right leading into an atrium with four columns placed at the angles of the opening in the roof; the other into a *Tuscan atrium* (more spacious than the first mentioned), which name indicates that it had an *impluvium*, or open space above in the centre of its ceiling, beneath which was a reservoir to receive the rain, but that it

* So called because Goethe's son was at Pompeii when the excavations of this house were commenced in 1830, and present when the triclinium with the mosaic pavement was laid open, on the 7th of October.

† This street is that which runs along one of the sides of the Temple of Fortuna.

had no columns. Beyond this atrium — and with its length extended in a contrary direction to it — was a spacious Ionic peristyle of eighteen columns (nine on each of its longest sides), forming a wide continued portico around the area in the centre. This has suffered greatly, and very few of the columns are now standing, but enough remains to show their careful execution, and the superior quality of the stucco, which is remarkably hard. On the side facing the entrance to this peristyle is a single range of rooms dividing it from another court, in one of which was discovered an exceedingly fine mosaic pavement representing one of Alexander's battles. The last court separated from the preceding in the way just mentioned has a peristyle of forty-four Doric columns, surrounding an open space about 100 feet by 90, which was probably planted as a garden. What, therefore, with these courts and the shops in front towards the street, very little space is left, and that little is very badly distributed. Some of the rooms, indeed, are tolerably spacious — that, for instance, in which the mosaic was found, measures about thirty feet by twenty, but no two communicate together: there seems to have been no study of convenience — no contrivance, but merely the vacant spaces between the courts filled up any how — merely walled off into separate rooms, without any regard either to general or particular symmetry of plan. Nothing seems to have been studied beyond a striking *coup d'œil* through the centre of the buildings, and the details of decoration. Painted walls, and mosaic and inlaid pavements *, are to be met with in situations

* One species of pavement, which proves that the ancients had their *nugæ difficiles* and tasteless whims as well as the moderns, was made to represent a floor strewed with crumbs, sweepings, and other refuse from the table—a kind of ostentatious mock slovenliness that was, perhaps, intended to pass off their real slovenliness in regard to such matters. Some specimens of this sort are said to have been quite deceptive—a merit that must only have rendered them still more offensive to the eye. Methinks this idea might be improved upon,

quite unworthy of them, and where they could hardly have been distinguished, except by lamp or torch light.

Among the other mansions of greatest note are those called the House of Sallust, the House of Pansa, the House of the Tragic Poet, &c.; all of which have been described again and again. In proportion to the extent of ground they occupy, they, like the *Casa di Goethe*, afford very scanty accommodation in the way of dwelling rooms and the space actually allotted to the apartments themselves. Consequently, notwithstanding the narrowness of the streets, Pompeii could have been but thinly populated, considering the area the city covered. Were it erected according to such a system, London would, by this

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and we might, after the same *classical* fashion, paint ceilings so as to appear lined with cobwebs in some places, and the rafters laid bare by the plaster having fallen down in others. It is difficult, too, to assent to all the praises bestowed on the paintings discovered here; they are, too, *sculpturesque*. The figures are all on one plane; at least drawn so. A single stump of a tree, with a few leafless sprigs upon it, is often made to stand for a landscape background, and appears to have been almost their *ne plus ultrà* in that branch of the art. As to their perspective, it is quite *à la Chinoise* — such as we see on teacups and saucers, and such as would have supplied Hogarth with all his examples of "False Perspective."

Those who wish to obtain detailed information respecting the latter excavations, and the different articles then brought to light, will find some interesting particulars in the *Bullettino dell' Instituto di Correspondenza Archeologica*, 1831. Among the mosaics lately discovered there was an exceedingly fine one, representing a boy Bacchus riding upon a panther, and holding in one hand a crystal cup filled with red wine: both drawing and colouring admirable, but merely figures upon a black ground. Various other mosaics were found about the same time, but most of them very familiar subjects, such as ducks and other birds, fish of various kinds, marine shells, a cat pouncing upon a quail, &c. As far, therefore, as choice of subjects is concerned, the Pompeians must be allowed to have had a somewhat Dutch taste. No larder pieces, however, no groups of joints of meat, and other pieces of provender, have as yet made their appearance. Neither does portrait-painting seem to have been at all in vogue; which is to be regretted, as it would be curious to see the exact fashions of the belles and dandies of the place in the year 79.

time, have spread itself over the whole face of Middlesex, even had the streets been no wider than 'Change Alley.

One of the latest public buildings which have come to light is that of the baths, discovered in 1824. The three chief apartments are covered with semi-cylindrical vaults, and derive their effect from the embellishment of those parts and the upper portion of the walls. The ornaments are, for the most part, rich and tasteful, and some of them have been applied by a modern architect as decorations for a ball-room, for which they are not unsuitable. Yet these baths, as well as the barracks, the forum, the temples, and other public edifices that have been disinterred, are now so well known as to render all attempt at describing them, except in a work professedly devoted to such subject, entirely superfluous. It is the vice of tourists — one from which I do not pretend to be quite exempt myself — to dwell too much upon matter-of-fact circumstances, which admit of little more than stating the same particulars somewhat differently worded by predecessors, while they are too abstinent both as to mentioning what has been unnoticed, and as to giving any remarks or opinions of their own upon what is mere *crambe repetita.*

Both Mr. Hope, in his posthumous work on Architecture, and the author of the paper in the Library of the Fine Arts, have pointed out at some length the great and insuperable inconveniences occasioned by the want of glazed windows. To which may be added, that their ignorance of glass, except as a material for merely ornamental purposes, and in small pieces, deprived the ancients of what gives so much splendour and effect to our modern apartments. *Specula,* or hand-mirrors of polished metal for the toilette, they certainly possessed: many such have been here discovered at Pompeii; but they had no *furniture-mirrors* to give apparent increase of extent to their rooms. They could

not command that species of fairy magnificence of which the grand saloon of the Serra Palace (see page 93.) affords so dazzling an example. It is true, that on the other hand we have not their mosaic floors, yet we might display the same taste and richness in the patterns of our carpets.*

Some have wondered with a wonder which is in itself not a little wonderful, that ancient utensils and implements should bear such a resemblance to those now employed for similar purposes. Among other striking coincidences of this kind they have duly admired, they have not failed to call attention to the scratchings and scribblings on some of the walls of the barracks and those of the streets. Had these *dilettante* performances been found to be *chefs d'œuvre* either of the graphic art or literary style, there would have been ample room for astonishment; but as they do not at all surpass similar pen and pencil effusions, that astonishment — or admiration of any kind, seems quite misplaced. The *first style of art*, as it has been facetiously termed, is pretty much the same everywhere: a couple of straight lines are made to indicate the arms of a figure, and two others its legs; and any idle school-boy's slate will exhibit just such primitive ideas of art as the time-honoured walls of Pompeii. It is astonishing what mere trifles antiquity can render *venerable*, when people are once predetermined to venerate. At all events, it is most comfortable to reflect that future

* It is rather strange that no ideas for any of the internal decorations of our new palace should have been borrowed from Pompeii or Herculaneum; — that while rejecting their puerilities and extravagances, the architect should not have made the embellishments they supply the groundwork for the ornamental design of some of the vestibules, corridors, and similar *pieces*. Instead of so doing he has chosen, for the sake of some variety, to copy the vitiated *Gallic* fashion — style it cannot be called, — the gorgeous ugliness patronised by and named after Louis Quatorze.

antiquarians may pore in ecstasies over some luckily preserved fragments of walls in our own modern Babylon, and decipher the immortalised names of Eady and of Warren. To what conjectures — to what dissertations may they not give rise! Probably those worthies may then be considered as having been pre-eminent among the benefactors of their generation — individuals whose names were every where spontaneously inscribed in public by the gratitude of their contemporaries.

As may readily be supposed, some of the volunteer mural inscriptions at Pompeii are not particularly decent, nor such as to evince much refined delicacy on the part of their authors: even these, however, have their admirers, who are of opinion that antiquity is able to refine gross and vulgar ribaldry into something perfectly classical.

If the houses at Pompeii in nowise tend to put us out of conceit with our own habitations, neither do its theatres leave any room to regret that ours are not constructed after the ancient model. A mere barn playhouse is far better adapted for producing scenic effect and illusion. Imagine a large, open, semi-circular court, surrounded by rows of stone seats, or deep *gradini*, rising one above another, and where more than half the spectators must have sat with the stage directly on one side of them — just, in fact, as would be the case were the benches in our pit arranged semicircularly, before the opening formed by the stage itself, the smallest or innermost semicircle being half that width. Those seated on the benches near the stage, in the outermost ranges of these curves, were not at all better off; for they could positively have seen nothing whatever of the stage itself. Then consider the disadvantages of scenic representation by day-light; what a drawback that must have been on all dramatic illusion! consider, too, the preposterous appearance of actors with huge

masks, and no corresponding increase of limbs and bodies; and we may easily judge how magnificently ludicrous such exhibitions must have been. Nevertheless these, and even greater absurdities, might very well be tolerated for the sake of positive advantages; because the drama might then be regarded as almost the only source of instruction and literary recreation accessible to the *people*; — a circumstance, by the by, that is never adverted to by the candid advocates for dramatic performances, who estimate their influence for good, and their value, by their merits in that respect, in times when society was very differently constituted from what it is at present. Let the dramatic system of the ancients have been ever so excellent, we can no more go back to it than we can become Greeks or Romans, Picts or Saxons. There is a monstrous deal of cant in regard to such matters, that would be considered absolutely childish and nonsensical, did it not also partake of what passes for learning.

Not very far from the two theatres is the amphitheatre; one of those splendid monuments that attest the brute ferociousness of paganism, even among the most civilised nations of antiquity. It was here that wild beasts and human beings were compelled to destroy each other, in the presence of an assembled population, who gloated on the scenes of carnage they beheld, while they testified their fiend-like exultation by infuriated yells of applause. It was here that humanity was publicly outraged by scenes that might be thought adapted only to the taste of cannibals, did we not know them to have been in such favour among *enlightened* Romans and Greeks. When both human and brute gore ensanguined their arenas, where was the boasted refinement of philosophy,—where the instinctive tenderness of woman? Unfeeling and unsexed, beauty could contemplate such murderous spectacles without abhorrence. Leaving to others to descant

on the magnificence of such huge fabrics — on the *glorious* display they must have presented, when filled with countless spectators, I am content to express my satisfaction at their demolition and dissolution. Heaven forbid they should ever be restored, except upon paper! that the world should ever again behold the truly ruffian exhibitions which took place in them! Rome knew them not till its days of degeneracy, of its sanguinary tyrants and their slaves; not till after heroism, patriotism, public spirit, and liberty had waned away, leaving behind them only the mockery of their names. In such matters, classical taste may very well be postponed to considerations of humanity; and the greatest delight we can receive, in spots dedicated to butchery as a public amusement, is the conviction that they speak most forcibly as to the inefficacy of pagan philosophy and pagan civilisation; and that an irrefragable proof is thus afforded how little unassisted reason and mere human motives avail in subduing the perversity of our nature; how beneficial, too, even in its temporal effects, has been that Divine and Heaven-revealed Religion, to which, among its other blessings, we are indebted for the extirpation of enormities that make us shudder at the depravity and malevolence of man, when abandoned to his own lusts and his own imaginations. If any thing can do so, such reflections may, in some degree, reconcile us to the awful fate of the city and its inhabitants. The ashes that overwhelmed them blotted out this hideous and sanguinary spot — the scene of their inhuman pastime. The hour of retribution came upon them in all its maddening horrors: —

> " 'Twas nature's groan, not superstition's prayer,
> Then burst from every lip in wild despair.
> Then valour turned pale — then quail'd his heart; —
> The tyrant acted then the slave's vile part;

For mercy pleaded with distracted cry,
And felt what pang when full of life to die.
Wealth, power, beauty — nought averts the doom
That pent them all within a scorching tomb.
Lo! vengeance rushes in the rear of crime
On the fair Sodom of the fairest clime;
Blots out its pomp, its luxury, its pride,
And all engulfs in one funereal tide."

CHAPTER XVII.

HERCULANEUM. — PALACE AT PORTICI. — MURAT.

THE associate of Pompeii in celebrity as well as calamity, the town of Herculaneum, remains comparatively unknown. We are chiefly acquainted with it by the treasures that have been extracted from it; because, in consequence of its extending under Portici and Resina, it has only been burrowed into — not laid open; and the excavations have been successively closed up again after they had been explored. Consequently, our visit to it did not detain us very long on our return from Pompeii to Naples.

Nearly all that is now left for strangers to behold is the remains of the theatre, down to which there is a descent of steps to the depth of about eighty feet beneath the upper surface. What a singular contrast does its present situation offer to the original character and situation of the edifice! This gloomy, subterraneous hollow, resembles a mine, or rather a sepulchral catacomb, where is entombed the corse of a gigantic fabric, once dedicated to popular festivity and amusement, now engulfed in utter darkness and horror. As it can be seen only by torch-light, it can be viewed only piece-meal; nor is it possible to picture the *ensemble* to one's self very clearly. The imagination is most struck by its magnitude, from the impervious darkness that veils the remoter parts; and as our torches flickered upon the nearer objects, touching them into ghastliness, I could hardly help fancying that I was in the counterpart of Milton's *Pandæmonium* — in the council-hall of infernal spirits and rebellious angels. Nor was such idea dissipated by the sound as of

pent-up thunder sullenly rolling over our heads, which was occasioned by the rattling of carriages driving through the street just above us. In fact, it requires not only some patience, but some degree of nerve also, to investigate the remains of this theatre with perfect coolness of mind, and with a critical eye.

The stage is said to have been one hundred and ten feet in width; and numerous rich mosaics, columns, and other pieces of architectural ornament, that were discovered among the ruins, attest both its original magnificence and the enormous wealth, no less than the munificence of the Consul Balbus, who erected it at his own expense, besides another structure of the same kind at Rome, and a third at Gades, his native city. Still, its architectural splendour does not at all prepossess me in favour of the system adopted by the ancients for their theatres, or induce me to overlook the striking defects and imperfections I have alluded to, when speaking of that at Pompeii.

Although we might have afterwards reproached ourselves had we omitted descending to Herculaneum, we were by no means sorry when we began *ad superas evadere auras*, and emerge from that nether region into air and light. Not only is Herculaneum a mine, but one as yet very imperfectly wrought; for it is probable, that the treasures which have been brought away bear but a small proportion to those that still remain. Whether any further attempt will now be made to disinter them, is exceedingly doubtful; because to continue the operations upon an effective scale might be exceedingly hazardous, certainly a very arduous undertaking, unless the workmen could lay open the parts as they explored them. Ancient Romans might have accomplished it, but it is a task demanding more energy than is possessed by modern Neapolitans and a Neapolitan government. A few years ago, they began to excavate the houses beneath some gardens at no

great distance, and not deeper below the present surface than from twenty to thirty feet. Several of the houses appear to have had an upper story, and many fine mosaic floors and specimens of marble were discovered in them; yet, as habitations, they must have been inferior even to those at Pompeii, the average size of the rooms not exceeding nine feet square. There has also been discovered a street, supposed to have led down to the sea, not more than eight feet wide. Surely the inhabitants must have measured their rooms and streets, not by feet, but by inches. At all events, they could not have been a very corpulent race, otherwise, two persons would have made a "delightful squeeze" in one of their apartments. It is a sign that a recent French writer was never here; or else, instead of sneering at the diminutive size of our modern English apartments, he would have extolled them as Brobdingnagian, compared with the little cabins into which the inhabitants of this coast were wont to partition off their dwellings. Yet, perhaps, the worthy baron and ex-minister of marine*, might have considered it necessary for him, as a person of refined taste and sensibility, to be as much enraptured with the miniature rooms at Pompeii and Herculaneum, as he was scandalised by the contracted dimensions of ours.

The palace at Portici need not stand in the way of excavations at Herculaneum, since it has so little merit as a building that its removal need occasion no regret. All that it is remark-

* According to newspaper predictions, the Baron's book was to have made a *sensation*. Instead of which it was quite forgotten within three months; although it merits a better fate, if merely on account of the standard bits of absurdity it contains. There seems to be a sort of rot, or murrain, now-a-days, prevalent among works of "genius" and "piquant productions." Most of those who are *good naturedly* cried up as absolute *geniuses* and first-rate writers, at the beginning of a season, find themselves relapsing into literary nobodies at the conclusion of it.

able for is the extreme beauty of its situation, which is such as to deserve a finer piece of architecture; for it commands a fine prospect of the Bay of Naples, including that of the lofty and and beautifully-featured island of Capri. Neither is the interior more attractive since the collection of antiques has been removed to the Museo Borbonio, save for the apartments fitted up by Murat, during his brief reign over the Neapolitans. On their return, the exiled family either had the good sense not to be scandalised at the changes that had taken place, or else did not find it convenient to expunge these memorials of another's sway. Even many portraits of Murat and his family have been suffered to remain, both here and in other royal palaces. There is one large picture representing Murat and Napoleon in their state robes, with *Madame Mere*, Massena, and other personages. The apartments themselves are fitted up with great pomp and sumptuousness; yet, in some of them, the upholstery style predominates more than could be wished—satin draperies and hangings that require to be renewed from time to time. One would imagine that Pompeii and the Museum would have been attentively studied by the *decorators*. However, rich and elegant as it is, what we here behold ought perhaps to be considered as intended only to be temporary improvement, until something more finished could be provided.

On his return, Ferdinand was perfectly well satisfied with what had been done here during his absence; and it is said that while he was expressing his admiration of the *revolution* here manifested, one of his family observed to him that it was rather unfortunate they did not stay away longer, since they would then have had the benefit of more extensive improvements. How much more must the king have been surprised, when he learned what Murat had effected in regard to the excavations at Pompeii, and what useful employment had thus been provided

for the lowest classes of his subjects. It may be mentioned to the honour of Madame Murat, that she did not attempt to carry off any valuables, either from this or any of the other royal residences. Both she and her husband were popular among the Neapolitans, and they certainly effected no little good. In all probability, had Murat adopted the same course of policy as Bernadotte, and made his peace with the allies, he might have preserved for himself and his family the crown of Naples, of which he had not proved himself unworthy. Instead of this, he unwisely—at least so events proved—attacked Austria, and excited the Italians to assert their independence, at the very moment that power was about to acknowledge him, and support his pretensions to Naples. After being successively defeated at Ferrara and Macerata, and abandoned by the greater part of his men, he returned, but only to escape again in disguise to Ischia. He then reached France; but Napoleon refused to communicate with him, and he sought refuge in Corsica. Again he made an attempt to recover Naples, and excite a revolution in his favour, but without effect. It was too late—there was no enthusiasm in his behalf on the part of the people. He was seized, and sentenced to be shot; which sentence was put into execution on the 13th of October, 1815.—Such was the end of the dazzling career of Joachim the First.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCURSION TO PÆSTUM.—CAVA.—SALERNO.—BAY.—CATHEDRAL.—PAGAN ANTIQUITIES.—PROFANE SARCOPHAGI.—TOMB OF GREGORY VII.—JOHN OF PROCIDA.—A ROAD ADVENTURE.—PÆSTUM.—TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.—TEMPLE OF CERES.—REMARKS ON THE PÆSTUM STYLE.—MR. AND MRS. HUNT.

About half a century subsequent to the date of Herculaneum's being first discovered, and almost simultaneous with Stuart's researches in Greece, accident made known the existence of several extraordinary monuments of Greek architecture that had long been hidden from observation, owing both to the solitude of their situation, and the thickets which had grown up around them. It was for this spot, the ancient Posidonia or Pæstum, that we now set out.

Before arriving at Salerno, we passed through the romantic little town of Cava, situated, as its name indicates, in a hollow, and nearly enclosed by picturesque hills of various forms, clothed with gardens and orange groves, and with here and there a monastery, or some castle, placed on a "vantage coigne" of their shelving sides. The gush of natural cascades imparted an additional charm to this domain of cultivated and luxuriant sylvan beauty. Nor could we help remarking that Cava alone would have repaid us for our trip, should the rest of it offer nothing equally interesting. It was, however, its delightful locality that called forth our admiration, not the place itself, which consists, for the most part, of a single narrow street, where what most struck us was sundry recesses, somewhat like small chapels or shrines, containing pictures of the Virgin, with swords pointing

to her breast, and blood issuing from it. There were also other representations in the same horrible taste, setting forth the tortures endured by souls in Purgatory, by way of incentive to the zeal of good Catholics, who are doubtless bound to ransom them from their sufferings. It does not, however, say much for the charity of their priests, that, instead of spontaneously and gratuitously liberating such unhappy souls, they require to be paid for doing so; consequently, if the poor ghosts had no better friends than those ghostly fathers, Purgatory must continue to be their doom. This circumstance alone, methinks, might almost open the eyes of the most credulous; and convince them on what foundation the doctrine of Purgatory really rests. Scriptural support it certainly has none; and among other reasons, therefore, this may be one why the church of Rome discountenances the reading of the Scriptures among the laity. Studying the Sacred Writings can hardly fail to lead to heresy, according to the interpretation given to that term by the Roman clergy, who consider the interests of papacy paramount to those of Christianity. That such gross and unscriptural delusions as that relative to Purgatory should have ever prevailed, may move our pity; that they should now be tolerated, can excite only our indignant scorn.

Continuing along a road winding through the vale, a turning brought us within view of the sea, and we soon beheld the Bay of Salerno which, if not equal to that of Naples in reputation, is certainly not inferior to it in the charms which nature has lavished on it. Save that Vesuvius is wanting, this romantic gulf does not at all yield to the other in the fascinating assemblage of its features, and in the fine combination of sea and land. Its mountainous shores partake even more largely of the picturesque, and exhibit themselves more prominently; while the ancient Roman fortress, throned on a steep eminence behind the city,

serves to complete the romantic character of the whole scene. Like Naples, Salerno stretches along its bay; but is guarded, not menaced, by the mountains which fence it in: as a town, however, it is but a miniature compared with that capital. The days of its prosperity departed long ago; its pride passed away with the Normans; the celebrity of its medical school, the admiration of Europe in the eleventh century, is extinct—its fame dwindled to a mere memorial. The once oracular precepts of the Schola Salernitana were drawn up in Latin rhymes, for the use of Robert, the son of the English conqueror; and snatches of them are yet to be met with in quotations.]

The cathedral is now the chief object of attraction within the town for strangers. This edifice is said to have been first erected in the seventh century; but having suffered greatly during the attacks of the Saracens upon Salerno, was restored in a more magnificent style, by Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh. In front of it is a spacious quadrangular cortile, surrounded by a portico or cloister of thirty-one arches, resting upon granite and marble columns of different kinds. Within this cloister are several sarcophagi, which, it is asserted, were brought hither from Pæstum, although their style contradicts such a supposition; for it seems to be Roman—at all events, is very unlike that of the architecture at Pæstum. That they are pagan, admits of no doubt; consequently, it is to be hoped, they were duly exorcised and lustrated before admitted into these precincts—into the pale of the Catholic church. How religionists, who are so bigotted, intolerant, and uncompromising in all other matters, can reconcile it to their consciences, or to consistency, to admit, as they frequently do, so much of the profane into their sacred places, is a point which their casuistry must explain. Can it be that even the most rigid orthodoxy is not proof against affection for art? Singular weakness in a church so hostile against all

all other heresy! In the suburb of Mergellina, at Naples, is a church, where two heathen statues of Apollo and Minerva are exposed for the edification of the devout, under the names of David and Judith; and I believe that the Neapolitans would reverence not only those arch-pagans, but even the arch-heretic Luther himself, were he provided with a similar passport. The sculptures on some of these sarcophagi are certainly not particularly suitable to the place where they are now deposited. Bacchanalian festivities, Bacchus and Ariadne, the Rape of Proserpine, appear, according to heretical Protestant notions, indecorous, albeit they may not be unorthodox, or any scandal in the eyes of staunch Romanists; — and it must be confessed that neither Bacchus nor Ariadne ever called in question the infallibility of the Pope, or the doctrines of the Vatican. Bacchus was never a reformer, religious or political. Over the entrance into the cathedral is a mosaic of the Evangelist St. Matthew, to whom the building is dedicated, and whose body is said to have been removed hither from Pæstum, by Robert Guiscard, in 1054. Within, there are several mosaics in the pavements; and these also were brought from Pæstum. If such be really the case, Pæstum must have been stored with specimens of almost every style of art; for these mosaics are of Byzantine, not of antique workmanship. There are many rich-capitaled columns, splendid pulpits, and other curious objects in this church; but perhaps its greatest boast is, that it contains the tomb of the truly orthodox Hildebrand, Pope Gregory the Seventh, the craftiest of all the politicians that have been seated in the chair of St. Peter. To him belongs the merit of having vigorously asserted, not only the spiritual, but also the temporal supremacy and jurisdiction of Rome; a right which the succeeding "Vicars of Christ" did not suffer to lie dormant, it being so admirable an illustration of the text — *My kingdom is not of this world.*

Not far from this monument, lies the body of John of Procida, a noble of Salerno, well known in history as the planner and executor of the "Sicilian Vespers," in 1282, which fatal tragedy expelled Charles of Anjou, and his family, from the kingdom of Sicily. Many other particulars of note might be mentioned, but I shall confine myself to one curiosity which I passed over when speaking of the quadrangle before the church; namely, the colossal basin of granite that stands in the centre of it. It is fifteen feet in diameter; its weight, therefore, must be enormous; nevertheless, if there be any veracity in legends, it was brought hither by a single porter. It must be confessed that he was no ordinary one — the only wonder is, that he should have condescended to undertake so trumpery a task — he being no less a personage than the Devil! Here would seem to be quite enough of the marvellous without further addition; yet the story would lose half its authority and interest, were we not also informed that it was no other than Abelard who compelled Satan to perform this job for him. They who believe this will undoubtedly have the candour to believe also that Abelard must have been a paragon of disinterestedness for making a drudge of the devil with so little profit to himself.

The next morning beheld us on our way to Pæstum, which is at the opposite or southern extremity of the Gulf of Salerno. Beyond Eboli, we entered upon a bleak level tract, the image of dreariness, especially when contrasted with the loveliness we had so shortly before admired at Cava and in its vicinity. Not only is it as desolate, but nearly as insalubrious also as the Pontine marshes. The people we met were not at all more prepossessing in appearance than the country itself; not that they were at all unpicturesque figures, quite the contrary, but they had somewhat too *Salvatorish* a look to take our fancy just then, because, although it may be pleasant to contemplate banditti in

pictures, it is a very different thing when one comes to encounter them face to face. A man must be desperately in love with adventure, if he has any relish for such *tête-à-têtes.* Whether their looks or our suspicions did them more injustice, I will not pretend to decide: probably the fitness of the scene for such a purpose might cause our imaginations to transform them into very proper actors for the parts of banditti. As it was, we had only the promise of an adventure — what might have turned out to be one, had it not turned out more conformably to our wishes. Had mischief ensued, it would have been because we ran into it, popping in where we had no business.

On reaching the Sele, a river about forty yards broad, we found that the bridge had broken down, and that the narrow wooden one erected *ad interim* did not appear very substantial; we therefore got out and walked across, leaving our vehicle to follow. Observing a solitary house, at the other end of the bridge, we thought that, as we were on foot, for the purpose of lightening our carriage, we might as well step in and ask permission to light our cigars. What struck us most when we first entered, was the filthiness and gloominess of the place; but when we discerned its inmates, we were, if possible, less satisfied with them than with their dwelling. They consisted of eight fellows, whose visages and apparel warranted the suspicion that they belonged to the cut-throat and cut-purse profession; — a half-naked female, who seemed a fitting associate for them, and three growling mastiffs. To add to our dismay, we perceived several muskets, so placed that they could have been snatched up instantaneously. The looks with which they eyed us, and the whispers they interchanged with each other, tended rather to confirm than dispel our apprehensions; we therefore thought it most prudent to make good our retreat without further parley; so, muttering something about mistake

and intrusion, we bolted out again *prestissimo*, leaving them to proceed with the repast we regretted we had interrupted, and to make whatever comments they pleased both on our unbidden appearance and abrupt exit.

We entered our vehicle with all imaginable celerity, yet even then did not feel in perfect security, not knowing but that some of the gentry might pursue us, especially as all was a perfect solitude as far as the eye could reach; and, although we were almost in the neighbourhood of Pæstum, we did not at all better relish the idea of pillage or assassination for reflecting that such deed might be performed upon classic ground. Fortunately, the appearance of the temples in the distance reassured us; and, by the time we had approached sufficiently near to distinguish them, the impression they made upon us quickly effaced others of a more disagreeable nature.

The largest of the three structures, namely, that which goes by the name of the Temple of Neptune, is still tolerably entire, and even the other two more perfect than most other antiquities of so early a period; which is not greatly to be wondered at, their construction being so massive, that to destroy them would be almost an Herculean achievement. The first-mentioned one is hexastyle (or has six columns in each front), and has fourteen columns on each flank. As regards mere height, the columns are by no means remarkable, since they are barely thirty feet: but then they are seven feet in diameter, and support so exceedingly massive and ponderous an entablature, that the whole order is increased to forty-two feet, exclusive of the three deep gradini, constituting a substructure, or solid terrace, on which the whole is raised. The columns are exceedingly thick-set, the spaces between them being scarcely equal to their diameter; but their upper diameter being only two

thirds of the lower one, occasions a great difference as regards the relation of solid to void there; and also a very striking inclination in the sides of the columns, their shafts being of such exceedingly low proportions. All these circumstances combined produce a most extraordinary effect, such as the mere statement of dimensions goes no way in accounting for. Of the walls of the *cella* little now remains; yet, perhaps, the picturesque appearance of the edifice has been favoured in some degree by this dilapidation, since the two interior ranges of columns, which divided it into three aisles, are now exposed to view. These latter are much smaller than the external columns, there being a series of smaller pillars above them, forming an upper gallery over each aisle, or, I may say, internal colonnade; for as this temple was of the class denominated *hypæthral*, or exposed to the sky, the interior was, after all, no more than an inclosed court — and by no means a very spacious one — with porticos along its sides. Without discussing the very questionable propriety of a building that exhibits a roof, being, in fact, uncovered in its principal part, it is certain that the same space, which would appear ample if ceiled in, looks quite the contrary when open above. What would be a large hall, makes but a confined court.

The other hexastyle building, called the Temple of Ceres, differs from the preceding chiefly in dimensions, the columns not exceeding twenty feet in height; for the circumstance of its having had one column less on each of its sides, was rather a distinction than any real difference. The remains of the third building (near the Temple of Neptune) has puzzled the antiquaries not a little, owing to its having an unequal number of columns in front; viz., nine in that situation, and eighteen along each of its sides. If, however, as is most probable, there

were no pediments, the ends of the building would become merely the shorter sides, instead of the principal ones, or fronts; consequently, the number of columns is in such case perfectly unimportant. Of as little moment is it to enquire whether this building, now passing under the name of the Basilica, really deserves that appellation. All the information it now supplies is confined to the example it gives us of the Doric order, whose columns, both here and in the Temple of Ceres, are remarkable for the peculiarity in the neckings of their capitals, it being a kind of scotia, or hollow, carved with small round-edged leaves. This, I suppose, must not be called a freak, although it can hardly be reckoned a beauty, because it disturbs the character of the rest, and we feel that somewhat of a kindred tone should be extended to other parts of the detail.

That Italy itself should contain some of the severest specimens of the Doric order, — specimens so totally unlike any thing the Italians themselves have produced under that name, — is singular enough; nor is it less singular that they should have been able to perceive in their metamorphosed — not to say spurious — order, all the qualities and merits of the other; a proof, by the by, that it is not difficult to discover excellence, when we assure ourselves before hand that it is to be found. In the buildings at Pæstum, we behold not so much the classical as an *heroic* style of architecture — solemn, grandiose, sublime — something, of which neither description nor the pencil can convey an equivalent idea. Ornament there is none; elegance is quite out of the question; of beauty there is hardly more: but they are stamped with an awful energy that seizes upon the mind. Rearing aloft their shattered forms amidst silence and solitude, they are, perhaps, or without a perhaps, far more impressive as ruins than they would be as perfect structures. By

laying them bare, time has only rendered more prominently visible the Herculean compactures of their frame. It has subdued their giant forms into poesy, and has blended with their sternness a softening touch of sentiment and melancholy. *Au reste*, the Pæstum style is no more a model for us than are the pyramids of Egypt. Unless preserved in all its integrity, without the slightest intermixture of any thing foreign to it, or, at all events, of any thing not sufficiently accommodated to it, it would become quite preposterous.* It affords nothing transferable, nor can it be made to assimilate with the other stock materials of architectural design. Besides which, it must be allowed to be most intractable and unmanageable; capable, indeed, of producing most striking effect, yet an effect invariably the same; excluding fancy, admitting no diversity of expression. It exhausts itself at once, and a single edifice of the kind represents an entire class. All is repetition: precisely the same tone, the same character, again and again.

Among a heap of fragments, lying between the temple of Neptune and that of Ceres, some Corinthian capitals of a very singular character have been discovered, having human heads, or masks, about the size of life, above their foliage. Two of them are to be seen at the entrance of Signor Bellelli's house; and columns with similar capitals, no doubt brought from the same spot, support some pointed arches in the stables of the archbishop's palace at Salerno. What adds to the singularity

* A man in his senses would as soon think of putting himself into a Roman toga, as dressing up his house in a livery of Pæstum columns; yet tricks of the latter class have been played. I have heard of a villa being erected where the diameter of the columns was greater than the width of the windows between them. — Sash windows and Pæstum! — there is not a more nauseous mixture in the whole *materia medica*.

is, that the building they originally belonged to must have exhibited what now appears a very capricious mixture of two orders; the pieces of the entablature found among the same ruins being evidently Doric, with triglyphs and sculptured metopes.

As soon as our curiosity had been gratified with viewing the singular remains of ancient art at Pæstum, we were obliged to attend to the demands of that importunate "master of arts" commemorated by Persius. We found that stomachs need some repair before they fall into ruins; and, therefore, consulting the monitions of ours, we began to look about for some place where they would meet with more substantial entertainment than they could possibly find among temples and columns. Accordingly, we repaired to a small house, where we were shown into a room, that we learned was the one in which poor Hunt breathed his last. This tragical event took place in 1824, when both he and his wife were assassinated by a party of desperadoes, in broad daylight, while returning from Pæstum. The fate of this young couple made a great sensation at Naples, and so roused all the English residents there, that they were determined to discover the murderers, and make a public example of them. A rigorous search was forthwith set on foot; but it was some time before any clue whatever could be obtained as to the perpetrators of the inhuman deed. At length, a female who had a ring belonging to Mrs. Hunt on her finger, was taken up, and this led to the detection of the rest of the gang; three of whom were beheaded at Salerno, and the others condemned to slavery for life.*

* A handsome service of plate was afterwards presented to Signor Bellelli, the principal proprietor of land near Pæstum, for his humane attentions to Mrs. Hunt. On one of the pieces was the following inscription: —

This too well accredited and too true history, added to our fresh recollection of the party we had intruded upon in our way hither, did not set us perfectly at ease; we therefore considered it adviseable to accelerate our motions as speedily as possible; and we afterwards learned that our apprehensions were far from being groundless, for, when it was nearly dusk, our carriage was stopped by a mounted dragoon, who said that there were banditti on the road before us. We now

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Al Signor Don Francesco Saverio Bellelli,
il Ministro di sua Maestà Britannica,
gli Uffiziali del Vascello Ammiraglio Inglese
Revenge,
ed altri Signori Inglesi Residenti in Napoli,
nel Dicembre, 1824.

per la sua condotta
benigna, cortese, pia,
verso gl' infelici loro compatriotti
nell' infausto evento
(d'amara ed orribile rimembranza)
accaduto a Pesto nel 3 Dicembre, 1824—
l'assasinio del Signore, e della Signora Hunt,
in segno di stima, e di riconoscenza.

The Minister of his Britannic Majesty,
the Officers of the British Admiral's Ship
Revenge,
and other English Residents in Naples,
in December, 1824,
to Signor Francesco Saverio Bellelli.

In token of their esteem and acknowledgment
for his benign, courteous, and pious conduct
towards their unfortunate Countrymen,
in the awful event (bitter and horrible in its
remembrance) which happened at Pæstum on
the 3d December, 1824—
The assassination of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt.

began to be seriously alarmed, especially as it would soon be quite dark.

We were in momentary expectation of being stopped, and every crack of the driver's whip caused us to start; nor did our fears entirely subside till we found that we had again reached Salerno. Truly thankful did we then feel — infinitely more so than we should have done had our trip passed off without any *désagrémens* whatever: for such is the constitution of the human mind, that it seldom appreciates actual blessings unless apprised of their value by the interposition of some impending peril.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIP TO SICILY. — STROMBOLI AND LIPARI ISLANDS. — MESSINA. — A VOLUNTEER ESCORT OF MENDICANTS. — GENERAL REMARKS ON THE CITY. — RELIGIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS. — THE VIRGIN MARY'S LETTER. — PREVALENCE OF IGNORANCE AND ILLITERATENESS. — SICILIAN WOMEN. — SICILIAN AND ITALIAN MORALS. — DANGER TO ENGLISHMEN FROM ADOPTING FOREIGN HABITS AND FEELINGS. — FOREIGN EDUCATION DEPRECATED. — WANT OF AN ENGLISH CHURCH AT MESSINA. — EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF THE KING OF NAPLES. — ENVIRONS OF MESSINA, AND THE FATA MORGANA.

Sicily did not enter into the original plan of our route; nevertheless, so favourable an opportunity for making an excursion to that island presented itself, that we yielded to the temptation, and accordingly joined the passengers in a steam-vessel bound for that island, and thence to Malta. In all there were about a hundred; and among them several Russians and Poles of distinction, besides natives of various other countries. We were, therefore, more closely pent up than was agreeable; and the discordant Babel of tongues around us was somewhat annoying. However, the fineness of the weather was in our favour, and left nothing to be desired by the eye, which was abundantly gratified by the delightful shore scenery we coasted along.

Capri, so infamous in history as the foul haunt of that imperial brute, Tiberius; so noble in itself, — a precipitous mountain, shooting up amidst the waters, exhibited all its majesty as we sailed close by it. Nothing can be well imagined finer than the outline of this huge sea-girt rock, which is said to be favoured with so salubrious a climate, that its inhabitants are

never visited by disease; and, if such really is the case, it must have been an eyesore to the medical professors of Salerno. After crossing the gulf named after the last-mentioned place, we steered in the direction of Stromboli; and at about midnight, the flame issuing from the volcano on its summit began to display itself. Its splendour gradually increased, till it resembled a vast pharos; and, as we passed close to it, we could discern the fire issuing from two cones, together with showers of red-hot stones, although not so terrific as those we had witnessed at Vesuvius: yet the noise was hardly less, for it resembled the discharge of heavy artillery. The ascent to the summit of this volcano is infinitely more difficult than that of the one near Naples, owing to its abrupt acclivity, and the sandiness of the soil. A finer night for the enjoyment of this noble spectacle could not be desired: the firmament was spangled with stars of most lustrous brilliancy; and, as if in emulation of the splendour above, the sea kept shooting forth sparks of fire, and at times its surface seemed quite luminous for a long extent. What increased in no small degree the singularity of the scene, was the number of fantastically shaped rocks scattered around.

We afterwards passed the Lipari Islands at daybreak, and espied Etna towering above mountains that, were it not for the vicinity to such a chief, would themselves be conspicuous for their magnitude and elevation. On entering the straits of Messina, we beheld the Scylla so renowned in fable, but which offered nothing whatever striking in comparison with the other objects we had so lately viewed: in fact, one is almost sure of being disappointed on visiting places or things of extraordinary poetic celebrity. On such occasions, we look for what is not to be found, the embellishments with which the "glamour might" of fancy has invested what has little of the extraordinary in

itself. For the same reason, our astonishment at the twin wonder Charybdis was not particularly complimentary, since we were chiefly surprised at finding how greatly fiction had exaggerated its marvellousness. It is merely a strong eddy of waters, running for a certain time in one direction, then varying to another; a singular natural phenomenon, no doubt, yet not particularly formidable or terrific, except to such little "cockle-boat" vessels as those which composed an ancient fleet. Passing the village of Paradi, and the convent of St. Nicholas, we at length anchored in the harbour of Messina, after a voyage of just four-and-twenty hours.

Here we were obliged to go through such another penitential ceremony as that we had endured on landing at Naples. Our vessel was besieged, boarded, and carried by assault, by a host of boatmen, waiters, *domestiques de place*, &c., who insisted upon accommodating us; nor would they be said nay to. If ever poor creatures were endangered of being smothered with kindness, we were exposed to that peril from the importunate and overwhelming hospitality of these worthy Messinese. So stoutly did they contend among each other for the honour of serving us,—worthy, disinterested people!—that I began to think it must be the effect of some secret, yet powerful spell which invested us. As he was getting into a boat, one poor gentleman lost the tail of his coat, that had been grasped by a fellow who considered him his lawful property, and was resolved not to relinquish his hold on him. To say the truth, the natives were far more affectionate than ceremonious: they treated our persons with nearly as much freedom as they did our luggage; and our luggage they seized upon with just as much freedom as if it had been their own. Having at last gone through this purgatory, we discovered, to our great awe, that we had yet to make our way through another; viz., through a dense

crowd of porters and beggars, who had been waiting to receive us on shore. The second act of uproar and contention now began! nor was it till after some time had elapsed that we could proceed. Even then, however, we were not suffered to escape the fuss of a public entry into the city; for a numerous retinue of mendicants accompanied us to the very door of the hotel; a ceremony we would most willingly have dispensed with, feeling very sensibly that such high popular favour is exceedingly troublesome. We literally took refuge in the hotel, and were congratulating ourselves on having passed through all our ordeals for the present, when, lo! another was lurking for us in ambush. The hotel itself was in the upper part of the house; and, having ascended to it, we found the entrance blocked by an army of reserve — a fresh corps of mendicants, through whom we were obliged to push our way *vi et armis* — at least, *vi et elbows*; nor was it without much ado that we prevented them following us into the apartments.

Talk of British liberty after this! — it is a mere farce compared with that enjoyed in a country where the very beggars have the privilege of boarding strangers in the only place they can call their own. A hearty welcome in a foreign land is, doubtless, a pleasing thing; that is, if kept within certain bounds; for the welcome that threatens to tear you to pieces as soon as you get on shore, is a positive annoyance.

The specimen we had just experienced of them certainly did not tend to put us in the very best temper with the Messinese: in fact, we had been so roughly shaken about, it was no wonder that what of the milk of human kindness we possessed turned a little sourish on the occasion. If, therefore, they value the good report of their visitors, the citizens would do well, in future, to relieve them from such public and overpowering demonstrations of welcome to their shores. I, for one, will take

my revenge of them by saying nothing of the antiquity of their city, which is at least old enough to have learned better manners by this time. All that I shall remark with reference to that point is, that it was originally built higher up than it stands at present; so that it may, in that respect, be said to have literally sunk down; and I am sure that, figuratively speaking, it sank quite as much in our estimation.

Notwithstanding that it is now insignificant as a port, compared with what it was when Sicily was the granary of ancient Rome and Italy, the harbour of Messina is an exceedingly fine one, and the water of sufficient depth to admit vessels coming close to shore. From this side, the city makes a stately appearance, owing to the continued ranges of buildings facing the sea, along which is a promenade for carriages. This latter again is a remarkably agreeable spot, since it commands a full view of the harbour, and of the lofty Calabrian hills that skirt the opposite shores across the straits. Parallel with this marino, or quay, runs the principal street within the city, for the extent of about a mile. This is called Ferdinando, and has many excellently built houses; yet here, as well as in other parts of the town, a strange custom prevails, that gives the place a most *washer-womanly* appearance: I allude to the practice of hanging out linen to dry upon lines stretched across the streets. When any wind is stirring, the fluttering and flapping of this array of ensigns becomes more annoying than ever — provokingly grotesque, and as anti-romantic withal as can well be conceived. There is always something bleak and chilling in the appearance of linen hung out to dry; and this wholesale and constant display of it is intolerable: it gives an air of indescribable meanness to Messina, and compels one to fancy that its inhabitants are, if not always in hot water, continually in the bustle of a "great wash." With all these signs and ensigns of cleanliness,

the people themselves are not over clean, nor do many of them seem to waste much soap on their own persons. I am not so unreasonable, however, as seriously to quarrel with the Messinese on the score of a mere matter of taste; particularly as we did not remain long enough to be annoyed by it any great while; I therefore leave them to hang up their shirts dangling across the streets in peace; and if they choose to proceed a step further, and hang up themselves dangling in the same fashion, I will not remonstrate on the impropriety of it.

This city must be allowed to take precedence of most others in the map of Catholicism. It abounds with churches and convents; with monks and nuns; and it can also boast of various religious exhibitions of a class that have now disappeared almost every where else. The extravagance of some of their performances is hardly credible; they being so absurdly profane, that a sensible heathen would blush at witnessing such stupidity. Among others, there is an annual performance, in which the biblical history is dramatised, and rendered about as edifying as the tragedy of "Tom Thumb." Probably a good many of the linen lines are put in requisition on such occasions; for children, with wings fastened to their shoulders, are suspended from the ceilings of churches, where they flutter about, not in the most angelic manner imaginable. Besides these, there are others who sustain the parts of evil spirits and angels of darkness; and these latter, it may reasonably be supposed, are the better paid of the two, or they would not care to show themselves in such unprepossessing characters. On Good Friday, again, a procession takes place, when an effigy of Christ is borne along through the streets, followed by the Virgin,—at least, by a living representative of her—and formally entombed; and on the following Sunday, the resurrection is performed in the same style! Where religion is thus made an affair of diversion, it is no wonder that

it is in such credit with the populace, since it requires from them little more than a taste for raree-show.

By way of giving some further notion of the pitch to which the faith of the people here proceeds, I may be allowed to mention an epistle said to have been addressed to the Messinese by the Virgin Mary, on the day of her assumption, and despatched to them in a vessel from Joppa. This epistle, which is, by the by, a mere complimentary note, does no more than assure the Messinese of the Virgin's particular regard for them, and her desire to be considered the lady patroness of their city! Surely, the monks, who passed off this pious hoax upon their countrymen, might at least have seasoned the composition with a little good advice; for it would not have been at all superfluous. This devout people might very properly have been exhorted to mingle a little morality with their devotion; for at present they seem to be of opinion that pilfering, pocket-picking, and thieving are not at all inconsistent with their pretensions to piety. It might also have been hinted, that religion does not positively interdict the study of the Scriptures: instead of which, the Bible is here a prohibited book. — Neither will I say that it deserves to be exempted from such interdict, because it does not merit much favour from Catholicism, since its doctrines tend more to invalidate than to countenance the doctrines of the Romish church. If the latter be infallible, the Scriptures abound in strange heresies: in fact, they are so irreconcileably adverse, that whichsoever of them be right, the other must be wrong. Such, indeed, is the horror here entertained of heresy, either in religion or politics, that no works are suffered to be read, unless previously scrutinised and approved by the priests. On the score of mere immorality they are not over and above scrupulous; but the slightest opinion prejudicial to the church renders a book contraband, and sentences it to the flames.

The priests and monks have, if not a very praiseworthy, a most natural and instinctive aversion to aught like the dissemination of instruction among the mass of the people, whom, not without reason, they regard as the stronghold of superstition: and, in point of information, nearly all the Sicilians may be classed as belonging to the populace. There may be a few individuals as enlightened as in any other part of Europe; yet they are mere exceptions, and either totally without influence, or, what amounts to the same thing, prevented from exerting it beneficially for the great body of their countrymen. Of the gross ignorance prevalent, even among those who might be supposed to have received some little tincture of instruction, we heard some curious anecdotes. Most "blissfully ignorant" do they appear to be of what is going on in other countries, and to be no better acquainted with the state of Great Britain than with the state of the North Pole; and as to the latter, it may be questioned whether they ever heard of it at all. As a specimen of the extent of illiterateness and ignorance here, I venture to relate the following circumstance, which, although I have not the slightest reason myself to doubt its correctness, considering from whom the information comes, may somewhat stagger the reader's belief:—A magistrate of some rank being upon duty at the office of health, a paper was handed to him for his examination, which he unfortunately took, and held upside down. A subaltern in the office called his worship's attention to the error he was committing; when, instead of rectifying his blunder, or seeming at all ashamed of it, he exclaimed, "*Bestia!* what should you know about it? If I choose to read papers upside down, that is no business of yours."

Another time, when a malignant fever had broken out, and became a subject of investigation before the medical board and

magistrates of health, one of the latter, a baron by rank, maintained that straw could not be a vehicle of contagion, because the smoke of burnt straw was used for purposes of fumigation and prevention of infection. In consequence of this sapient decision, packages wrapped round with straw have been allowed to be landed without undergoing quarantine!

Lotteries fare much better here than literature does. There are some where a ticket may be purchased as low as the value of an English halfpenny, and a drawing takes place every week; when the prizes are communicated by telegraph to all parts of the island. The shops where the tickets are sold are generally crowded with candidates for luck; yet it is the government, after all, which reaps the greatest benefit; for it contrives to secure to itself a handsome revenue out of this seemingly paltry and insignificant traffic. As to the folly of lotteries, it may be questioned whether there is much more harm in throwing away a halfpenny so, than in spending three or four at a gin-shop, especially if, as often proves the case, the gin-shop is resorted to twice, thrice, or four times a day.*

* The prevalence of dram-drinking among the lower classes of the town population in England, and the pitch to which it is carried, especially in manufacturing places, are calculated to excite most painful reflections. It is no wonder that poverty, wretchedness, and vice abound, in their most hideous forms, among those who abandon themselves to so execrable a habit — destructive both of corporal and mental sanity—subversive of all moral habits,— extinguishing natural feeling and affection—and plunging its victims in irremediable poverty. A frightful, but, unhappily, too faithful picture of its consequences has been given by Gaskell in his book on the manufacturing population of England. It is impossible to read it without shuddering at the sum total of misery created by this infatuation. The pecuniary amount of this self-imposed tax may be computed — and even that would be staggering, but no arithmetic can calculate the amount of misery, suffering, depravity, and crime arising from what may be regarded as a destructive and loathsome cancer in the frame of society. Little is it to be wondered at that our modern gin-shops can afford to be so splendid, when they swallow up the

I have not yet spoken of the female part of the population of Messina; nor can I now say any thing particularly complimentary of them. Abuse our own climate as we may it is certainly far more favourable to beauty than that of Sicily; where the women begin to fade away by the time they reach the not very mature age of twenty. After that they become wrinkled; and at thirty some of them are perfect hags. Consequently, if the duration of female life is to be computed by the duration of female charms, English women live at least twice as long as Sicilian ones. I must confess, too, that the latter did not look at all the more agreeable in my eyes for submitting their heads so frequently to each other's examination in the public street. The populousness of these fair creatures' tresses might alarm even an anti-Malthusian. If it be the effect of climate, we have additional reason to bless our own: yet, let the cause be what it may, I cannot help thinking, as I remarked on a former occasion, that such "delicate investigations" might be carried on far more decently in private.

Excess of delicacy, however, is not the foible of the Sicilians: their notions of decorum are not particularly nice. Men are employed in all those duties elsewhere assigned to the other sex; if, therefore, an English woman should not have a female attendant of her own, she must, at an hotel, be content to endure a male domestic in all the indispensable services of the bed-room,

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earnings and substance of so many pauperised families. It has been stated in a periodical work, that, in several recent instances, the fitting up of the bar alone in such places has cost 2000*l.*! Rich carved work, and costly material and ornament, have been employed to decorate those rendezvous of brutal sensuality. Why do not their classical proprietors inscribe above their *ever yawning* portals the appropriate motto —

"Voi chi entrate, lasciate ogni speranza."
All ye who enter here abandon hope.

either to be waited upon by a "lord of the bedchamber," or dispense with assistance altogether. Putting prudery out of the question, such a practice is quite at variance with our confined insular notions of propriety: hardly can it be other than distressing to a woman who regards the appearances of decency, as well as the essentials of it. For this reason it may be that some of our travelled ladies take a plunge at once; and, in order to spare themselves the pain of having their feelings continually tormented, resign themselves to freedoms that are sometimes apt to adhere to them after their return home. A traveller, to whom I have before alluded, is pretty strong upon this point — as many may think most uncharitably so, when speaking of the contamination to which English females are exposed during a sojourn in Italy. Should they mix at all in society, they are constantly exposed to the vitiating influence of a degree of indecorum, nay, downright grossness, in the behaviour and conversation of their own sex, that is absolutely inconceivable to those who have always been accustomed to the decencies observed in English families and English society. "A married woman," he observes, "will, to a mere acquaintance, and in a public room, speak freely on subjects that are with us a mystery between man and wife. Female delicacies, which no English husband ever heard mentioned, — which I believe to be unspoken between one woman and another; even more, which I should guess no woman, however abandoned, would utter to a licentious lover, — are declared in current talk by unmarried ladies in Italy of the best respectability!!"

Hardly can such impurity of discourse be compatible with purity of mind or innocence of conduct: let us be as charitably disposed as we may, it is impossible to help suspecting that where such license is allowed in public, little reserve is prac-

tised in private. Hamlet says, if his authority be any recommendation in this liberal age, —

" Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

And, although the hypocrisy of decency does not constitute moral purity, it must be allowed to be preferable to the non-hypocrisy of shameless grossness. It must be owned that the writer whom I have just quoted may very well be thought to have exaggerated; yet, were I to continue the extract, and the burst of eloquent indignation that concludes his remarks upon the subject, the former passage would appear quite trifling in comparison. Most forcibly does he deplore, and most impressively does he deprecate, that system of expatriation which transplants so many families, not only from the soil of this country, but from English habits and English feelings, to a residence, a domestication in Italy; — to an atmosphere of cicisbeism and gallantry. Unless they keep themselves quite secluded, and draw a *cordon sanitaire* around their own domestic circle, their children, the females more especially, must be liable to have their morals blighted at a period of life most susceptible of contagion. Can any advantages be allowed to outweigh such risk and peril? English parents will, I hope, reply no. Should they not do so now, it is not likely they will become averse to the system of foreign domestication, in proportion as the example spreads.

Since I am thus digressing from the mere narrative of my journey, I will take the opportunity of introducing here what I passed over in the earlier part of my volume, to which it more properly belongs. It behoves those who consider cheapness of education on the continent, and the acquisition of a correct French pronunciation, as sufficient inducements either to remove with, or send their children thither, to weigh well beforehand all the objections that may be thrown into the opposite

scale. No doubt a correct Parisian accent is utterly indispensable for an English gentleman or lady, although our Gallican neighbours do not return the compliment in kind; for so far from troubling themselves about acquiring a decent English pronunciation, they do not even condescend to print any English words or names without completely mystifying them;—no doubt, I say, a correct accent is a *sine quâ non*, an accomplishment that no one, save a downright John Bull, would forego: and it had need be valuable, for it is sometimes paid for at a most dear rate. Those, indeed, who consider that *agrémens* are a full equivalent for principles, may be of opinion that no sacrifice of the latter can be too great for the acquisition of the former. Yet some there are who still retain certain unbecoming prejudices, and who are not quite prepared to surrender up the religious principles of their offspring for the mere chance of their obtaining a few flashy accomplishments. It is to such I address myself, and would warn them to deliberate well before they place their daughters in convents or in Catholic seminaries in France. Instances there have been many, and others may occur, where the daughters of English Protestant families have been treacherously prevailed upon to embrace Catholicism. A case of the kind occurred not very long ago at Boulogne, where an English gentleman had deeply to regret the improvident economy that had induced him to place his four daughters in a convent there for their education. Indeed, it seems the height of folly, in any one who wishes his children to remain Protestants, to place them in a religious house among persons who must consider it a most meritorious duty to convert heretics to their own creed. Proselytism to Catholicism may, indeed, be comparatively rare; still there is risk; and there is also another risk incurred, which is, that, although young persons so educated may not become Catholics, they may, nevertheless, cease to be Protestants, im-

bibing the latitudinarian principles of French society in general, and laying down one religion without taking up any other.

Lengthy as this digression has been — perhaps, unpalatable to some, I must yet make another remark, connected with the point whence it first started. The vitiated manners of Italian females, and the consequent vitiation of the whole constitution of Italian society, may be, in a great degree, ascribed to the position of the sex in that country, where, instead of being treated or educated as rational beings, they are either worshipped as idols, or degraded into the opposite extreme. A goddess may be all very well in her proper sphere; a mistress, in the opinion of some, far better still; but, in the mother of his children, man requires a companion and a partner — not a being whom he fantastically deifies, much less one whom he is compelled to despise. Unhappy indeed is that country where woman is not esteemable, except tricked out in the guise of a poetical divinity, and where her domestic character is not such as to conciliate pure attachment and respect. Such, unfortunately, is Italy: my prayer is, may England never resemble it at all in this respect.*

* I cannot forbear here quoting a passage from Webb, that, in my opinion, does him honour, and deserves to be thoughtfully weighed by those to whom it applies. "It behoves us to hold fast our national institutions, which are our national distinctions, and to keep clear from the mire of our continental neighbours. It were well that we should refuse to educate among them our children; thereby hot-bedding them into Frenchmen and Italians, to whom British institutions must be as distasteful as its climate sky of painful inclemency. I speak not of special exceptions; but, generally, those English who barter their high privileges for the sensualities to which the continent invites, disentitle themselves to their birthright, and, beyond that, wage, as far as their puny means can, a civil war against their country." A few lines after, he speaks of Italy as a country "whose curse it has been to have *organised into imposture and fraud the truths of the Gospel*, and to have wrought out the restoration of pagan blindness in forgery and mockery at once of a religion whose purity were proof in itself that its origin is superhuman."— *Webb's "Minutes of Remarks,"* &c. vol. i. pp. 216. 218.

Among the other objections to a lengthened residence in Italy, at least in most parts of it, is the utter want of places of Protestant worship. Even at Messina, where there are several English families, there is no provision of the kind made — no Protestant clergyman, although there is a burying ground for such of our countrymen as die here. Hence those who do not read prayers and the Church of England service in their household, either discontinue religious worship altogether, or attend a Catholic church. In many, I know from good authority, this is a matter of deep and serious regret; nor is it necessary to observe how much more acutely the privation is felt by those who thus find themselves debarred from all spiritual consolation of a minister of religion in seasons of heavy affliction, or when they perceive death approaching. There would be no one even to perform the burial service over the remains committed to the earth, were it not that that duty is undertaken by Mr. Barker, the present British consul. Surely, this fact need only to be stated to excite the active benevolence and influence of those here at home who manifest such laudable zeal in extending religious aid to their countrymen and others in various quarters of the globe.

By way of shifting the scene from a topic that may not be to every one's taste, I shall here introduce an anecdote (communicated to me by a party then resident at Messina) relative to his present Sicilian Majesty, which, after what has already been said of him (page 158.), may be the more easily credited. In the autumn of 1831, this specimen of Neapolitan royalty visited his Sicilian dominions, accompanied by his brother, the Prince Charles. After staying a short time at Palermo, they and the viceroy, Prince Leopold, came to Messina, where they were welcomed with many demonstrations of joy on the part of the crowds assembled to witness their landing from the steam-packet. Before their departure there was to be a military review,

and the place selected for it was a large enclosure called Terra Nova, where are the barracks erected by the British army while at Messina. This was completely fenced in, except on the side towards the sea, and strict orders were given by the king to prevent persons landing there from boats. However, the people being ignorant, it appears, that such a command had been issued, and no opposition being made by the sentinels posted to keep them off, such numbers effected a landing, that, in the course of an hour, they formed a dense crowd, little aware that, instead of being merely spectators, they would be compelled to enact a very different part. Resolved that such disobedience to his mandates should not escape with impunity, his Majesty ordered the troops to make such evolutions, that the people, between two or three thousand persons, were completely hemmed up in a corner. There was no escape, save by sea; and the rush towards the water, where there remained about fifteen boats, was tremendous. Remonstrances were made to the king, but without effect: the troops were ordered to advance, and the confusion and distress became indescribable. The cries of the females, many of whom were much above the common rank, were now piercing; some even plunged into the waves, and numbers of both sexes received very serious injuries. It is astonishing this "massacre," as our English newspapers would have styled such an attack, even though it had been made upon a Bristol mob, did not occasion a general popular commotion in the city. The Messinese, however, vented their just indignation at this tyrannical piece of cruelty in "curses deep, not loud;" but such an irrepressible gloom was thrown over the city, that the royal visiter thought proper to quit it prematurely, and he departed next day with as little ceremony as possible.

The country about Messina offers a luxuriant picture of Sicilian fertility and prolific vegetation. The aloe and prickly

pear shoot up here to a prodigious height, and both the almond and fig-tree gladden the eye abundantly, as types of the natural bounty of the soil. Nature has dealt out her blessings so unrestrictedly, that it is impossible to survey the prospect from the summit of the adjacent hills without admiration of this highly favoured territory. From that eminence the eye takes in a most noble picture, comprising the straits, the opposite shore of Calabria, with Reggio, San Giovanni, &c. It was not our good fortune, however, to witness that splendid natural exhibition in catoptrics, known by the name of the Fata Morgana. This phenomenon produces a singular vision, answering to the appellation bestowed upon it, since it mirrors and multiplies in most *fairy-like* manner, vessels, buildings, and other objects, all vividly coloured. Naturalists have been much puzzled to account for it; but the most probable supposition is, that both this and the *mirage* are occasioned by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, attended with an unusual degree either of reflection or refraction. As may be supposed, it is of rare occurrence, consequently a great wonder even here; and it is possible, that some partial and accidental appearances arising from similar causes may have been considered, not only as preternatural, but as supernatural, and given foundation to fabulous stories.

CHAPTER XX.

PALERMO. — STREETS. — FILTHINESS. — CATHEDRAL. — SAN NICCOLO DELLA KALSA. — CASA DE' MATTI — REFLECTIONS AFTER VISITING IT. — CONSERVATORIO DI SANTO SPIRITO. — CAPUCHIN CONVENT. — THE VILLA PALAGONIA AND MODERN PALAGONIANISM. — GARDENS OF THE BUTIRA PALACE. — MONREALE. — CATHEDRAL AND BENEDICTINE CONVENT. — ROYAL VILLA OF LA FAVORITA. — THE VICEROY.

THE steam-vessel that brought us over from Italy having now returned from Malta,—for we did not think it worth while to proceed thither with the rest of the passengers, as so short a time was allowed for the whole voyage, — we re-embarked, in order to proceed to Palermo. Even after Genoa, Naples, Salerno, and Messina, the situation and aspect of the Sicilian capital struck us as of extraordinary beauty. The city itself, indeed, does not lift itself up so *eminently* as the two first mentioned; still the surrounding mountains form a fine elevated back-ground, of varied outline boldly relieved against the sky; while the bay, with its two projecting boundaries of Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferano, leaves nothing to be desired in the front of the picture. Perhaps, too, a traveller ought to be more pleased than not at discovering here different features and a different combination from what he has before viewed. He must be fastidious indeed who can behold without admiration *la Concha d'Oro*—the Golden Conch, or hollow, which is occupied by the city of Palermo. The Marina, extending along the shore, and terminated by the groves of the botanic garden, gives a rather stately architectural aspect to the foreground—or

if viewed from the sea, to the middle-ground of the composition. Would I could add that the interior of the city is in perfect correspondence with its delightful external appearance; but such is far from being the case.

If we except the two principal streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and forming a small octagon at their point of junction, all the rest of the city, which is thus divided into four nearly equal quarters, consists of an entangled maze of narrow, huddled-up alleys and lanes. Of the two streets just mentioned, that which, taking a north and south direction, extends from Porta Felice on the Marina, to Porta Nuova, just by the viceroy's palace, is called the Strada di Toledo, and, like its Neapolitan namesake, may be considered as the rendezvous of all ranks, swarming with equipages and with beggars. The other street, which runs from Porta Macqueda, at its western extremity, to Porta Antoniana at the opposite one, is called the Cassaro, — a name supposed to be derived from the Arabic word *alcassar* or *alcazar*, a palace; for, from the early part of the ninth to towards the end of the eleventh century, the city was occupied by the Saracens, who wrested Sicily from the Greeks, and were in their turn expelled by the Normans in 1071.

It is only comparatively that these two streets can be termed wide; their greatest breadth not much exceeding forty feet; but they are well built, and exhibit the fronts of several palaces, which, although not in the very best taste, are free from that greatest defect of all, littleness of style and character. Still it must be acknowledged, that the *coup d'œil* is shockingly injured by the abominable practice I have already animadverted upon in speaking of Messina. Lines are extended from one side of the street to the other, and upon these flutter a constant gala of wet linen of every description, from sheets

and table-cloths down to towels and clouts. The unpainted projecting iron balconies are another great eyesore, and give a mean, poverty-stricken air to the houses. Such matters, however, occasion no positive inconvenience; not so the filthy condition of the streets, which renders walking in them a penance, and requires a stranger especially to keep his eyes fixed on the ground, so that he may pick his way "by stratagem." The condition even of the Piazza Reale, one side of which is occupied by the viceroy's residence, is most disgusting: it seems to be the refuge of all the rubbish and dirt of the neighbourhood; and the sentinels placed there seem stationed expressly to guard it, and prevent any one from pilfering from the precious hoard, for they certainly do not prevent their adding to it. They have not even protected from mutilation the noble bronze statue of Philip IV., that stands in this square, and whose marble pedestal is vilely defaced and otherwise disgraced; tablets and other ornaments having been torn off and scattered about. Were this *place* railed in and planted with shrubs, it would contribute in no small degree to the embellishment of the adjoining palace and its vicinity; whereas at present it is an absolute nuisance. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum;* I must, therefore, leave the Palermitans to the full enjoyment of their singular *penchant* for nastiness; of which, most certainly, I do not wish to rob them.*

* It is a problem of no very easy solution, to decide wherefore the Italians, and other southern nations generally, should be in every respect so much more uncleanly than those in more northern parts of Europe. Surely, there can exist no secret sympathy between the fine arts and filth, so that they who have a taste for the one must imbibe a predilection for the other. Even the Russians, "semi-barbarians" as they and their Kalmuc Nicholas are, — at least in the estimation of some of our newspaper scribes, — might be imitated in some things by the Italians to the very great improvement of the latter. Compared with most Italian cities, St. Petersburgh is a paradise of purity.

The palace itself is rather a curious and interesting than a handsome building; being a heavy irregular pile, in which may be traced a variety of styles; Byzantine Greek, Saracenic, Norman, or, as Mr. Hope will have it, Norman-Lombardic, and modern Italian. But what the Palermitans most pride themselves upon in the way of architecture, within the city itself, is the cathedral, now dedicated to Santa Rosalia, after having been used by the Saracens as a mosque. It is situated nearly in a line with the Piazza Reale, but on the opposite side of the Strada di Toledo, and displays externally many very fine features of Arabic and Moresco architecture. One traveller has said, that, were even the Moorish palace at Granada, and the Mosque at Cordova destroyed, the cathedral of Palermo would be sufficient evidence of the splendour, richness, and fancy of that style of building. This is, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated commendation; for, although there are many fine features, there are also many modern additions, intended as embellishments that might very well have been spared: among others, the cupola, and the statues stuck up upon the battlements of the front. Unfortunately, the interior has been so greatly modernised by the Neapolitan architect, the Cavaliere Ferdinand Fuga, who was employed on it from 1781 to 1801,

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No accumulation of dirt is there suffered in the streets; much less are any of the open places allowed to become such styes of abomination as the Piazza Reale at Palermo. By a "Kalmuc," this would be converted into a garden within less space than the Palermitans would take merely to barrow away the collection of dirt and rubbish. Within the space of "a little month," — nay within that of a little fortnight, the whole of the square before the new Alexandrousky theatre was enclosed with palisading and lamps, laid in gravel walks, turfed with grass, and planted with shrubs and full-grown trees! A garden seemed to have sprung up by magic upon ground that, fourteen days before, was covered with scaffolding and building materials! — Such is the barbarism of Russia.

as to retain very little of its original character. Reform has certainly not worked well here, for within the Corinthian order has been adopted; yet we might allow the display to be magnificent enough could we forget what it has replaced. Of architectural luxury, in respect to material, there is certainly no deficiency: there are abundance of granite columns, also granite steps; and the high altar of the choir is inlaid with jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. There are, likewise, in one of the numerous chapels, two bas-reliefs by Valerio Villareale, a pupil of Canova's; one of which represents a miracle performed by the bones of Santa Rosalia; for, according to tradition, being carried in procession through the city, they stopped a pestilence that was then raging. It is no wonder, therefore, that they are held in high reverence by the Palermitans; although it may be doubted whether they would now prove so efficacious upon a similar emergency.

Among the other churches and public buildings deserving notice, is the church of San Niccolo della Kalza, which is a curious specimen of the taste of the Norman-Lombardic era. Of the more modern edifices, the Oratorio dell' Olivetta is considered the one in the purest style; and it obtained for its architect, Giuseppe Marvuglia, the distinction of being elected a member of the French Institute. He also presented a very noble design for the university; but owing to paltry favouritism and intriguing, another, infinitely inferior to it, was preferred; yet the one adopted may be allowed to be more favourable than Marvuglia's would have proved to the other buildings here, since most of them exhibit an outrageously whimsical and depraved taste. Picturesque many of them undoubtedly are; but then it is their ugliness which renders them so. Hardly any two things can be more decidedly opposite to each other

than the stern severity of ancient, and the fantastic gewgaw character of modern, Sicilian architecture.

From this censure must be exempted, together with a few other examples, the façade of the Real Casa de' Matti — for its literal English name, the Royal Bedlam, has an odd sound. This exhibits far less madness and craziness in its style than many of the other edifices, which, if not erected for madmen, appear to have been erected by mad architects. This building, which is situated a short distance from the city, was designed by Raineri, and presents an unbroken front entirely of rusticated work, with two ranges of windows, and is crowned by a bold cornice. Extended over five windows, in the centre, is a long pannel, painted to imitate a bas-relief, where is represented a procession, consisting of persons who have been restored to sanity in this institution. If intended only as a temporary piece of embellishment, it may be allowed to pass without objection; otherwise, painted sculpture, more especially on the exterior of a building, is hardly admissible, except, indeed, the style of the building itself be exceedingly light and fanciful; whereas, in this case, it is quite the reverse.

What, however, is of infinitely greater importance, is the excellence of the institution itself, and the admirable system of management and care observed in it; both which reflect the highest credit on the skill and humanity of Baron Pisani, who has successfully devoted them to the alleviation of one of the greatest calamities to which the children of mortality are liable. For the horrible condition to which those afflicted with the loss of reason used formerly to be consigned, the philanthropy of this excellent nobleman has substituted one of order and comfort. Instead of being treated like wild beasts, chained in filthy cells, — a mode better calculated to aggravate than to overcome their maladies, — they are now provided for with every attention, and

subjected to such humane discipline, that numbers have been completely restored; and, with the exception of a few obstinate cases, coercion has been found quite unnecessary. To the admirable regularity and cleanliness which prevail throughout, to the tractability and inoffensive deportment of the unfortunate patients, I can myself bear evidence; having been conducted over the whole building by the Baron himself.

The inmates are divided into two general classes; viz., those who are admitted gratuitously, and those whose friends pay for their support. When a patient is first received, he is placed for a certain number of days in a room apart from the rest, in order that his peculiar kind of derangement may be studied by the medical attendants, and the particular mode of treatment required for it ascertained. Great care is taken to discriminate with precision the exact species and degree of insanity, and the causes which have occasioned it. Conformably with this system, one excellent regulation has been adopted, which is that of keeping a list or register of all the patients, wherein their names, ages, previous professions, the nature of their disease, &c., are minutely specified. A copy of this is kept framed and hung up in the entrance hall. At the time of my visit there were fifty-four females and eighty-two males in the house; and the principal causes assigned for their loss of intellect were,—terror, love, jealousy, use of strong liquors, venereal affections, deep sorrow from loss of children or parents, and reverses of fortune.

Manual occupation, adapted, as far as possible, to their previous habits, has been found most efficaciously salutary, and for the most part to supersede all occasion for harsher measures. Although so very little actual coercion appears to be resorted to in this institution, I observed that all the patients entertained a great fear of the Baron; for a look or gesture from him was sufficient to restrain the most refractory of those I beheld.

During the time of my being there, the greater part of the patients assembled together for dinner, entering the room one by one, and taking their places at table in an orderly manner. On grace being said by one of the attendants, they all stood up and chanted a sort of hymn; after this their repast commenced, which consisted of soup, carried round by attendants, who filled the plate of each individual in turn. This was succeeded by meat and vegetables, cut into small pieces before being brought in, for neither knives nor forks are allowed, but merely spoons. Oranges were liberally distributed among them, being considered very beneficial; and I was assured that some of them had been known to devour upwards of thirty in a day. Conceiving that those present could be only such of the patients as had become, in some degree, tranquillised, I was rather astonished when some among them were pointed out to me as labouring under decided mania, and liable to break out into fits of frenzy, were they not restrained by the presence of the Baron and their attendants. My attention was particularly fixed by one exceedingly handsome man, whose appearance bespoke superior manners and rank, and, on enquiring, I learned that he had been an officer in the King's Guards, and had lost his reason in consequence of some affront that he had received. Visiters, I should observe, are, on no account, permitted to address any of the patients, not even those who appear most quiet; lest, by so doing, they should incautiously touch upon any remark that might agitate them. This appears to be a very prudent and humane regulation, since the least indiscretion might prove exceedingly mischievous.*

* Visiters, however, are very rarely admitted at all, and then only by very particular order, or by the introduction of the superintendent. Even the friends of those confined here are not permitted to see them, although they may at any time have a formal certificate of their actual state, duly attested by the director; for it has been found that interviews with their relatives and friends generally tend to retard the recovery of the unfortunate patients.

When a patient becomes furious, instead of being manacled, or having his limbs confined, he is merely shut up in an empty room, the walls of which are well padded, so that he can do himself no injury by striking himself against them. Should this have no effect, he is then put into the machine before mentioned, or sometimes into a strait waistcoat for a certain time. Another method that has been employed with efficacy, is to immerse the patient in a tepid bath, and let fall a shower-bath of cold water on his head. In one of the apartments we saw some of the patients employed in weaving, and, in another, females occupied with their spinning wheels; and were also shown a kind of chapel at the back of the building, which some of them had constructed and ornamented in a way that does credit to their ingenuity. In short, it is impossible not to be struck with the admirable discipline, order, and regularity that prevail in every part of this truly excellent establishment.

Still a visit to such a place can hardly fail to excite painful feelings and reflections in any person of the least humanity. At the same time, while we are shocked by the contemplation of an affliction that reduces human creatures to a lower level than that of the inferior animals,—one wherein reason is perverted or extinguished,—we may extract from such spectacles a most salutary lesson to ourselves. How grateful ought we to feel that we are not similarly visited; and, when we compare our own condition with that of such unhappy beings, how truly enviable does it appear! In comparison with such a lot, the minor inconveniences of life shrink into mere trifles. Were the envious and discontented to look around, and below them, instead of fixing their gaze on the few who are particularly favoured by the external gifts of fortune, yet, perhaps, although for different reasons, may be as discontented, and as far from happiness as any of us,—how much better would they consult their own comfort

and tranquillity! With what truly self-tormenting ingenuity do most of us labour to persuade ourselves that we have special cause to be dissatisfied with our own particular condition of life! It should seem that nothing short of sickness can awaken us to a due sense of the blessing of health; nothing less than severe calamity, poverty, and distress, confer any value, in our eyes, on the comforts and blessings of that middle station of life which affords all personal comforts, and a far greater share of intellectual enjoyments than indolent luxuriousness can taste. Wherefore should we envy the great their external grandeur, which, if unaccompanied by moral worth, is little else than splendid disgrace? Far better and wiser would it be to envy the truly good — those who enjoy the only true and durable felicity — a felicity that is but the foretaste of the happiness reserved for the spirits of the righteous — a felicity, in short, for the privation of which —

——" nought else atones; —
Not Rundell's millions, nor all Rothschild's loans."

Considering the matter in this view, it almost seems that those who keep themselves out of mad-houses are not much wiser than those who are confined in such places; and we might almost say, in sober earnestness, what an Italian author has said in a satirical poem on the subject of the "Real Casa de' Matti in Palermo:" —

"La terra vel dich' io di pazzi è piena;
* * * * *
E chi è pazzo in un modo, e chi nell' altro."

This is too true; for, taking the world in general, it may be asserted, that, —

"Though we shut up the very, very bad,
Yet we who go at large are also mad."

If I continue in this strain, my readers will certainly say that I

myself am most decidedly so; and therefore it is advisable for me to rein in at once, and confine my pen more to matter of fact.

Another well-conducted establishment is the Conservatorio di Santo Spirito, in the Strada di Toledo, near Porto Felice. This is an hospital for foundlings, and is conducted on a very liberal scale; perhaps, in some degree, too much so; for, it is said that the offspring of their illicit intercourse are frequently sent hither by persons who move in the upper classes of society, and who thus get rid of inconvenient consequences of their amours. This facility should be removed, as having an injurious influence upon female morals, and as quite contrary to the objects of a public charity of this description.

The great lion, *par excellence*, at least with all travellers, is the capuchin convent, without the town, which is not so attractive for the exceedingly fine views commanded by its terrace and gardens, as on account of its subterraneous galleries, stored with a more singular than pleasing or edifying exhibition of mummies or dried corses. These are fixed in niches, and are attired in the Franciscan habit. In other galleries are deposited the bodies of females, which are laid in an horizontal position, and most of them dressed up in finery that serves only to render them more ghastly, except to those who may rather consider them ludicrous objects. There are also many coffins with a plate of glass in their lid, so as to expose the features of the corpse; and, from the armorial bearings on them, it may be inferred that these are the remains of "quality." When brought hither, a body is deposited, for about six months, in a large vaulted chamber, by which time it is quite dried up, without undergoing embalming, or any process to prevent decomposition. To some, this Palermitan custom of preserving the dead may appear, like many others, one of perfect indifference in itself; yet it is, in my opinion, one that tends to produce the reverse of beneficial ideas of mortality.

It familiarises too much to the appearance of death, as it affects the outward and animal part of our nature exclusively; thus fettering our thoughts to that, instead of elevating them to nobler contemplations. It seems, moreover, to be a singular kind of reverence towards those to whom we were attached in their lives, to expose their remains, shrivelled up to hideousness or grotesque deformity, for general gaze. In well-regulated minds, the affection of survivors for their deceased friends dwells not on the change of the natural body after death, but rather on those qualities which rendered them amiable in life — on that mental and spiritual energy which has exchanged its corporeal frame for another state of being: it leaves the mortal dross out of its estimate, and cleaves not to what has now become a disgusting carcase, but on what gave animation and intelligence to the lifeless clay. When the vivifying spirit is once fled, the body ought to be no longer an object of solicitude, save as far as decency dictates, and should be inviolably hidden in the sanctuary of the grave.

So much for the defunct inmates of this convent: as to the living ones, they do not suffer themselves to be much disturbed or greatly mortified by the close neighbourhood of the others. Mortification is entirely rejected by them; at least, so their portly persons, and brawny, muscular figures, seem to indicate. Some of them were quite unwieldy, and their bodies will certainly require a much longer term of preparation than usua before they can become fit to appear in the mummy state. A party of these "jolly friars" were amusing themselves in the garden by playing at bowls, — a diversion I do not remember to have seen any of the monkish tribe engaged in before. We next visited the Campo Santo, or burying ground, where those bodies are deposited that are not destined to receive the honour of *mummyhood;* but this so resembles the one at Naples, that it is

unnecessary either to describe it, or make any further comments on the disgusting mode of interment here adopted.

Among the religious buildings in the vicinity of Palermo, is one about three miles from the town, situated at the foot of a mountain, and so closely environed by cypresses, as to give a picture of the most perfect seclusion: this is called the monastery of Santa Maria di Giesù; and, although it is difficult to obtain admission, we were permitted to enter, on my informing the superior that I had been in several convents in Palestine. I cannot say, however, that there was much to repay our curiosity; for, with the exception of a glass of wine the superior courteously proffered to me in the refectory, there was little else worth notice; but the wine itself was so excellent, that I brought away with me the conviction, that in abandoning the vanities of the world, these recluses have, at any rate, secured to themselves some of its substantial gratifications. Neither can they be said to have shut out the world from them so entirely as the retired situation of their abode first led me to imagine for, on ascending up the mountain behind the monastery, we came to a covered seat, commanding a most delightful prospect of the bay and sea, and all the intermediate beauties of landscape that give such an *idyllian* character to the whole of the *Conca d'Oro*.

We afterwards drove along the sea-shore, and, reaching an avenue of cypress trees, advanced to the Villa Palagonia, a place where extravagance and absurdity seemed to have reached their climax. The area before the house is crowded with the most abominable monstrosities carved in stone, imaginable. The artists must have taxed their ingenuity and imagination to the utmost to produce such a mass of detestable puerilities and deformities. Yet some of the worst, it seems, have been removed of late years. The whole looks like a collection of

caricatures hewn out in stone; and even Cruikshank's figures are models of correctness and grace, compared with many we beheld among these. To render the preposterousness here exhibited in every respect complete, there should have been erected some of those notable nondescript garden seats and temples which appeared, many years ago, in a volume of designs by Sir John Soane. His stone curtains and fringes, his "Gothic temple," and other indescribable things, would have been welcome here: in fact, it is the only place where they would be in their element, for they are quite in the Palagonian style—perhaps even surpass it. They are to the full as astonishing in their way, being in architecture precisely what the Palagonian statues are in sculpture—things to excite wonderment upon wonderment—productions of the imagination truly marvellous—the offspring of conceptions quite inconceivable to ordinary brains.* The inside of the

* It is singular that the "Member of the Academies of Parma and Florence" should have escaped the notice of the writer of "Pie-crust; or, Architectural Madness," in Fraser's Magazine. The "Member's" invention certainly out-herods that of Mr. Peter Legh, who is there most pleasantly shown up and cut up.

The "gold medal" affair seems to have gone off to the satisfaction of all parties concerned in it—both the flattered and the flatterers; which last had, doubtless, their own ends to serve in the business, otherwise they would hardly have trumpeted it forth to the world so loudly. As their aim seems to have been notoriety, there can be no indelicacy in gratifying them by alluding to what passed on that important occasion. That which most calls for comment, is the horribly bad taste displayed by the speechifiers. Their fulsomeness was quite nauseating. One of them complimented the knight on his "unbounded liberality" for collecting an architectural library for himself, which said library is, according to those who have seen it, altogether deficient in all but the most common-place works. But Sir Jeffery Wyatville absolutely outraged common sense and common decency when he concluded his harangue, by expressing to Sir John Soane his firm conviction that he would "receive hereafter that celestial reward which is reserved for those who have led a life of integrity in this world—the GRACE OF ALMIGHTY GOD"!!! Sycophancy and toadyism cannot go beyond this. Was it the "grace of God" that inspired the knight to give his intended tomb the name of his *Domus Æterna*?

Villa Palagonia is, if not in so extravagant a taste as the statues that *ornament* its court and gardens, sufficiently full of conceits. One of the rooms has a ceiling of looking-glass, and there are figures of birds, as if flying about; in another there are a number of portraits in extravagantly grotesque dresses; and, while some of the apartments are shabbily furnished, the furniture of others is splendid and costly in the extreme. In the gardens of the Butira Palace, which, together with the building, are now in a grievously neglected state, we met with another singular specimen of Palermitan taste; namely, a kind of miniature convent, with wax-work figures of monks, in various attitudes, and variously occupied. In one cell was a good father, who was seated at a table, and apparently intent upon his studies; and in another, by way of variety or contrast to such edifying spectacle, a jollier brother, who was laughing, and holding a wine glass in his hand, the very "moral" of a living being, as Mrs. Slipslop would say, and most contemptibly natural; so much so, that I wonder no speculating Englishman has purchased the building and its inmates, and brought it over to England as a show. A very different exhibition awaited us at Monreale (about five miles from Palermo), whose cathedral exhibits a no less fine than curious specimen of Norman-Lombardic architecture of the twelfth century. It is rich both in sculpture and musaic, or inlaid ornament, which latter here frequently occupies the place of carving. The western doorway is particularly elegant in its design, and the doors themselves, which are bronze, with a variety of subjects in bas-reliefs in their pannels, produce an air of sumptuousness not to be met with in the similar parts of our own Norman or Gothic edifices. Still more widely does the interior of this church differ from those of our English cathedrals, which have little to boast of in the way of splendour produced by colouring, except, indeed, that

occasioned by painted windows. Musaics on gold grounds, pavements inlaid with verde antico, columns of oriental granite, give a pomp to this at Monreale, with which they cannot vie. Considerable injury was done to the building by a fire, that happened November 11th, 1811, when some of the monuments were destroyed (those of William I. and William II., the founders of the church, fortunately escaped); nor has it been, as yet, completely repaired. Still there is sufficient to admire and to study; and it were to be wished that some of our artists, who visit Sicily, would, instead of exclusively devoting their attention to fragments of ancient Doric temples, condescend to delineate and describe this and other structures of the Saracenic and Norman periods. They might then bring home with them something more than the fractional differences and hair-breadth distinctions they detect in Doric shafts and capitals. An industrious and enterprising draftsman would meet with a rich harvest for his pencil, both here and at Palermo — an ungleaned field — at least, one not touched by English pencils.

Contiguous to the cathedral is a spacious Benedictine convent, the corridor of whose dormitory is ornamented with two hundred and sixteen columns of white marble, with beautifully sculptured capitals. We were also shown some fine pictures, one of which represents St. Benedict distributing bread to the poor; another, William the Good, receiving the saint's benediction. This latter is considered so valuable, that it is kept covered by a veil or curtain drawn before it; and it is certainly admirably executed, and displays very great expression in many of the countenances. These works are by Pietro Novelli*, an artist

* Speaking of one of his works, an Italian writer has not scrupled to declare, that the heads of the figures are so finely painted, that Titian himself could not have executed them better: "*cosi che Tiziano stesso non li poteva far meglio.*" — *Rezzonico, Opere*, tom. v.

who was born and died at Monreale, and whose productions are very little known out of Sicily. But a far more splendid picture met our sight, when, on being conducted to a window at the extremity of one of the corridors, and its shutters being thrown open, we were almost dazzled by the glorious prospect it commands, including the whole of the vale below, and the majestic hills beyond it.

The only other building I shall mention, visited by us in the environs, was the royal villa, called La Favorita, situated in a fine park, about three miles from Palermo. This is a rather fanciful structure, in the Chinese style, and the interior is decorated with Chinese paintings on the walls, and a number of lanterns. Although such *exotics* are not to be recommended for general imitation, as an individual specimen of a peculiar style, they may be allowed, without giving particular umbrage to good taste, particularly when the building itself is not a permanent residence, but merely an occasional retreat. At all events, a *fancy* of this kind, provided it resembles what it assumes to be, is infinitely preferable to such arrant architectural monsters as modern castles *à la Cockney*, — these band-box erections which are stuck full of pretty sash-windows, all in exact rows, and whose pretensions to the term "castellated" are confined to the notches on the summit of the walls, intended to give them a most martial, baronial, and formidable appearance.* Our own country possesses an architectural exotic, of which it has no reason to be ashamed, notwithstanding that it has been ridiculed as fantastical, gewgaw, nondescript, and I know not what; per-

* Specimens of this *style* — save that they are infinitely more ugly and more absurd than mere description can show them — may be found in the designs of our Nicholsons, Lugars, and other "artists" of the same calibre. Not even they, however, have reached the architectural bathos discovered by the English "Member of the Academies of Parma and Florence." Even a builder of "weather-houses" and baby-houses would have turned up his nose in derision at such designs.

haps, too, by some of the very persons who build spruce Jemmy Jessamy "castles" for themselves, two of which might be stowed away in the great hall of some feudal residence. The exotic I allude to is the Pavilion at Brighton, in regard to which, however, it has been declared by a critic, who seems to have understood something of the matter, that its chief fault was its being in our country, for had it been at the reasonable distance of some two or three thousand miles from it, people would have discovered that it was quite a gem of its kind, and something altogether admirable. It is well for Pompeii itself, that it has not been transported into the suburbs of London, else it would, of a certainty, have been voted vulgar, especially by such super-superfine gentlemen as Mr. Croker, who, somewhat *flunkily*, — if the reader will allow the expression, — professed his utter ignorance of there being such a place as Russell Square.

At La Favorita we were shown a very simple contrivance, by means of which half a dozen dishes are drawn up immediately from the kitchen into a side room for that purpose adjoining the dining room, where they are carried in and set down on the table. Thus, instead of being carried a great distance along passages, every thing can be served up quite hot; and, although economy alone can hardly be supposed to have recommended its adoption in the present instance, it may very well recommend such an apparatus in establishments upon a lesser scale, because it saves a great deal of time and trouble, and much hurry and bustle. Before taking leave of this villa, I should mention that the site was selected by Lord Nelson as one very suitable for their Majesties' residence when they were brought over to Sicily by him at the time of the revolution. What the gardens may originally have been, it is now hardly possible to say, for they have become a perfect wilderness, without the beauty of one; being, in fact, in the most disgraceful state, and, in some parts, choked up with

all sorts of rubbish. The only fruit trees are those of the lemon and orange, and their produce is sent off to market.

The present viceroy, who is brother to the king of Naples, is little more than a mere boy, and of very unprepossessing and undignified appearance. What amends his superior mental qualifications make for his deficiency in that respect, may easily be guessed, when it is stated that he has as extraordinary a turn for practical jokes as his royal brother. If there be any truth at all in some of the anecdotes I heard related of him—which were current report—after making every deduction for exaggeration, the only excuse or extenuation for some of the actions attributed to him, would be, that they were foolish schoolboy pranks. Such freaks, such jokes, such pleasantries, are nowhere to be met with, save in the writings of that accomplished living English novelist, who either grossly calumniates fashionable society, or shows it to be compounded of little better than scoundrelism and blackguardism. It is to him that his viceregal Highness should sit for his portrait, since his "*forcible*" pen alone can do justice to such a subject. Apropos of his highness,—we beheld him in all his state in the cathedral, seated under a canopy opposite the pulpit, while a capuchin friar was preaching extempore. That he came well guarded, was evident enough, for the aisles of the church were lined with files of soldiers under arms; which extraordinary military display, in such a place, had, in our heretical eyes, not the most edifying effect: however, it seemed to scandalise no one else, not even St. Rosalia, to whom the building is dedicated, otherwise she would, doubtless, have manifested her displeasure by some sufficiently intelligible and portentous indication of it. Or are we to conclude that the age of miracles has passed away, even in the Catholic church?

CHAPTER XXI.

RETURNS TO NAPLES.—TREATMENT RECEIVED BY THE AUTHOR FROM MR. C——N. — AVERSA. — CAPUA. — SPARANISI. — MOLA DI GAETA. — TERRACINA. — VELLETRI. — ALBANO. — ARRIVAL AT ROME.

Our passage back again to Naples was as prosperous, and accomplished as speedily, as that to Sicily had been. Our return to that city, however, was not with any view of making a longer stay in it, as we intended to set out for Rome forthwith; therefore, I have nothing further to add on the subject of Naples, except it be to mention the circumstance which frustrated my intention of being presented at the Neapolitan court, and has, consequently, prevented me from giving any account of the forms there observed.

Being much annoyed by the police, on our first arrival, for a *carta di sicurezza*, as authority for our residence, I was advised to apply to Mr. C——n, an attaché of the British embassy, for information and assistance. When I called upon him for that purpose, the servant inquired whether it was respecting a passport; and, on being informed it was not, but on private business, he returned with an answer that Mr. C——n could not see me. I then left my card, saying I would call on the morrow; but the following day brought no better success. A third time I presented myself at the door, and was met by the reply, "Not at home," accompanied, however, by an *open* note from Mr. C., saying, "he was sorry I should have given myself the trouble of calling so often, and that he could not

imagine what it could be about; therefore, not knowing, must decline the honour of receiving me"!

This appeared to me to be very *d'haut en bas* treatment on the part of an attaché of a British minister towards an English subject, and certainly not the less so, when I contrasted it with the exceedingly courteous and friendly attention I had received from such Englishmen as Sir Robert Adair and Sir George Hamilton, at Brussels; the Right Honourable Mr. Foster, at Turin; also Mr. Seymour, at Florence, and the English chargé d'affaires at Rome, besides other diplomatic characters at different courts abroad, holding higher posts than Mr. C——n, and certainly not his inferior in point of birth. Finding this young attaché quite inaccessible and impracticable, I was obliged to state, in a letter, the object of my importunity, or intrusion—for in that light it seemed to be viewed,—telling him that the matter I came upon would have detained him only a few minutes; and that, had I been so disposed, I might have availed myself of a letter I had brought from Lord Palmerston, addressed to Lord Ponsonby, the English minister, but did not wish to incommode the latter upon business that, I conceived, could at once have been arranged by his secretary: in which conception, as it turned out, I was quite wrong; and I dare say his Lordship (who had left his card previously for me) would not have put me to a quarter of the trouble. I further informed him, that, having been presented at nearly every other European court, I was now desirous of being at the levee, or "reception," as it is called, that was to be held the following week, on the occasion of the anniversary of the king's birthday; and, accordingly, desired my name to be included among those of the other British who were to be presented by his Lordship. To this the attaché condescended to reply, assuring me that my name had been inserted in the list, and that he would "*not fail*" to let me know the re-

sult when the list should be returned, which is generally the case two days previous to that on which the levee is held.

I heard, however, nothing further on the subject, till, on inquiry afterwards, it came out, that the evening before the day in question, Mr. C——n "sent word" to my hotel. Such message most certainly never reached me, neither could I ascertain, after the most strict investigation, whether it had been delivered to the porter, to my own servant, or to any other person in the establishment. A mere *verbal* message was a most unusual mode of communicating with a stranger upon such an occasion; and, considering that the previous assurance had been in writing, was a kind of *faux pas* in etiquette, that I should hardly have imagined, beforehand, even an *attaché*, or his *sub*, would be guilty of.

If it was no business of Mr. C——n to attend to such insignificant trifles, it was his duty to have said so at once, or to have directed me to some one else. Still he might possibly be piqued at what had passed. After all, it is doubtful whether I ought thus publicly to charge him with putting a direct or personal slight upon me, because I found myself not to be the only individual towards whom he had carried himself more haughtily than was consistent, either with his situation, or with good breeding. None of the English at Naples, visiters or residents, accused him of any vulgar excess of affability; on the contrary, I repeatedly heard complaints, which, if correct, went to prove, most distinctly, that he took special care to keep up his consequence by making them wait his pleasure. As soon, therefore, as the occurrence was known, it was pretty freely discussed among my countrymen, and some of them took it up rather warmly, as a question involving that of the attention due, on the part of a British embassy at a foreign court, to British subjects collectively. With the view of checking such conduct for the

future, the English held a formal meeting, and I was urged to make a representation on the subject to our government at home, hoping that, if it were done, it might render persons in Mr. C——n's situation more discreet, although, probably, not more civil. In compliance with their solicitations, I accordingly addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston, as secretary for foreign affairs, detailing what had occurred; wherein, without particular reference to the inattention shown to myself, personally, I observed that I conceived Mr. C——n had forgotten what was due from one gentleman to another, and not regarded so strictly as was incumbent on him, the duties connected with his situation. I am fully aware that, to most readers, all this must appear both trifling and uninteresting; still those who either have experienced, or are likely to be exposed, to similar petty bashawship, will hardly consider the space I have bestowed on this instance of it altogether thrown away. Mr. C——n may not be the only one who conceives that he asserts his consequence and importance by behaviour which a truly well-bred man would abstain from even towards his inferiors; feeling that, however little may be due to them, something is due to his own character, as that of a gentleman, which forbids him to break through the decencies of society.

Bidding now adieu both to Mr. C——n and to Naples, with very little regret at leaving either of them behind us, we set out towards Rome. Aversa, the first place we came to, at present seems to afford little for remark, although, under its ancient name of Atella, it was celebrated for the licentious wit of its inhabitants, and for the gross dramatic representations they brought into vogue, namely, the *Ludi Atellani*. Charles I. of Anjou levelled the town with the ground; but it almost immediately afterwards sprang up again, and recovered some degree of its former importance. Here it was that Joanna I. of Naples is said to

have caused her first husband, Andrea of Hungary, to be strangled. Her modern English biographer * has endeavoured to rescue Joanna's character from this foul imputation, and also from other charges that have unmeritedly attached a stigma to it, unless we can reconcile those charges with other parts of her conduct, which strongly refute them. Like the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, it was her doom to be the object of calumnies pointed against her by the malevolence of political enemies and biassed historians; but she bore her most brilliant prosperity magnanimously — with a noble generosity of soul that excites esteem; while she endured its bitter reverse with a fortitude and resignation that command our affections. The castle where Andrea was assassinated is still to be seen; and it is to this, together with the pleasant situation of the town itself, that Aversa is now indebted for any attraction. I ought not, however, to pass over in entire silence an institution which, like the similar one at Palermo, reflects great credit on those who direct it: I mean the establishment for lunatics, — one of the benefits conferred on his Neapolitan subjects by Murat.

After crossing a canal of great extent, whose banks are thickly lined with poplars, we arrived at Capua, situated in a plain watered by the Volturno, but no longer the luxurious home of pleasure. The present town, however, it should be remarked, is not on the identical site of the older and more disreputably celebrated one, whose remains may yet be traced at some little distance from this its successor in name, if not in character. Some ancient ruins distinguished as the temples of Hercules, Apollo, &c., are still pointed out, as also those of an amphitheatre, which, in its greatest extent, measured about 250 feet.

At Sparanisi, the next stage, we were obliged to have two

* See "Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily." Lond. 1824.

additional horses harnessed to our vehicle, on account of the steep hills we had to encounter; and, after ascending them, we came to Sessa, formerly a military station; and, owing to its situation, it must undoubtedly have been one of extraordinary strength. The inhabitants of this district appear to be quite a different race from the Neapolitans — of more pleasing physiognomy and fresher complexion, apparently hardier in their frames, and certainly far better clothed. Formerly, the whole of this line of road, from Capua to Terracina, was exceedingly dangerous for travellers, owing to the numerous robbers and assassins who infested it, but it is now protected by military stationed at regular distances, about every half mile, who render it difficult for those marauding gentry to follow their profession. On the further side of the Liris, or, according to its modern name, Garigliano, which was formerly crossed by a bridge of boats, but now by a chain pier, lie the marshes of Minturnæ, so well known as the spot where Marius sought to conceal himself from Sylla's soldiery, and where are scattered the now hardly distinguishable remains of that once flourishing city.

Beyond the swamp here formed by the Garigliano, and the town of Mola di Gaeta, the whole tract is exceedingly delightful: the aloe grows luxuriantly, and every thing indicates the exuberance of nature. Mola di Gaeta itself (the ancient Formiæ) is even still more striking; and, its gardens blooming with the orange and citron, form a terraced declivity, shelving down from the eminence on which it stands, overlooking the sea, to the strand below. It is, in truth, a spot worthy of having once boasted Cicero's villa — his *Formianum*. At one point of the town stands what is properly Gaeta, a fortress that may be compared to a miniature Gibraltar. The ancient Roman tower seen above the bay, and probably, like that of Cæcilia Metella at Rome, originally a sepulchral edifice, is now known by the

name of the tower of Rolando; and it is also said that the great Roman orator was buried there, after being put to death, as he was upon the point of making his escape into Greece. The bay is one of considerable extent, and along the town is bordered by many excellent houses; but Mola itself, although it can boast its cathedral, is little more than a single narrow street, so confined that two vehicles can hardly pass.

Beyond Mola, we entered a narrow defile, between mountains densely shadowed with olive trees,—exactly such a place as a painter would either people with nymphs or banditti, as he might be disposed to render his scene pastoral or savage. When I passed this way in 1817, it was haunted by the latter less poetical character, to such a degree, that I was obliged to obtain an escort of gendarmerie. Even at present there is a military patrol for the protection of travellers:—in the towns they are left to defend themselves against the troops of beggars, as well as they are able. At the further gorge of this ravine, we came upon Itri, another most romantically situated town, backed by an elevation, crowned by a castle that overhangs the population and their dwellings. The place itself is as picturesquely wretched within as the appearance it makes from without is picturesquely flattering to the fancy. Many of the houses have only unglazed holes in their walls instead of windows, and others seem to have no other apertures for the admission of either light or air than their doors. The inhabitants, too, seemed to be quite in keeping with their abodes; for we beheld many disgusting and assassin-looking follows wrapped up in cloaks,—some of them so ferocious in their countenances, that we were glad we had not encountered them in the spot above mentioned, being well aware that we should not have met with such courteous and generous treatment as Tasso experienced from the bandit Marco Sciarra, who offered himself as his escort from Mola di Gaeta to Rome. Having traversed another narrow and dan-

gerous pass, we came to Fondi, a small town, whose street is formed by the ancient Appian Way, and the substruction of whose walls still exhibit those massive blocks of stone peculiar to what is styled Cyclopean architecture. There are also several old buildings, erected during the middle ages; one of them, a church, is in the Tedesco Gothic style, and the pillars at the entrance are supported upon lions,—a fancy, of which there are not unfrequent specimens to be met with in Italy, of the same period. Near this church, and close by the town-gate, is an old castle, in a similar mode of building, now converted into a custom-house. As an accompaniment to its romance of architure, Fondi has its bit of romance of history, which is, that the celebrated corsair admiral, Barbarossa, attacked the city, for the purpose of carrying off the lovely Julia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna; but the lady, not relishing such kind of wooing, made her escape, fortunately for herself; — for the town's people quite otherwise; since, irritated at being thus foiled, the corsair vented his gallantry upon them, ransacking and pillaging their dwellings. Had Julia been as ugly as she was the contrary, the disaster might not have happened; at least, some other pretext for it must have been assigned.

The country on the other side of Fondi was wild to dreariness: we therefore pushed on as quickly as we could, and at Torre de' Confini took our leave of the Neapolitan territory, and entered that of the papal states; and we shortly after beheld the papal arms over the gate of Terracina.

This town, the Anxur of the ancients, could not have been more happily placed, had it been "put in" by the most skilful landscape painter, so finely does its loftier portion start up, cresting an almost perpendicular eminence that overlooks the Mediterranean; while the Indian fig, the aloe and myrtle, stud with vegetation the precipitous sides of this rocky mount.

Gardens, too, that seemed to vie with those of the Hesperides, here exhibit the bloom and fruitage of their orange plants, intermingled with, and relieved by, the ruder beauties of nature. As if, moreover, there would not, without them, be sufficient luxury for the eye, graceful and noble palm trees serve to complete this *beau idéal* of landscape composition. Yet it must be owned, that upon taking a more scrutinising look, we fancy that the town has very much the physiognomy of a stronghold of banditti: most undeniably, too, some of the inhabitants are more picturesquely tattered in their appearance than is altogether creditable to the place. On the other hand, the costume of several of the females displays a sprightliness in the assortment of colours, that produces a piquant contrast to the brown and russet cloaks of the other sex: blues, whites, reds, and greens, are so mingled, that it is scarcely possible to say which predominate.

Terracina also possesses many apparently curious buildings, such as deserved more leisure than we had to bestow upon them. Many appear to have been erected by the Normans. There is one old church, said to have been originally erected in honour of St. Peter, by Constantine, on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo: the present building, however, was finished about the latter half of the eleventh century. Besides all the rest, or I may literally say, *above* all the rest, on the loftiest brow of the steep, may be descried the ruins of the palace or castle erected by the Ostro-Goth king, Theodoric. Viewed from below, the jagged outline thus produced is astonishingly fine. While as yet uninjured, it must have been a most imposing object from every point; and owing to its situation and mass alone, it must have declared itself from afar as a "sovran habitation." On nearly the same height, there once stood also the pagan temple of Jove, and the citadel of Anxur.

Continuing our journey, we entered upon the Pontine marshes, across which a modern road extends in a straight line for about twenty miles, the work of Pius VI., who caused the marshes to be drained, and has thereby earned the gratitude even of us protestants, when travelling in this direction. This formerly most noxious and impassable tract has been thus converted into tolerable pasture land. A visible improvement has taken place even within the last seventeen years, at which distance of time I journeyed along the same route. Nevertheless, it is probable, that the land would have been brought into a superior state, had allotments of it been made to families of the peasantry for a certain number of years; and this plan might not only have been more speedily productive of the advantages that will ultimately be derived from thus converting a noisome bog into meadow, but further beneficial, as giving a stimulus to the industry of the peasants themselves.

Near Torre Tre Ponti, where we stopped to change horses, was formerly Forum Appii, on which has been conferred an unenviable immortality by Horace's styling it,

" Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis; "

and beyond it, at what is now called Cisterna, is the supposed site of the Tres Tabernæ, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, as the place where St. Paul was met by the brethren from Rome, who came to salute him. Others, however, conjecture it to have been at Sermoneta, anciently called Salmana, where still exist many ruins of fortifications.

The people we now met were better clothed than those we had seen in the Neapolitan territory, and had withal a more manly appearance. The costume of the females is peculiar, and certainly not unpicturesque; for their red bodices or

jackets, and the square white cloth they wear laid flat on their heads, render them favourites with artists.

Velletri, formerly the capital of the Volsci, contains some large and stately, although now dilapidated mansions, particularly the Lancillotti palace, a very extensive pile of building, and another palace belonging to the Borgia family. At a short distance beyond this town, the road commands a delightfully fine prospect of a rich territory lying beneath it, and bounded by the sea. The next place we took in our route was Gensano; the immediate vicinity of which is graced by the small but deliciously picturesque Lake of Nemi, otherwise called the Speculum Dianæ, — the traditionary haunt where Numa counselled with Egeria. A fitter place for such purpose, — one more inviting to meditation, can hardly be conceived; nevertheless, it seems better calculated to foster poetic reveries, than to assist the political speculations of a lawgiver. That artists — among whom we may place our own Wilson — should have exhibited a predilection for its beauties, is not at all surprising; since few similar scenes can rival this fair "mirror of water," encircled by a fringe of varied foliage, that mantles the sides of what appears to have been at one time a crater; but the waters of Diana have now extinguished its devouring fires. Following up this last thought, I might observe, that this beautiful scene carries with it an instructive moral, showing how *reflection* should subdue the outbreakings of the passions, and thereby secure a tranquillity as placid as that of these waters and these shades.

On the east side of the Lake are the remains of some buildings, and also a simple dwelling, once inhabited by the painter Carlo Maratti, who, according to a very high authority, may be regarded as the "*ultimus Romanorum*" of his art, — the last scion of the Roman school. A little further from hence, we came to Aricia, or, according to its modernised appellation,

La Riccia, — another of those loftily-throned, sky-kissing towns, that form such frequent and conspicuous features in Italian scenery. It overlooks a delightful little hollow, — vale it cannot be called, and the cupola of its church, and a palace rising above the general mass of wall and buildings, confer upon it also no small architectural dignity.* To La Riccia succeeded Albano, which is also loftily planted on a ridge-like eminence, whence the eye commands a view over the *Campagna*, intervening between it and Rome. This prospect, truly noble in itself, is apt to receive additional embellishment from the imagination; because, unless we experience positive disappointment, upon such occasions the eye views objects through the more or less flattering medium of fancy. At Albano, there are many *villas* or *vignas* — that is, the grounds attached to country residences of proprietors, the houses themselves being for the most part denominated *palazzi*. As may well be conceived, such a situation, in the vicinity of Rome, would not escape the attention of those who could afford to built country habitations for their autumnal sojourn. The Villa Doria is supposed to stand on the site formerly occupied by one belonging to Pompey. Close by the town itself — which, by the by, is filthy enough — is what is called Pompey's Monument; but some contend that it is a sepulchral erection of far older date, and rather Tuscan than Roman. At this time, workmen were employed in making some repairs to it. At Albano, there is a papal palace, to which his Holiness retires from his capital during the unhealthy season. To that capital a very short time now brought us; and after undergoing the ordeal of the usual formalities at the gate by which we entered it, we found ourselves within the focus of *holiness*.

* It was here, if I mistake not, that we were struck by seeing inscribed over the door of almost every house, "Viva il sanguine di Giesu Cristo! — a most singular display of pious reverence!

CHAPTER XXII.

ROME. — ST. PETER'S. — BERNINI'S COLONNADES — FAÇADE. — COMPARISON WITH ST. PAUL'S, LONDON. — INTERIOR. — REMARKS ON PAINTINGS IN CHURCHES. — STATUE OF ST. PETER. — CHAIR OF ST. PETER, AND A CERTAIN "MILEDI'S" REMARKS ON IT. — MONUMENTS. — THE POPE. — CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN. — THE CLOISTERS. — THE SCALA SANTA. — ROMAN CATHOLIC PENANCES. — DOCTRINE OF PURGATORY. — TRANSUBSTANTIATION. — DR. ENGLAND'S EXPLANATION OF IT. — CEREMONIES OF THE HOLY WEEK. — EASTER SUNDAY, AND ILLUMINATIONS.

WELL may Rome be styled the "Eternal City;" for, it is the eternal, everlasting, and, it should seem, inexhaustible theme of all who have written or will write upon Italy. It would be no hyperbole — perhaps, very short of the truth — to say, that were the waggon-loads of paper that have been penned and printed on the subject of this city alone to be piled up together, they would form a mass equal to that of St. Peter's itself; — and a most curious medley such mass would be — classical, critical, nonsensical, antiquarian, sentimental, grave, flippant, learned, and ignorant, all blended together; unless all the heavier writings, including, of course, the leaden ones, were placed below for the foundation, and the nonsensical ones, as the lightest, at top. At which extremity of such a pile my own volume ought to obtain a situation, I leave the reader to decide; for, of course, he will assign it a station either among the leaden ones or the nonsensical, except, indeed, he should think it deserves to be placed midway between these two extremes, as best of all suited to a work of — to use an Hibernianism — extreme mediocrity.

To give a tolerably complete and encyclopedic account of Rome, would require nearly a hundred volumes; but, as I can devote only a single chapter to it, I shall not even make the attempt. Taking it for granted that most readers must be tolerably well acquainted with so very hackneyed a topic, I shall confine myself to one or two "odds and ends"—fragmentary observations, and remarks on a few particular features. Contrary to the advice I should give a traveller, which is, to reserve the principal objects until he has first visited those of less importance, otherwise the latter are apt to appear quite insignificant after the former, I commence with ST. PETER'S.

This truly extraordinary building justifies almost all that has been said, either in its commendation or its censure; with defects innumerable, and some of them shockingly offensive, it must, nevertheless, be allowed to be a prodigious work, if merely on account of the magnitude of the undertaking, and the power manifested in carrying it into execution. However ably they may be executed, views and prints convey an inadequate idea of it, because the impression of vastness is then lost. We may, indeed, perceive that the edifice is colossal, compared with the figures put in by the artist by way of scale to the architecture, yet that amounts to no more than informing us of what might be nearly as well expressed in words,—namely, the dimensions. Besides, artists seldom content themselves with the bare truth in such cases; and, therefore, without any regard to fidelity of portraiture, generally show the structure from an imaginary point of view, perhaps, a very elevated one, so as to exhibit the dome and its basement quite entire, although even the summit of the dome itself is hardly visible from the piazza in front of the church. This amphitheatrical area, formed by Bernini's Doric colonnades*, disposed in four semicircular ranges, forming two cres-

* According to Mr. Thomas Roscoe, these colonnades were erected "by

cents, facing each other, produces a rich architectural display, and may be considered as the *proscenium* to the façade of the basilica. These colonnades enclose the view and define the limits of the picture; and, by giving extent of space in a transverse direction, produce a contrast to the vista in front, or the avenue leading up to the church. The piazza thus formed is about 650 feet by 500, or something more than the Colosseum, whose diameters are 615 feet by 510; so that, if the Pantheon be represented by the dome of St. Peter's, the Flavian amphitheatre may be said to be also represented by the cortile Bernini attached to the edifice. Before the colonnades were erected, I should imagine that the church itself must have looked a more heavy mass than it does at present; but improvement ought not to have stopped here; for, had a wide avenue been opened from the piazza to the Castle of St. Angelo and bridge of the same name, by taking down all the buildings between Borgo Vecchio and Borgo Nuovo, and so forming those two streets into one as wide as the distance between the extremities of the colonnades — that is, the space between them, a most noble approach would have been obtained, and the whole of the dome could have been seen. In such case the front of the church would have assumed a very different character from what it has at present: instead of being concealed from sight, the towering cupola would have sprung up out of what is now a monotonous and apparently unfinished mass, and have completely displayed itself as in a geometrical drawing. The French contemplated the formation of such a

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Bernini during the pontificate of *Alexander the Sixth!!!* A most solemn and extraordinary blunder, to be paralleled only by that of an Italian writer who speaks of the palace built in Greenwich Park for *Paul the Second!* It is quite deplorable to see history and chronology so *fuddled*. Can it be that the gentleman who makes Alexander Borgia and Bernini contemporaries, never read a work by one William Roscoe, called the "Life of Leo the Tenth"?

street, but events deprived them of the opportunity; and it may now be questioned whether it will ever be undertaken.

The façade itself is most disagreeably remarkable for its flatness and insipidity; and one wonders how so poor a design could have been adopted for such a fabric; nor can it be accounted for, except by supposing that it was never attentively examined by others, any more than it appears to have been studied by the architect. It consists of a mere plane, with numerous openings, indeed, and with still more numerous breaks, which latter destroy all repose, but cut up and fritter the surface most unmeaningly, while there are no projections sufficiently bold either to produce decided variety and contrast, or to occasion effective shadows. The attic above the order is not only intolerable in itself for its extreme caprice and ugliness, but it quite destroys what little outline there might have been, had the pediment been suffered to show itself against the sky. At present, there is not the slightest indication of the internal division of the building into a nave and side ailes. Another defect which, although arising from the prodigious scale of the edifice, is, nevertheless, at variance with grandeur, is, that the whole looks composed of little bits; the very columns being built up of small stones, so that they look, as Mr. Hope * remarks, more like diminutive towers than colossal pillars. How different the effect of the granite Egyptian obelisk which stands in the centre of the piazza in front of this very building! Indeed, it may be questioned whether the Greek orders are at all adapted for colossal dimensions—for any beyond a certain limit, unless the material employed can be obtained in blocks of corre-

* Those who wish to see what is the opinion of so distinguished a critic as the late Thomas Hope, in regard to St. Peter's, may find it, in the form of a very long note at page 553. of his posthumous and recently published "Historical Essay on Architecture."

sponding magnitude. The outline of our English St. Paul's is incomparably finer than that of the Roman basilica: the campanili or towers of its western front are not, indeed, perfectly unexceptionable in themselves; but their effect is invaluable, both as regards that façade, and the ever-varying combination and contrast they produce with reference to the cupola behind, according to the station of the spectator. At St. Peter's, there is nothing whatever of the kind. In an *elevation* of the principal front—which, it should be observed, faces the *east*, two lesser domes exhibit themselves below the cupola in such manner that the three together offer a pyramidical group; yet, being so much lower, although somewhat nearer, those minor domes are entirely lost from the piazza. Again, there is very little appearance of transept, either externally or internally, in the Roman building, little more than a moderate projection without, and no very great apparent extension, in that direction, within. Neither are there entrances at those points to give them importance; whereas the semicircular porticoes to the transepts of St. Paul's, not only produce a most beautiful play and variety of form, without abruptness, but are in an infinitely more noble, pure, and classical style than any thing else whatsoever designed by Wren.* Another unpleasing circumstance is, that instead of

* Greatly is it to be regretted that the officiousness of respect and admiration should be ever calling attention to other works by Sir Christopher, so utterly unworthy the architect of St. Paul's, that, had the latter never existed, they would never have obtained any fame. As far as they are remarkable at all, nearly all his other productions are remarkable chiefly for the utter want of taste and imagination they display. This may be admitted, without detracting one iota from the excellence of his *chef d'œuvre*, which confers far greater honour on his genius when taken alone, than when encumbered with the companionship of what it has reason to be ashamed of. No one thinks the worse of Cicero because his poetical attempts were detestable; and, in like manner, Wren can every well afford to dispense with all the rest of his reputation besides that which belongs to him as the author of the noblest modern structure of its class, after the temple of the Vatican.

the dome being placed nearly centrical, it is more than twice as far from the eastern front than from the western end of the building; consequently, the latter portion looks disproportionably short and heavy.

Notwithstanding that the above observations go but a very little way towards an examination of the external architecture of St. Peter's, I am afraid that some readers will think them too minute, and, therefore, now pass on at once to the interior, in speaking of which, I shall endeavour to be less particular; and, therefore, omit saying any thing of the spacious loggia or gallery occupying the lower part of the external front, and giving a lengthened vista, placed transversely to the one which presents itself on entering the nave. Owing to its remoteness from the front, the dome does not display itself within, until we have advanced a considerable way; which is, perhaps, rather an advantageous circumstance than not, since we are thereby prevented from obtaining the entire and full impression at the very first, without any possibility of increase. Nearly every one has

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Much is it to be regretted that the plan brought forward some ten years ago for rebuilding the houses around St. Paul's, and reducing the whole of the area where it stands to a symmetrical and uniform shape, in accordance with that of the building, should have been suffered to drop entirely. Schemes of far greater magnitude have since been carried into effect in other parts of the city. One reason wherefore it was not proceeded with may have been, that its projector overshot his mark, by attaching to that improvement the further design of forming a spacious new street from the western front of the cathedral to St. Clement's in the Strand; — a scheme certain of being violently opposed by all the inhabitants of Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, to say nothing of the formidable expense attending it. Had the area in front of the church been extended by a crescent, as proposed, the obliquity of the embouchure from Ludgate Street would have been of little consequence. At any rate, it would have been more prudent for the architect to have confined his views, in the first instance, to what was more immediately called for, and was in itself feasible enough, without proceeding to the startling length his ambition prompted him to.

remarked, with more or less of astonishment, that the whole interior looks less than it really is; and by some this has been attributed to the justness of its proportions. The fact is, there is no single proportion that strikes — neither height nor length displays any great relative extent in comparison with width. In most Gothic cathedrals, there is a marked *excess* of height and length, which, whether it can be termed justness of proportions or not, must be allowed to be a merit, because the source of extraordinary effect. The length of the nave alone is sometimes six or seven times its width; and the idea of extent is further increased by the perspective repetition of a number of columns and arches receding in lengthened vista. In St. Peter's, on the contrary, we find extraordinary positive magnitude, yet paucity of parts, — perhaps I should say divisions, since there are a number of lesser parts, that rather interrupt the perspective, than contribute any thing towards it. For instance, there are only four divisions or arches on each side, between the entrance and the space below the dome; consequently, they do not at all strike either the eye or imagination, by their number; neither is the perspective carried on beyond the dome, there being no choir, but merely a single arch and tribune, as in the lateral transepts. I should, however, observe, that there is much variety and regularity in this portion of the plan, which forms a square, divided, by the piers that support the dome, into four long halls or galleries, surrounding a kind of octagonal one, roofed by the cupola. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that an architectural critic should describe St. Peter's as the largest "*room*" in the world; because — to say nothing of its familiarity — that term conveys too much the idea of a simple enclosed space within a building, not of a combination of them, so arranged as to produce com-

plexity, and to form a collective assemblage of various subdivisions.

If St. Peter's differs, somewhat to its disadvantage, from the system observed in Gothic cathedrals, it differs from the latter quite as much, if not more, in its general character. Instead of being marked by the air of awful solemnity which distinguishes them, it rather strikes the mind by its splendour and gaiety, which, were the building itself of less magnitude, would border too much upon showiness. In comparison with the Roman one, our own Protestant cathedral, built in the Roman style, appears cold, and rather dreary than solemn, the style itself being, according to our ideas, so much more modern and less venerable than that of our other cathedral churches. Almost the only example we have in England of a "Roman Catholic" degree of embellishment — if I may so phrase it — applied to a Protestant place of worship, is the chapel of Greenwich Hospital*; most rich and tasteful in itself, but which has, nevertheless, incurred censure, as being too theatrical and gaudy. St. Paul's is quite free either from the gaudiness of painting, or that of coloured marbles or gilding, so conspicuous in St. Peter's.

Hardly shall I be accused of any undue bias towards catholicism and papistry, and yet I think that painting might have been admitted into St. Paul's, without any danger to its protestantism. Upon the same principle that we tolerate altar-pieces with paintings, in our churches, might we have consented to the extension of the same kind of decoration over other parts. Did the distinction between the Catholic and Protestant church consist chiefly in

* What renders this beautiful interior so much unlike our churches, is, besides the decoration bestowed upon it, its not being deformed and lumbered up by pews, which, together with upper side galleries, like those in a theatre, must always, so long as they are retained, counteract, and render null every attempt at architectural effect.

the admission of pictorial embellishment by the one, and the rejection of it by the other, then indeed it would have been most indiscreet to propose any thing whatever of the kind. Neither does it exactly follow, that as far as pictures were concerned, there would have existed no difference; on the contrary, there would have been quite as much in this respect, as in many other things which both churches possess in common. We might as well object to music, as too much allied with Catholic worship, or to statues of any kind, because the Catholics have images of saints, to which they pay adoration. All that legendary lore which furnishes so many subjects — some of them most horrible and disgusting ones — to Catholic painters, would, of course,be interdicted to Protestant artists, who would be restricted to scriptural subjects alone, and to those with some limitation. In one of his essays, Dr. Vicesimus Knox has rather warmly advocated the introduction of paintings into churches, as at all events a harmless, and, perhaps, in some degree beneficial, practice. Still I am willing to admit, that the finest painting of a scriptural subject can be no otherwise edifying than as leading the mind to meditation; or instructive, than as a visible comment on the circumstances so set forth. Never can painting give more than a lively representation of that, whose real import and meaning must be obtained by other means; else we behold no more than an idle display of figures, which, however agreeable to the eye, do not speak at all to the mind. Few artists are so highly gifted as to be able to conceive such subjects worthily, or as to impart to them the soul and expression they require. A man may be an able painter, without possessing that feeling which should inspire him for such works. Even among the greatest masters the world has seen, there are comparatively very few who have succeeded in religious subjects: as pictures we may admire them, criticise and approve;

yet rarely are we struck by profound sentiment, and, so to speak, with that *unction* which compels veneration. As for the gorgeous and laboured trivialities — the *maestria* and *bravura* of art by which so many paintings in the churches of Italy recommend themselves to the connoisseur, they may have their value, but they cannot satisfy those who look for meaning — intellectual power — elevation of the heart.

Quitting a train of speculation that some may consider misplaced, I again proceed with my remarks on St. Peter's. Little is it to be wondered at, that a form, which addresses itself so strongly to the senses as that of the Catholic church does, should still retain such influence over those who profess it, as to blind them to its errors. It is impossible for a Protestant — nay, even a *bigoted* one, to remain coldly insensible to the fascination of the religious pomp and pageantry which are so abundantly displayed in this splendid basilica. Yet to admiration would, perhaps, succeed a different feeling, should he happen to witness the superstitious reverence here paid to the bronze effigy of St. Peter himself.* This figure, which is on one side of the high altar, beneath the dome, is said to be a true likeness of the Apostle, and represents him seated in a marble chair, beneath a canopy of metal, and holding two keys in his left hand. The foot, which projects a little beyond the pedestal on which it

* It is, however, said to be no more than a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, renamed and accommodated to its new character! — a species of Catholic metamorphosis of which I have before mentioned instances; viz., the Apollo and Minerva transformed into a David and Judith. Should O'Connell catholicise England, after rooting out Protestantism in Ireland, similar transformations may perhaps take place in regard to some of the statues in Westminster Abbey; and, should that of Kean have been then erected, it is possible it may be made to personate a saint, a character which Kean himself never attempted either upon the stage or off it. By-the-bye, the *aldermanic* episode would make a very pretty and appropriate subject in bas-relief for the pedestal of the histrionic effigy.

rests, bears testimony to the fervour of his devotees, the metal being quite polished by the innumerable kisses it has received from their lips. This practical devotion — among a thousand similar instances — seems rather to contradict the assertion of catholic writers, who assert that the images of their saints are intended only to excite religious fervour, and that they are not held to be objects of actual devotion, or possessing any peculiar sanctity in themselves. As the sole apology for what is quite indefensible by any argument drawn from Christianity itself, it may be very well for them to put such construction upon it; yet do the generality of Catholics — supposing them to be not merely nominally such — limit themselves within those bounds? — do they attribute no positive efficacy to the immediate contact of such images? To reply in the negative, would be to contradict daily evidence and experience: why, then, are not some pains taken to extirpate the error which has thus crept into the Romish church? If, entirely wrested from its original purpose, the use of images is found to lead to a monstrous and universal abuse, the sooner images, relics, and other amulets of that kind are abolished, the better. According to the apologists for them, images, at least, are non-essential — nothing further than incentives to spiritual worship — consequently, might safely and consistently be abandoned, when discovered to occasion most serious error. For a serious error assuredly it is to suppose that the touch of a piece of metal can avail anything; or that a prayer recited before a senseless statue can be more efficacious or more acceptable to heaven than if offered up to the Living and Omnipresent God, who alone knoweth all our thoughts, and can read our innermost hearts. Dull and sluggish of mind, indeed, must those be, who cannot fix their thoughts in prayer without having some sensible object before their eyes. But the error, it is to be feared, is not only gross in itself, but also something more than a

merely speculative one. Hardly should we find those, who are so openly immoral in their general conduct that it is impossible to suspect them of hypocrisy, so frequently display their devotion after this fashion, did they not actually believe that the simple mechanical act of religion was an equivalent for their sins, and that upon such easy terms they can keep a fair debtor and creditor account with heaven. No better result is to be expected from a practice permitted in direct opposition to the express will of God himself, who has forbidden the use of "graven images," declaring that he is a "*jealous God*," and claims the whole of our worship.

I shall not stop to notice the high altar with its twisted columns and lofty baldachino — somewhere about a hundred feet in height — all of bronze; but take the reader to the tribune, at the extremity of the church, where there is a chair of St. Peter supported by colossal statues of bronze, representing the four principal Doctors of the church. This enormous group was designed by Bernini, the fashionable artist of his day, who was employed upon every work of magnitude, to the exclusion of all competition. Speaking of this work, Cicognara says, that it is one of the artist's best for its conception, and one of his worst for the execution and bad taste it displays. The chair itself is certainly a most grotesque piece of furniture — too much in what is called the *Louis Quatorze* style, to have ever been occupied by the saint. This, however, is merely Bernini's notion of it. The real chair is not shown, being deposited below the altar of the tribune. Of course the possession of this latter is considered very important by Catholics, and they have, accordingly, most indignantly repelled every doubt that has, at any time, been cast upon its identity. One living female traveller and author *par métier*, has given great offence, by affirming that it is no other than "a worm-eaten

chair of wood," which, on being examined by the French, was found to have the following inscription on it in Arabic:— "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" If the lively "*miladi*" was not actually romancing; if she did not blunder in her story; — in short, if such is the fact, the imposture or mistake — call it whichever we may — admits of no contradiction. Dr. Wiseman, however, has thought it worth while to tell her "ladyship," by implication, that what she says is no better than an *invention;* for he maintains that it is an ancient curule chair, evidently of Roman workmanship; and may, therefore, without any absurdity, be supposed to have been made use of as an episcopal throne, when St. Peter was received into the house of the senator Prudens, at Rome. He, moreover, reads her incredulous, or, perhaps, too credulous, ladyship, a rather strong lecture, although not exactly *ex cathedrâ,* giving her to understand that she had rendered herself no less odious, than notorious by her calumnies, and unwarrantable breaches of confidence upon many occasions. As to the idendity of the Apostle's chair, that is a matter which may be left *in ambiguo,* as we have no means of verifying what is said on either side. With so many, and so much graver errors and delinquencies to answer for, the Romish church may well endure, with little additional injury to its character, the petty scandal of claiming for St. Peter a relic that acknowledges the religion of Mahomet.

The various works of art in St. Peter's must be left unspoken of by me, since I have neither the inclination to write, nor the means of giving a *catalogue raisonné* of them. All that I shall mention in the class of sculpture, are three Papal monuments, the first of which is, the too celebrated one of Paul III., by Guglielmo della Porta. This I notice, because it is a proof that the subjects admitted into Catholic churches are not uniformly

calculated to excite spiritual feelings. The cenotaph has, besides the figure of the Pope, those of two females, one supposed to be intended for Prudence, represented as a wrinkled old woman; the other, strangely enough, called Justice, being a naked female figure, equally voluptuous in her form and her attitude;—a singular accompaniment for the *mausoleum* of one of St. Peter's successors, and not at all the less so, if there be any truth that it is a portrait statue of the holy Pontiff's own natural daughter, Celia Farnese. The life and *naturalness* of this figure attracted such admiration as at length to scandalise even Italians and Catholics. Accordingly, it was found requisite to veil some of its beauties, before too profanely, not to say libidinously, exposed, by the addition of a small piece of drapery, just sufficient to remove absolute nudity. Surely the temples of religion, even though it be that of catholicism, might be expected to be kept free from such abomination, from such impurity, from such gross defilement.

The other two monuments are those of Clement XIII. and Pius VII.; the former by Canova, the latter by Thorwaldsen. Both these magnificent Papal mausolea reflect honour on the talents of their respective artists: in that by Canova the two recumbent lions on the socle of its pedestal are of wonderfully fine execution; and there is also a great deal of expression in the figure of the mourning Genius who is represented as a winged youth holding an inverted torch. Yet criticism may object to this work—as well, by the bye, also to many others—that these accessory figures occupy the attention too exclusively, and that Pope Rezzonico himself acts but a subordinate kind of character in this his apotheosis. Thorwaldsen, who, although by birth a Dane, may, in fact, be claimed by Italy as strongly as by his native country, has shown himself a worthy rival of the great Venetian sculptor, not only in his monument of Pius VII., but in numerous

other works, which, if they yield to those of Canova in elegance, generally surpass them in vigour of mind.

Among those who have worn the Papal tiara, there are few individuals who have done so, with greater honour to themselves, or more in accordance with their priestly character, than he who is the subject of Thorwaldsen's chisel. Schooled as he was by adversity, the virtues of Pius shone with far greater lustre than they might have done had he enjoyed that plenitude of power which once attended the princes of the Vatican. His regard for the English was sincere, as he proved by his liberality in allowing them to establish a Protestant church in the capital of Popery and Catholicism.* — Besides a number of other Papal monuments, there are several royal ones, including that of Christina of Sweden. Among these — although somewhat ambiguously — may, perhaps, be classed that of the last of the Stuarts, for which he is indebted to the generosity, no less than the munificence left of George IV.

There is much ornamental, as well as monumental, sculpture within this basilica; and, in works of this class, the large upright alto-relievo, by Algardi, in one of the transepts, holds a conspicuous place. It represents St. Leo forbidding Attila to approach the walls of Rome, while the Apostles, Peter and Paul, are seen hovering above, with drawn swords in their hands, threatening the Hun with the chastisement of Heaven. The figure of the saint is dignified and spirited, but the subject altogether is treated more like a picture than a work of sculpture; and, for want of aërial perspective, unattainable without colour, the figures of the Apostles in the air seem just above

* The author of this work was among those who were admitted to a private audience with Pius soon after his return to Rome, on which occasion he expressed, with much emotion, his feeling of gratitude towards the British

the heads of the others, and far too gross and palpable in substance for aërial beings or apparitions.* I know not whether Raphael's Transfiguration, of which there is here a fine copy in musaic, be not chargeable with some degree of inconsistency. It is undoubtedly worthy the reputation it has acquired, yet, as a composition, it is defective; for what should be principal is rendered subordinate — at least in situation, and, in comparison with the figures, Mount Tabor appears little bigger than a hay-cock; besides which, the group in the foreground is a detached and independent action thrust in by the painter. No modern artist, perhaps, would commit such egregious faults; yet, where is the artist, either ancient or modern, who could rival this glorious work in those qualities which constitute its soul? By this time, no doubt, the reader is heartily tired of St. Peter's; nor will I detain him in it longer than to mention that, during the time of one of our visits, the Pope entered with a retinue, among whom were several Cardinals. Taking his station at a desk, in front of the high altar, and about fifty paces from it, he commenced his devotions kneeling, while the Cardinals were seated on benches, and the numerous guards were stationed around. A throng of spectators crowded behind them, but in perfect silence; and the whole place was so hushed and still, one might have imagined it quite empty. I got sufficiently close to be able to have a good view of the Pontiff, who appeared to be entirely absorbed in the act of prayer. As soon as he had completed his orisons, he immediately retired, attended in the same manner as at his entrance, except that a Cardinal now officiated as his train-bearer.

* Engravings both of this and of Clement XIII.'s monument may be seen in Cicognara's Storia della Scultura, tom. iii. — Cicognara accuses the combination of the *picturesque* and *sculpturesque* of producing a "detestable effect," and of having operated most prejudicially upon the art during th seventeenth century.

Numerous petitions were now presented to him, which were received by a person appointed for that purpose.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of one of the most wonderful and stupendous fabrics ever erected by human hands, I cannot forbear remarking that, after all, it is rather the vanity of the creature than the glory of the Creator which is here honoured. It seems quite as much a gorgeous museum of art as a temple for Christian devotion. By thousands and tens of thousands it is gazed upon, with profane eyes, as if it were a mere place of exhibition, and without any other idea than what is excited by the splendour of architecture and the pomp of art. What I would say has been so much better expressed by another writer, that I may here be allowed to borrow his forcible language. "I have been compelled," he observes, "to turn from the magnificence of art, from the beauty of sculpture, from the lofty aspirations of an outward edifice, from the balmy breath of a fragrant atmosphere, from the fine emblems of Heaven and eternity, to the appalling consideration that the beams of truth have feebly irradiated these walls; *that the chillness of a moral death reigns eternally within them*;—that the very structure which had given the former enchantment to my senses and my heart owes its existence to the ambition and despotism of human crime; and that, in very truth, these magnificent buildings are, in the words of an energetic writer (Foster), 'as triumphal arches erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the light of the world and the life of man.'"

Its vicinity to the basilica Vaticana suggests to me to mention the Moles Hadriana, which, even in its present denuded and debased state, presents a most imposing mass of structure — a huge rotunda, whose diameter exceeds that of the dome of St. Peter's. This, now called Castle of Angelo, the fortress and

state prison of modern Rome, must, in its first shape, have been a most magnificent pile, reared aloft on an immense quadrangular substructure of rock-like solidity; and surrounded with a peristyle of marble columns, afterwards carried off to decorate the ancient basilica of St. Paul. Still, bereft, as it is, of all its former splendour and encumbered by mean additions, it is strongly imposing from its bulk and its outline.* Even the ancient city could have had very few works to compare with this, either in magnitude or solidity — in grandeur of design or richness of embellishment. The very Pantheon itself is low and diminutive in comparison with it; for the architect of the imperial mausoleum seems to have anticipated Michael Angelo's boast, not indeed by elevating the Pantheon in the air, but by planting a cylindric mass of large dimensions upon an elevated terrace from which it springs.

One of the most ancient churches in Rome, in respect of origin, if not of structure, is that of the Lateran, famed as the seat of so many general councils of the church, and one of the four chief basilicas — it having been founded by Constantine in the early part of the third century. The present structure, however, in front of which stands a lofty Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, was erected in the seventeenth century, and exhibits the bad taste of that period. The principal front is later, having been built about 1735, by Alexander Galilei, an architect who has shown far greater taste in the splendid Corsini chapel, that forms one of the chief attractions of the interior. This last is of extraordinary richness: marbles, gilding, painting, sculpture — all are profusely employed, yet so discreetly, and with such elegance of taste, that the eye finds no excess. The cloisters belonging to this church form quite an architectural studio, being surrounded by an arcade of small arches resting upon columns placed in pairs — that is, one be-

fore the other — which exhibit extraordinary variety both in their shafts and capitals. Some of the shafts are twisted singly; others compounded of two twisted together: some, again, with plain surfaces; others enriched by flutings, cablings, carvings, and different modes of embellishment; many of which might furnish ideas, even were they objected to as models. There are also other curiosities shown here of a more startling kind: among the rest, a marble fragment which passes for the identical stone on which the cock crowed at the time of St. Peter's denial of his Master!! Surely this must be intended by the very Catholics themselves as a burlesque upon those relics to which their church attaches so much importance: if not, it is an instance of fatuity that almost exceeds belief.

Adjoining the church is the ancient patriarchal palace, — or, rather, what formerly was so, the present structure being rebuilt by Sixtus V.; — but it is now no longer inhabited as a Papal residence, and, indeed, appears to be in a very ruinous condition. Near the same basilica, there is likewise a chapel containing the *scala santa*, a flight of steps (twenty-eight in number) credited to have been brought from the house of Pilate to Jerusalem, and to have been there ascended by our Saviour. It may be so: I do not care to disturb belief in what, if doubtful, is still possible; yet I may, without scandal, express my astonishment at the senseless devotion which leads Catholics to hold it a positive act of piety to crawl up these steps upon their knees — an act so meritorious in the sight of Heaven, as to secure for them pardon from on high, and Papal indulgences here below! Nevertheless, we are assured that the Romish Church, whatever it may have done in former ages, no longer countenances superstition. "For my part," observes a foreign, but Protestant writer, "I shudder at reflecting that most probably some of the devotees whom I saw crawling up this miraculous

staircase, had, perhaps, plunged a dagger into the heart of some unfortunate wretch, and conceived that, by this slight penance, they could expiate the atrocious crime of murder." Christian faith, and sincere Christian penitence, will procure us pardon for the worst transgressions; yet a most woeful delusion is it to suppose that mere external actions have any thing in common with that soul-saving penitence which is nothing less than an entire change of principle in the heart; an utter abnegation of sin, not only for its consequences but for itself; together with a deep conviction of entire unworthiness and hopelessness, save through the GREAT INTERCESSOR, the Divine Propitiator for our sins. Without such penitence, all the penances which superstition has invented are sheer mockery — even sinful, since they presume that Heaven will accept less than a truly contrite spirit seeking refuge from sin where alone it is to be found. Whatever interpretation the Romish Church may give to a system of penance which attaches more importance to outward signs than to spiritual conversion from sin to righteousness, its abuses have been too scandalous and notorious not to shock those who compare it ever so slightly with the doctrines of the gospel. To assert that such a system entirely excludes that penitence which alone can be acceptable to God, would indeed be most unwarrantable; but the existence of such inward penitence can be known to HIM who alone readeth the heart, and to whom our most secret thoughts and desires are known. It is not for man to usurp the privileges of Heaven, and quite unwarrantable to say with the authority of Heaven, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

Granting — reluctantly, I must confess — even for a moment that the Church of Rome can substantiate something like a title to the super-human power it thus arrogates to itself, it voluntarily subjects itself to most humiliating suspicions by constituting that system a lucrative one. If it can dispense the pardons

of Heaven, like Heaven, it should dispense them freely — unpurchased by gold, and show itself unbribed by the mammon of the world. Wherefore should it submit even to the shadow of so disgraceful an imputation? Allow the Catholics their doctrine of Purgatory, in its utmost extent — that masses for the dead can relieve the souls of the departed from an intermediate state of torment, why should the priests themselves betray their lack of zeal or want of faith by not performing gratuitously services of such extreme efficacy for the departed? Or are we to suppose that none but purchased and paid-for prayers can ascend to the Throne of Grace, and accomplish works of mercy? Of the doctrine itself, as such, apart from its profitableness to the church which inculcates it, it is unnecessary here to speak, further than to remark, that it was unknown to the primitive church, and requires the utmost ingenuity on the part of its supporters to find anything whatever in the scriptures that can be so interpreted as to lend it countenance. At the same time it is one of such momentous importance, if true, that we cannot but suppose it would have been plainly declared were it a part of the Christian faith: in such case, it would, doubtless, have been stated again and again, and enforced no less explicitly than the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins.

Having trespassed to this extent in touching upon matters that I certainly might have "left in my inkstand," without being reproached for omitting them, I shall do no more than add to the degree of my offending, if I take this opportunity of adding to the above a few words respecting the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. Among the arguments he brings forward as evidence of its truth, Dr. England says, that, if they are not to be interpreted literally, our Saviour would certainly not have made use of expressions which he must have foreseen

the great mass of Christians would construe in their plain and obvious meaning. Now, their plain and obvious meaning is so evidently no other than a figurative one, as to render it astonishing how they could ever have otherwise been understood. When Jesus said to his disciples,—"This is my body," could they possibly understand it in a literal sense? If, therefore, misconception as to its meaning was to be guarded against at all, it was surely then; and our Lord would have explained that what to them appeared to be but bread and wine were, in reality, his own body and blood. As well might Dr. England contend, that all parallel expressions are to be received in the same literal sense, and that otherwise they would not have been made use of, because tending to mislead "the great mass of Christians" who would construe them in their plain and obvious meaning. Yet, no one, I imagine, ever thought of interpreting literally such expressions as, "I am the *vine*—I am the *door*," &c. The doctor is certainly not particularly fortunate in appealing to the text—"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life;" since just before occur the words—"I am the bread of life," so that there can be no doubt as to the interpretation to be given to the whole passage. By "eating the flesh" and "drinking the blood" of Christ, we are to understand the participating in that spiritual food which is as essential to the strengthening of the soul as our natural food is to the elements of our bodies. It is the bread of life we "eat" in Christ Jesus that bestows upon us everlasting life, not the reception of the outward and mystical elements alone, which, according to the Romish church, would seem to possess sufficient efficacy without the mind's assent, or that spiritual worship of the heart which the bodily signs of devotion are presumed to indicate; conseqently, if not accompanied by such unfeigned elevation of

the soul to God, such acts only add the guilt of deliberate falsehood and profanation to previous iniquity.

Were we to adopt, with consistency, the principle to which Dr. England's *explanation* must inevitably lead us, if applied to similar cases, we should be compelled to put upon many texts a construction that would be quite repugnant to common sense: for instance, it would follow, according to the verbal expression, that the body of Christ, as the "*Bread* of Life," must have been a farinaceous, not an animal, human substance; whereas the real import of the phrase is, that Christ is to the soul what bread is to the body — our food and the support of our vitality; in the one case spiritual, in the other corporeal. Romanists may, if they please, appeal to the miracle of the "bloody wafer," performed at Bolsena, by Urban IV., as to sensible, complete, and irrefragable evidence of the actual transformation of the consecrated elements into flesh and blood; nevertheless, as Dr. England himself, so far from strengthening his argument by such testimony, has not thought fit even to allude to it, a Protestant may very well be excused from giving the least credit to what is the sole proof in favour of transubstantiation.

Perhaps I can find no more suitable place than here offers to speak of the ceremonies of the Holy Week at Rome, both because they will illustrate the kind of solemnity with which Catholics celebrate that season, and because Dr. England attaches so much importance to the ceremonies that he has described them at length for the edification of the English at Rome. Most certainly they are attractive enough, there being no lack of processionising, show, and splendour; and, if religion is to be measured by external appearances, we may fairly allow that of Catholic Rome to excel every other form of it. Whether there be devotion or not, of its pageantry there is quite enough to give it a very theatrical character: such pompous parade, so

much display of gorgeous dresses, so much robing and changing of attire, so much marching and counter-marching, that the ceremonies may very well be called performances. Their commencement takes place on Palm Sunday, which, unlike most other Sundays of the year, is treated with some degree of respect, not as being the Lord's day, but as being a day appropriated by the church.

The chapel in which this prelude to the performances of the week is solemnised was crowded to excess by a throng of spectators, who seemed to be dressed out for a court gala, rather than a religious ceremonial: a gayer assembly can hardly be imagined. First entered a procession of cardinals in their robes, held up by train-bearers, and they were followed by the Pope and a numerous escort. As soon as his holiness had taken his seat on a sort of throne by the altar, a band of instrumental music and a choir of singers struck up; and, during this concert, each of the cardinals advanced in turn, and kissed the pontiff's hand. They then changed their robes for others, and as soon as they had taken their seats in their new, and, in my eyes, rather fanciful attire, the holy father knelt before the altar. This part of the "function" being concluded, there was fresh chaunting, after which the Pope proceeded to consecrate the bundles of artificial palm branches used on the occasion, and to distribute them to the cardinals and other ecclesiastics, receiving their salutations in return. To attempt to give an account of all the numerous minor formalities would be only to inflict on the reader the tedium I myself experienced in witnessing such inane pomp. The chaunting was certainly most fine and impressive, though somewhat monotonous; but, in all the rest, mere studied form and ostentatious display predominated, to the exclusion of aught like religious worship. Looking upon the whole exhibition as a mere picture or *tableau*, it was certainly replete with scenic effect, and with

pomp well calculated to captivate the eye. Groups in gorgeous raiment, costly draperies, lighted tapers, clouds of incense, so thick that they occasionally obscured the altar; all these circumstances, together with various others, constituted a magnificent piece of *spectacle*, yet one by far too mundane in its character not to excite some doubts as to its propriety. In addition to what has been mentioned, there is another ceremony which takes place at the conclusion of the mass; for, as soon as that was over, the Pope seated himself again in his chair, which had been, in the interval, placed on a kind of platform with poles or handles, and this being raised on men's shoulders, he is borne along in procession to a large hall, which, like the chapel, is filled with spectators. It struck me that there was something of the ludicrous in this part of the show, and also that its parade was better suited for an Eastern despot than for the successor of the Fisherman of Galilee, and the vicegerent of Christ.

On the following Thursday, or Maundy-Thursday, curiosity again led us to witness another religious drama — or, what may at least be termed a dramatic action, whether the other epithet be applied to it or not — namely, the ceremony of the Pope's washing the feet of twelve persons representing the apostles. The mob we had to encounter in getting in, and the confusion that prevailed at the entrance, baffle description. So far from there being any solemnity here, the scene was most tumultuous, nor could all the exertions of the guards maintain any degree of decorum. Persons of both sexes were pushing and struggling, till many were severely bruised, and their dress totally discomposed; nor, as may well be conceived, was this notorious behaviour confined to dumb show. Had it been possible to do so, we should have turned back; but it was then useless to think of receding from our very disagreeable and somewhat perilous

Procession of the Pope

position. When at length we did get into the chapel, we found it nearly filled beforehand by foreign embassadors and other high personages who had been privately admitted a different way. Seated together in a row were the representatives of the apostles, one of whom was of truculent bandit-like aspect, being intended, as we were informed, to personate Judas. They were all dressed in gowns of fine flannel, with silk sashes round their waists, and had white caps and shoes. Each of them in turn bared one of his feet, which was just wetted, in a kind of dish, and then wiped dry and kissed by the Pope. This piece of pompous humility on the part of the Holy Father is any thing but edifying; most remote, in fact, from the Christian virtue it is intended to show forth. It looks like something studiedly forced and unnatural, being altogether inconsistent with modern usages. At the best it can be considered in no other light than that of a piece of state etiquette of the Popes; a mere form, quite as flattering to their pride as to any better feeling. Among the successors of St. Peter the world has seen many Judases, who, no doubt, performed such solemn act of humiliation without the least violence to their feelings, their haughtiness, and their arrogance.

It costs us very little to be humble, when we are assured that, so far from thereby incurring the sneers and contempt of the world, we shall gain its admiration; for which reason, I cannot help thinking that those Roman ladies of rank who, in imitation of the Holy Father, officiously display their devotion by washing the feet of pilgrims, undertake an office of very questionable merit. To relieve the necessitous by actual services and assistance; to do works of piety that have some real beneficial object in view; to edify others both by our counsel and our conduct; and to strive to exhibit the Christian graces in the general tenor of our lives;—this is to imitate the Sa-

viour worthily: not so when we play, upon some particular occasion, a merely assumed part; where what, under different circumstances, might be humility, is to procure us distinction. There is one convent in particular, at Rome, where this farce (I was going to term it) of feet washing, is carried on during this season to a great extent: — princesses, duchesses, and other dames of high rank and title, repair thither to show off their excess of humility, or else to do penance for their every day pride.

Easter Sunday, ushered in by a discharge of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo, and other firing, is the finishing act of the ceremonies of the Holy Week. The piazza of St. Peter's was completely filled with a dense crowd, and with the whole military force of his Holiness, who just contrived to keep a clear space, as an avenue, along the centre. The procession was very striking: there were cardinals, and other high ecclesiastics, all in their gala pontificals, together with a gay assembly of attendants and guards; and, above all, there was the Pope himself, enthroned in his chair, o'ertopping the whole multitude. As soon as the ceremonies within the church were terminated, there was a general rush from the building, every one being eager to witness the "benediction." This ceremony was performed from the balcony, above the entrance into the vestibule of the church, which on such occasions is adorned with damask hangings. There was certainly something exceedingly impressive in this scene; for the dead silence that prevailed throughout the whole of the assembled multitude, — about one thousand persons, — while the pontiff pronounced his blessing, gave a character of real solemnity that it was impossible not to feel.

One thing, too singular to be passed over in silence, was, that there were two immense fans, of peacock's feathers, held up just over the Pope's head. To these apparently incongruous

insignia of the papal dignity, some mystical meaning is pretended to be attached; it being said that these *flabelli* originated in the practice of employing fans of feathers to drive away flies and insects from altars, and they may therefore be supposed to indicate that it is the office of the Pope to drive away all impurities and pollutions from that church of which he is the head. If so, I am afraid that something less showy and far stronger than peacock's feathers are required to purify the altar of Rome from the deformities that have settled upon it in whole swarms.

By far the grandest display of all, and, moreover, the least objectionable of any exhibitions peculiar to this holy season, because it does not, like the rest, profess to be of a religious nature, is the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's on the evening of Easter day. The lighting up began at about seven o'clock; and in the course of an hour the whole was illuminated with lamps, that had the effect of paper lanthorns, shedding a subdued gleam over the architecture, and producing a surprisingly beautiful effect. In this state it continued for another hour, when, suddenly, additional lights burst forth almost simultaneously into a blaze of most vivid splendour. It was certainly a most astonishing spectacle: no less so for the celerity with which this powerful change was accomplished, than for its dazzling brilliancy. The basilica seemed crowned by a colossal tiara, irradiated with thousands of gems, whose united effulgence was nothing short of a manifestation of the sublime mingled with the beautiful.

Compared with this indescribably fine—I may say, even, stupendous—exhibition, all other illuminations I have ever beheld sink into insipidity and insignificance. It is true it was but a single object yet that an unrivalled one; producing an effect of which nothing else of the kind can any more convey adequate

idea, than a thousand minor buildings can give the impression of one such a pile as St. Peter's itself. One advantage, moreover, of such illumination is, that it exhibits itself far and wide in every direction: and, indeed, were not such the case, by many it could not be viewed at all; for, thronged as the piazza and its environs were till after midnight, that space were insufficient to contain a population increased by a great influx of strangers and visiters. Notwithstanding the crowds of persons on foot, and equipages, there was as little confusion as possible under such circumstances, and, I believe, no pickpocketing; which latter is certainly more than would have happened in England, where, for the encouragement, it is to be presumed, of the light-fingered profession, persons take care not to go into any kind of crowd without having something in their pockets to render them worthy the particular attention of those gentry.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROME CONTINUED. — THE PANTHEON. — THE COLISEUM. — ROMAN FORUM. — THE CAPITOL AND ITS MUSEUM. — SANTA MARIA DI ARA CŒLI. — OTHER CHURCHES. — THE VATICAN. — MUSEO PIO — CLEMENTINO. — REFLECTIONS. — PAGANISM. — DISREGARD OF THE SABBATH.

ALREADY have I filled one chapter on the subject of Rome, and find that I have done little more than partially touch upon St. Peter's and another basilica. It may, perhaps, be said that I have shown myself a most wretched economist, both as regards my own paper and the readers' patience, by dragging in various topics which no one would expect to meet with, and which, when they actually fall in a writer's way, require to be handled with the utmost discretion and delicacy. Most assuredly, if a writer is chargeable with deviating from his proper course because, in noticing what has most forcibly struck himself, he departs from the track usually observed by others, I must confess myself guilty to that extent, and, being so convicted, am aware that it is useless to appeal either to the good nature of critics or the indulgence of readers. Thus, gathering confidence from the consciousness that I have already passed the Rubicon of discretion, I decline offering any of the misplaced apologies usually resorted to by those whose *mal-à-propos* excuses only convince others of their own foreknowledge of their delinquencies.

Fortunately, I entered into no compact with the reader to enumerate all the buildings and other curiosities with which Rome abounds; otherwise I should feel myself more embarrassed

than I actually am. Therefore, pretermitting whatever other churches have claim upon a traveller's attention, I shall shift my scene, first to the Pantheon, next to the Coliseum, or, more properly speaking, the Flavian Amphitheatre. Both these structures are so well known, as to their general form and character, that a formal description of them may very well be spared. Notwithstanding that it is squeezed up by mean houses, and now denuded of most of its former external embellishments — nay, more, barbarously disfigured by the modern embellishments added by Urban VIII., namely, Bernini's two ugly belfries,— there is a commanding grandeur in the Pantheon that shames the laboured littleness of the generality of the Roman churches. Compared with them, its style of architecture may be pronounced not only grand, but pure; although, considered with reference to taste alone, it is decidedly inferior to Grecian design. Indulging, perhaps, in a refinement of criticism, some have objected to the combination here offered by the junction of a rectangular portico with a larger and much loftier circular edifice. Leaving others to determine whether the portico be an invention of later date or not, I conceive that there is at least a sufficient degree of piquant and picturesque contrast in this union of two forms — certainly beautiful in themselves — to make amends for the want of more exact conformity. Neither can it be said that the portico interferes too much with the building behind it; its projection being such as to exhibit it completely, almost independently of the rotunda. At the same time, although it is of such subordinate proportion to the latter, as rather to increase than detract from its magnitude, this architectural appendage is so ample in its dimensions as not to suffer by the proximity of a much larger mass. Eight Corinthian columns in front, forty feet high, with shafts formed of a single piece of granite, can hardly produce aught less than a grandiose effect; more especially as there are likewise two rows

of columns within the portico, which give a richness to its perspective appearance, as rare in modern architecture as the magnificence of the columns themselves.* The interior has not escaped the injuries either of spoliation or beautifying: — where once was bronze, we now behold whitewash; and the coloured marbles, which formed the inlaid Attic order, have been torn away, leaving only a mean surface, in most unsightly contrast with the Giallo antico, which glows with such subdued richness elsewhere. Much cannot be said in praise of many of the individual parts: had the Attic or upper order been reduced, and the lower one proportionably increased, the effect would have been much finer. At present, the former is much too large for the latter of these divisions; for, while it appears coarse and heavy in itself, it causes the other to look too insignificant, both as compared with that, and with the area of the interior. The effect of the light streaming through a single aperture in the centre of the vaulted dome, and of small diameter in proportion to that of the dome itself, is exceedingly beautiful. It seems to float through the whole building, partially losing itself and dying away in the recesses behind the columns. This uniform distribution of light — which, be it remarked, does not operate to the exclusion of shadow — appears

* It were to be wished that some of our modern English portico-makers would endeavour to throw more variety than they do into such features, by introducing columns behind columns, and by aiming at internal depth and richness of character; instead of which they invariably limit themselves to outer columns. I may further remark, that when they copy they rarely make any allowance for differences that, although they may amount to apparently little in mere words, amount to a very great deal in point of effect. Reduced in scale, and executed in more ordinary material, even a fac-simile of the portico of the Pantheon could not impress us as the original does. We may excuse granite shafts being unfluted, although the order is Corinthian; but, were they stone, they would require to be so enriched, that they might be consistent with the rest.

essential to the full display of Grecian or Roman architecture; whereas opposite side lights, as in all our modern churches, cut up and fritter the architecture very disagreeably. Nor are modern domes managed much better, the light always being admitted into them from scattered points, and comparatively very little of it from the summit. This is the case with the cupola of St. Paul's, where we look up into a void of nearly darkness visible, with no more light than is just sufficient to show that there is some miserable distortion of painted architecture that positively counteracts all beauty of form in the cupola itself. Although now dedicated to the Virgin *, the interior of the Pantheon looks quite as much like a museum as a church, being decorated with a series of busts — not of saints, but of distinguished artists — painters, musicians, fiddlers, engravers, &c. — odd substitutes for the martyrs associated with the Virgin in the honours of this temple.

On the 22d of November, 1834, the remains of Raphael were deposited here again with much pomp, after there had been a considerable stir about the discovery of his skull, made some time before, for which, it should seem, some other had been mistaken. The "*invention*" of the authentic one was treated as a matter of great importance, and made quite a *sensation* among the Romans, who carry their superstition to an excessive length even in such matters as this. Yet the real value of the

* It is reported of the statue of her here, that it miraculously cried out aloud for oil, the lamp before it having been neglected to be duly replenished. Such absurd stories are something more than contemptible — they are actually disgusting. Besides which, the most wonderful circumstance in all these Catholic miracles is, that, instead of being manifested upon actual emergencies, they are always of the most paltry nature. Had some of the numerous miraculous images at Rome marched against the Spaniards who sacked the city in the sixteenth century, or planted it with a flame brand to oppose the modern invaders under Buonaparte, we might give them credit for being in downright earnest; but, when they only play off their tricks very uselessly, they do not exhibit much policy.

discovery of this precious relic may be questioned, because it does not appear that they were so fortunate as to find any of Raphael's brains; which, it may be presumed, are most of all wanted by his degenerate successors in art.

Were it not for the existence of St. Peter's, the Flavian amphitheatre might be regarded as the most colossal structure ever erected in Rome — that is, if we except the baths of Diocletian and Caracalla;— the extreme dimensions of the basilica being 735 feet by 510, and those of the amphitheatre 615 feet by 510 feet: nor does this estimate take into the account that extension which St. Peter's receives from the colonnades, which alone form an area equal to that occupied by the Coliseum. The latter is, nevertheless, a most stupendous edifice, not merely on account of the magnitude of its plan, but its massiveness also. Plundered, as it has been, of materials for the erection of palaces and other modern buildings, this huge pile seems undiminished in bulk, and to have gained, in picturesque sublimity of character, more than it has lost in the integrity of its architecture. It is, of a truth, one of those things where the effects of accident are so combined with those of art, that it is impossible to determine which predominate. As a study of the different orders, in which view it has been looked at more attentively than is desirable, it is any thing but an exemplar of good taste; yet such a fabric as this Coliseum can very well afford to dispense with minor beauties, and to exhibit blemishes that would be fatal to any thing short of it in grandeur. Unhappily, architects themselves seem to entertain a different opinion: they conceive that the same individual forms must, under all circumstances, produce the same effect; which is as preposterous as to conceive that a copy a foot high could convey any impression of the Colossus of Rhodes. Hence, have we miniature Pæstan columns, beneath whose entablature a person above the common stature can hardly pass without stooping;

besides a hundred other absurdities, founded upon the detestable practice of copying literally without regard to the *context* of the original.

Most Englishmen make a point of visiting this amphitheatre by moonlight: and at such time we not only obtain the full effect of light and shade, but of a light peculiarly adapted to the scene. There is then quite sufficient to exhibit the grandeur of the form and different masses, but not so powerful a degree of it as to bring into notice the deformities and dilapidations that, during the day, cause it to appear a stately wreck of what it once was. Viewed by the light of the moon, diffusing itself over the ample extent of slope, the Coliseum is then subdued from ruggedness into softened grandeur and tranquillity. How impressively, too, do the hushy stillness and solemn placidity, which then prevail, contrast with the picture which, in powerful antithesis of feeling, the imagination delineates to itself, of the far different spectacle here presented when the whole of this vast concave was peopled by a dense multitude assembled to glut their eyes with the sanguinary and ferocious combats that took place within its arena. I have already touched upon that truly frightful trait in the character of the ancient Italians which led them to seek amusement in such scenes of carnage and slaughter as those for whose exhibition this immense structure was reared; and, in so doing, I have probably shown more indignation than was consistent with philosophic liberality. At least, another traveller affects to perceive no extraordinary enormity in these bloody spectacles. "Every nation," says the apologetic Forsyth, "has undergone its revolution of vices; and, as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins." The inference intended to be drawn from this and what follows it, is, that national virtues

and vices are merely comparative, and that all systems of morality are, indifferently, good so long as they continue in vogue: a strange opinion to be countenanced by one who has himself acted the censor,—reproaching the Italians for a degree of immorality almost incredible to untravelled Englishmen. In one case or other, therefore, he egregiously erred; because if, as Christians, we have no right to be scandalised at Pagan depravities — at the enormities of the civilised Romans — it is not easy to perceive wherefore, as Englishmen, we should be offended at the profligate turpitude of Italian morals, which Mr. Forsyth himself, for one, could so comfortably vent his spleen in "*execrating.*" If we once begin to admit, as our standard of right and wrong — of lawfulness and unlawfulness, mere popular opinion and custom, we shall find ourselves compelled either to be most awkwardly inconsistent, or exposed to an exceedingly inconvenient degree of toleration. The robber and the murderer, the seducer and the knave, may claim to be exempted from principles and obligations they do not acknowledge. They have a code of their own to which they conform; and although other people may "execrate" it, because it does not happen to tally with their notions of humanity and justice, they are assuredly quite unreasonable in so doing. For myself, I must own that I cannot enter into Mr. Forsyth's calm and impartial views of the matter; and, were the fabric of the Coliseum ten times more shattered than it is at present — were it little more than a mass of undistinguishable ruins, I should hardly give a single sigh to its departed glory*.

* Carlo Lucangeli's model of the Coliseum, in its original state, will convey an accurate idea of what it then was, even to the minutest particulars, the artist having been most scrupulously exact, verifying all the details, &c., by actual examination on the spot. This extraordinary work of art, which is executed in wood, upon a scale of one-sixtieth of the size of the building, occupied him during the twenty-two last years of his life. It is most faith-

The dilettanteism of some persons leads them quite beyond the bounds of discretion and proper feeling: their classical attachments hardly stop short of downright paganism; so blinded are they by the brighter side of antiquity to all the depravities of its philosophy, and the wretched grossness of its religious creed,—to the flagitiousness of ancient morals, and the damning iniquities, the revolting impurities, which the historian and the antiquarian every where trace throughout their studies. Genuine philosophy, so unlike that spurious imitation of it, which looks upon all creeds and systems as merely so many different modes and fashions, will amply console us for the departure of the splendour of the ancient world. Let such little philosophists and rhodomontade rhapsodists as Byron contemptuously sneer their utmost, and thereby endeavour to shame us into the opinion that all religions are not only nearly equal, but equally useless and inefficient likewise: it is no argument against the beneficent influence of Christianity, that it has not extirpated crime and vice from among those who profess it; that modern times can produce instances of guilt, equalling in atrocity almost any thing of a former period. As well might we expect the sick to be cured by merely looking at the medicine offered them, as that Christianity should subdue the evil propensities of our nature, and eradicate all its sinfulness, while the sinner refuses to taste of its healing power. First prove that the crimes which disturb society, and ravage the world,

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ful as to the construction, and no less carefully finished in the internal corridors, and other parts still less exposed to view, than in those which fully display themselves. Besides this, he executed two other astonishing specimens of his patience and skill: one a model of St. Peter's (which is at St. Petersburgh), of such dimensions as to admit of the dome being illuminated similarly to that of the church itself on Easter-day; — the other, a cork model of the Coliseum in its actual state, showing every particular dilapidation and injury. Lucangeli died November 27th, 1812, at the age of sixty-five.

proceed from those who are unfeigned Christians,—not in external custom-complying profession alone, but in their very hearts, and it will then be sufficient time to question the superiority of Christianity itself over every other religious system: nor its superiority alone, but its direct and positive authority as a divine revelation to guilty and fallen man. Did I not apprehend that I have already extended the foregoing remarks to what may be considered by some a tedious and unreasonable length, the ancient Forum Romanum, extending from the Coliseum to the Capitol, or modern Campidoglio, would afford a prolific theme for moralising. Yet I both forego that temptation, and omit to speak of any of the very numerous remains of temples and other edifices which either line, or are scattered about, this avenue. Interesting as they may be, if examined separately as studies, they give a strange, bewildered, and confused appearance to the whole place; almost too much so, even to be in keeping with the picturesque. Its modern appellation, therefore, of the *Campo Vaccino*, suits it better than its more ancient one; for it looks more suited for a cattle market than any thing like what the imagination is likely to conceive of the Via Triumphalis, and the Forum through which it passed. The whole looks a strange jumbled waste piece of ground, so entirely planless, that to attempt to restore it, by drawings, into any thing like regularity or order, would seem a hopeless task, unless the artist should take the liberty of pushing some of the buildings into other situations than those they now occupy.

At the north-east, or further extremity of this Forum, as we proceed from the Amphitheatre, stand the buildings of the modern Capitol. Were it not for that dignified title, which raises previous expectation somewhat too highly, leading us to expect a more august and classical edifice, they would satisfy

the spectator better. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that they are very far from exhibiting the worst taste of Roman architecture; while there is also much picturesque grandeur in the approach leading up to them, and in the grouping of the distinct edifices here combined together. The ascent is by a *scala cordonata*, graced below by two dark coloured Egyptian lions, and above by two colossal figures of Castor and Pollux, each holding his steed. Besides which there are antique trophies, and other sculptures, placed on the pedestals of the balustrade at the top of the ascent. This ascent, however, I should remark, does not face the Campo Vaccino, but is in the opposite direction. The three buildings placed upon the mount or platform above are unconnected with each other, so that they produce a very different effect from that of a centre with projecting wings. The further one, which is called the Palace of the Senator, and is appropriated to the purpose of courts of justice and prisons, is of a different design from the others, and surmounted by a tower, which gives it some sort of distinction, although by no means sufficient for what should be obviously the principal in this architectural group. Of the other two buildings, that on the right of the spectator, as he stands in front of them, is the palace of the Conservatori, and contains a gallery of paintings; and in that on the left, which corresponds with it, are the apartments forming the museum of the Capitol. These different buildings were designed by Michael Angelo, and, although they do not evince a very correct taste, must be allowed to exhibit a certain *maestria* and *gusto*, that redeem their imperfections. There is one singularity which appears to have been dictated entirely by caprice, there being no apparent reason or necessity for it; which is, that the two side buildings diverge inwards, being only 110 feet apart towards the ascent to them, and about 160 at their further extremity, so that the court itself

expands towards the central edifice.* It might be that the architect aimed at this character of expansion; otherwise, if it does not amount to a positive defect, this want of parallelism is certainly a licence not reconcileable with the usual laws of architecture.

In the museum there are several sculptures and pieces of antiquity on the ground floor, but the principal part of the collection occupies a long narrow gallery above, the full extent of the building, and five rooms communicating with it, on the side towards the piazza. The first of these is called the *Stanza del Gladiatore Moribundo*, from the well known statue that constitutes its principal ornament. To this succeeds the Stanza del Fauno Rosso: the third apartment, which is the largest of the suite, is the Salone, and the two following are designated the Room of the Philosophers and the Room of the Emperors, being set apart for busts of them respectively. All these rooms are exceedingly plain, without any other furniture or ornament than the sculptures themselves; and although the busts in the two last are very well disposed for exhibition, being ranged in two rows along the walls, the general effect is formal and insipid. In the room of the Emperors there is a particularly fine sitting statue of Agrippina, from which Canova borrowed the attitude and general air for that of Madame Letizia, the mother of Napoleon.

Diverging from the foot of the ascent to the Campidoglio, is another more spacious and loftier flight of steps, leading up to the church of Santa Maria di Ara Cœli, an edifice which most persons consider quite incommensurate with so pompous an approach to it. Viewed from below, the building looks more like the naked gable end of some granary or warehouse than a church.

* The same may be remarked of the parts which connect the semi-circular colonnades of St. Peter's with the front of the church.

Yet even this very nakedness, arising from the paucity and smallness of the apertures, compared with the extent of surface in which they are introduced, is far preferable to the abominable overloaded *Jesuitical* style of architecture, where columns and particles of entablature are stuck up in the most preposterous manner, and mixed with *crinkums* of all sorts by way of garnish. As is the case in many other *Italian Gothic* churches of the same period, the exterior is of brick work, with only a few detached features of the pointed style, intermixed with round and square-headed doors, with small circular windows, the latter in situations where they do not occur in our buildings.

The number of days in the year does not exceed that of the churches in Rome; I may, therefore, be allowed to bestow an *indulgence* — as good as a papal one — on my reader, and a *dispensation* on myself, by desisting from saying any thing further in regard to them, save what may be summed up in a few general remarks. Nearly all will be found to possess attraction of some kind or other: for however defective most of them may be, considered merely as buildings, few are without some work of art, some display of painting, sculpture, carving, or material, well worth examining. Those of Santo Stefano Rotondo, Santa Costanza, &c., formerly heathen temples, are singular for their circular plans (altogether different from that of the Pantheon), producing a complex perspective view within. Others, of the more ancient churches, abound in columns brought from other edifices, which, although not perfectly alike and differing in colour as well as form, produce a picturesque richness that reconciles the eye to the want of perfect architectural agreement. The ancient church of St. Clement affords an example of a range of Ionic pillars, alternately fluted and plain. It is further remarkable for the fine effect of its large tribune, enriched with musaics, and for the singular intermixture of

nakedness in some parts, and extreme splendour for others. While the pavement and ceiling exhibit lavish decoration, equally with the columns, arches, and mosaics, &c., the upper part of the wall, immediately below the flat roof, has merely a few small and very ordinary windows. Nevertheless, the ensemble is so fine, that it is well worth while for architects to consider how far it is possible to obtain a nearly similar degree of contrast, without leaving any part obviously unfinished. They may, also, here study one of the most agreeable combinations of the column and the arch that can well be imagined. As in many other Italian buildings, the arches spring immediately from the abaci of the pillars, instead of their being any interposition of a most unmeaning and exceedingly ugly bit of entablature between the two, — a barbarism Gibbs thought proper to adopt in the interior of St. Martin's church.

There is so much in every branch of art to attract a student on his first arrival at Rome, that I should think it is likely to distract him also, and completely to bewilder him, until he has somewhat familiarised himself with its treasures, and can composedly direct his attention to particular objects. The galleries, Loggie, and Stanze of the Vatican alone are positively bewildering to any one who either is not gifted with perfect indifference for their contents, or who has not ample leisure to return to them again and again — to examine, compare, and meditate. The majority of English visiters scorn to be at the trouble of all this; they walk in, and then they walk out again, satisfied that they have performed an inevitable duty, and thereby earned for themselves the privilege of vaunting the exploit to their friends.

The Vatican may be said to be another Rome, an epitome of both the modern and the ancient city, — a palace that is a museum, — containing a museum that in extent and splendour

eclipses many palaces; and that is, in fact, a cluster of museums. Exclusive of other works of art, there are a legion of statues within its walls, some of them unrivalled masterpieces of the chisel, such as never have been, perhaps never will be, matched. To speak even of a few of them adequately, would require not only a closer examination than I could bestow upon them, but a profound knowledge of painting and sculpture, and of antiquity. Besides, all the most striking objects have been so repeatedly spoken of, that, unless something altogether original could be said with regard to them, any observations would appear stale and unprofitable; while, on the other hand, to omit them, and speak of things less known, because of minor note, might subject me to the imputation of having eyes only for works of inferior character and repute. The Loggie of Raphael would demand a volume to do justice to such an extensive gallery both of historical and decorative painting. Now, alas! we behold them, not in their meridian splendour,—not in the summer of their glow and gorgeousness, but in their autumn hues,—faded from what they once were, and announcing that they are doomed to a still more lamentable stage of decay. Hence, as too frequently happens in this sublunary world, where we promise ourselves unalloyed delight, our pleasure becomes so strongly tinctured with melancholy, that while we admire, we sigh, and the more we admire, the keener is our regret. But even the paintings in the Loggie, although so long exposed to tho atmosphere, the arcades of the galleries being till very lately all of them unglazed, have sustained less injury than the frescoes in the *Stanze* of Raphael; which injury is to be ascribed to the wanton barbarism of the soldiery of Charles V., who, on taking this papal palace, kindled fires in the rooms upon the stone floors, and the smoke from them has done irreparable evil. Not content with this enormity, they are

further said to have purposely defaced many of the heads, which were afterwards repaired rather than restored, by Sebastian del Piombo. Among the paintings, are two more expressly intended to exhibit the power of miracle-working arrogated to itself by the Romish church. One of them, called the *Incendio del Borgo*, represents a conflagration that had broken out in a part of the city in the pontificate of Leo IV., and which that pope effectually extinguished by making the sign of the cross! The other gives us the Mass at Bolsena; to which incredible story I have already adverted upon a former and different occasion. Preposterous as these legends are in themselves, they are certainly very favourable subjects for the pencil; and, if we consider merely their artistical merit, just as we should that of any mythological fable of antiquity represented in the same way, we cannot but admire the grandeur of the composition, and the fine attitudes and expression of many of the figures. The dramatic action of such stories recommends them as better suited for pictorial description than sacred subjects whose interest and sublimity lies beyond the reach of form and colours.

Entering the museum from that part of the Vatican where is the court enclosed by Raphael's Loggie, we perceive before us a vista one thousand feet in extent. This prodigious corridor is called the *Museo Chiaramonti*, and consists of two divisions; the first containing an immense collection of lapidary inscriptions, the other of sculpture. At the further extremity a flight of steps conducts up to two small vestibules, in one of which is the celebrated Torso. From the second of these, on turning to the left, we obtain another most striking perspective, through the court of the Belvedere and its porticoes, into the *Sala degli Animali*, and beyond that, into the *Sala delle Muse*, where, in the remotest distance, the view terminates in the Rotonda. The Belvedere court has four open porticoes, or loggie, with enclosed pavilions at

the angles between them, which are cut off so as to produce an octagon of four larger and four smaller sides. The arrangement of the plan is not a very usual one, yet pleasing, and susceptible of far richer architectural effect than has here been aimed at. Within the four enclosed spaces at the angles, are the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Belvedere Mercury, and the Perseus; to which latter are added Canova's Boxers. The language of criticism and enthusiasm has been exhausted in expatiating on the merits of those *chefs-d'œuvre* of the chisel; consequently further observations would be superfluous, even did the rapidity of this sketch allow them to be made. On entering the *Sala degli Animali*, so called from its statues and fragments of various animals, we perceive on either hand a screen of columns, whereby the hall is formed into three divisions; that in the centre, forming the passage through which we proceed into the further halls, being narrower than the others; an unusual, but very striking, and here particularly appropriate, disposition of the plan, since, by giving greater extent in a cross direction to the principal line, it creates much variety and picturesque complexity. Not less striking, although of very different character, is the succeeding apartment, called the *Sala delle Muse*, which expands itself in the centre into an octagonal saloon, of elegant Corinthian architecture, with splendid marble columns, and a most sumptuous inlaid pavement. The Rotonda (forty-five feet in diameter) is a most noble specimen of modern architecture, lighted, like the Pantheon, from a single aperture in the centre of its vault; and around it are spacious recesses, occupied by colossal statues. From this beautiful circular hall, on turning to the left from the recess by which we enter from the preceding apartment, we are presented with another striking architectural scene, namely, the *Sala a Croce Greca*, and the magnificent staircase at its extremity, the two

side flights of which conduct up to other galleries, forming a long suite parallel with the *Museo Chiaramonti;* the two ranges of buildings enclosing between them an inner court, called the Garden *della Pigna.* Although not remarkably spacious, the *Sala a Croce Greca* is a noble vestibule, decorated with numerous productions of sculpture, among which figure, very conspicuously, the two colossal sarcophagi of porphyry; one that of Helena, the mother of Constantine, the other of his sister, Saint Costanza. Besides these galleries, there is in this part of the museum (called the *Museo Pio-Clementino*) another, which is entered from the extremity of the *Sala degli Animali,* to the right as we advance from the court of the Belvedere.

This is called the *Galleria della Statue,* and contiguous to it is a smaller and very elegant apartment, distinguished by the name of *il Gabinetto.* The architecture of nearly all these halls and galleries is set off by the splendour and costliness of material, as exhibited in columns, &c. of the choicest marbles, and splendid musaics; besides which, the beauty of each apartment is greatly enhanced by the seducing variety of plan, that imparts so much novelty to each succeeding scene.

It is, indeed, a most noble sanctuary of art,—

> "Peopled with Grecian forms, — with heroes, gods,
> Themselves created by the sculptor's art,
> Whose shrines obscure have fallen, as in scorn
> Of rites unhallow'd and of rule impure,
> Of lying oracles, and all the frauds
> That taught men to revere a conclave foul
> Of lusts, high seated on celestial thrones,
> Arrayed in pomp and majesty of Sin; —
> Olympian brutes, that awed an abject world,
> And reign'd in Heaven with attributes from Hell!"

These shocking lines—truly may I so call them, since they cannot fail to shock all *ciceroni* and *dilletanti*—suggest to my-

self what to others may appear a very odd idea; namely, that, however valuable and admirable the display of paganism here presented may be, if estimated merely as a collection of works of art, it must be said to be rather an incongruous appendage to a pontifical palace, belonging to the successors of St. Peter, and the supreme head of the Roman Catholic church. What might be no more than a laudable and generous patronage of the fine arts in a secular prince, becomes somewhat inconsistent with the character of the bishops of Rome; although, it must be confessed, not to that degree which it would be in a protestant primate.

The Romish church has too deeply tinctured itself with the pagan superstitions of antiquity to receive much further contamination from that source of impurity: for it has both adopted without scruple, and retained without shame, so much of the idolatry and absurdities of heathenism, that its religion is little more than a Christianised *refacciamento* of the creed it has superseded. Like that of antiquity, it has an Olympus of saints, both male and female; deities with their respective shrines and altars, to which is attributed a particular local sanctity. If it does not exactly acknowledge the name, it keeps up the system of polytheism; and, like those of Rome and Greece, its rites address themselves most powerfully to the senses and and the fancy. Somewhat modernised, the ceremonials of ancient worship may be witnessed in its temples; lustrations, processions with torches, votive offerings at shrines, prostrations before idols, worshipped and wonder-working statues. For apotheosis and deification, it exhibits to us the canonisation of saints, many of whom, while on earth, had exceedingly dubious pretensions to the honours awarded to them after their deaths. The Romanists have substituted Mary for Astarte, "Queen of Heaven;" the license of their carnivals for the saturnalia of

antiquity. In Loretto we may perceive the celebrity of Delphi revived, and the mythological inventions of Greece and Rome are surpassed in puerile extravagance by the legends of modern Italy.

All these points of resemblance have so frequently been pointed out before, and so much more fully dwelt upon, that the bare enumeration of them here will, probably, be considered exceedingly stale and trite; yet their want of novelty must at least take off the edge of their offensiveness, and secure me from the reproach I might else incur. Among numerous other fantastical extravagances prevalent in Italy under the mask of religion, I may here mention the ludicrously abominable practice of the Pope's blessing cattle and other four-footed animals on St. Anthony's day; a practice that manifests the most besotted credulity on the part of the people, and the most flagitious sanction of debasing superstition on the part of him who arrogates to himself all spiritual power as the unerring head of the apostolical church. To what extent the licentiousness of the ancient saturnalia proceeded, I know not, but conjecture that in preposterous foolery they must have fallen far short of the modern carnival. What a pitch of vulgar insanity and universal fatuity it reaches, may be judged from what has been said in one of the chapters upon Naples; nor is the capital where his Holiness resides—the sacred city where St. Peter is worshipped—at all behind-hand in the freaks played off at that season. Admitting that the mummeries are harmless in themselves, it is disgusting enough to see human beings conducting themselves in so stupidly irrational a manner, and disgracing themselves by conduct becoming only in a mountebank, and excusable only in an idiot.

This, however, is a scandal which attaches itself to the people rather than to the church; not so that obstinately maintained tenet of the latter, which, contrary to all scriptural

grounds, claims divine honours for the Virgin, raising her to an equality with the Saviour, making her an all-efficient mediatrix with Heaven, and blasphemously styling her by the title of Mother of God; whereas the Gospel awards to her no higher distinction than that of being "highly favoured among women," which is very different indeed from identifying her—if I may so express myself—with the Triune God. Very conspicuous among

> "The dark idolatries
> Of alienated Judah"

is this unwarrantable and most unscriptural transferment of divine honours to a mere creature. As was to be expected, it has proved the basis of that monstrous superstructure of similar inventions, which has been raised high over the gospel, and which has crushed it, throughout the whole of Catholic Europe. The Almighty has declared himself to be a "jealous God;" and in that character he will surely take vengeance on those who lower his majesty by admitting to copartnership with him beings who have only been ransomed from sin through the great propitiation. And has not that vengeance been their portion? Hath not the church, which has defiled itself by defiling the purity of the gospel, been abandoned to its own carnal and idolatrous imaginations, and left to wander amidst the blindness it has wrought for itself? Rejecting God and the Mediator as insufficient for a system of theology intended to support the temporal power of an omnipotent priesthood, it has filled its temples upon earth, and its highest heaven, with phantoms and *idola* unknown to the pure doctrine of Christ. Nay, as if this were not sufficient, it inculcates the duty of paying devout veneration to the corruption of the tomb, attributing the workings of superhuman power to the disgusting relics of the charnel-house, to dead limbs and rotten bones of martyrs, or to things pretended to be

such, and, as such, accepted by the ignorant multitude upon whom they are imposed.

If not more outrageous, not less so, and assuredly more flagitious in the moral enormities which result from it, is that institute of the Romish church which interdicts marriage to the priesthood, both secular and regular, enforcing a life of celibacy, which those who are at all acquainted with Catholic countries must feel assured is not a life of chastity. This may be considered too sweeping a denunciation—a charge of the most uncharitable kind. Be that as it may, it is a case where charity is quite overpowered by facts, by evidence so unquestionable as to render it impossible for the most lenient view of the case, and the most friendly interpretation of circumstance, to rebut the accusation. To urge, as is usual upon such occasions, that there are numerous exceptions to the universal profligacy thus fostered, not among the priesthood only, but inevitably throughout society, is a treacherous apology, one also, that admits the guilt it seeks to extenuate. Of what value, then, can that system be whose merit and excellence is shown only by the exceptions to its general consequences? While the marriage-bed is esteemed an indulgence inconsistent with the sanctity attached to the office of the priesthood, actual vice, the defilement of the marriage-bed, harlotry, and seduction, do not disqualify the ministers at the altar for the exercise of their functions; neither do they appear to cast any stigma, or even discredit, upon their character. Even the last, miserable, worldly excuse for clerical celibacy, as politically beneficial,—that it necessarily confines the attachment of the Romish clergy to their church, has been rendered nugatory by the extravagant nepotism of many of the popes themselves, who have greedily accumulated wealth in order to enrich their families, and the offspring of their shameless amours. Whether we contemplate the internal or the external

history of papacy, we are shocked by a picture equally frightful: one of which, worldly ambition and domination, pursued by the worldliest means and the foulest intrigues, constitute the principal features, and occupy the greater portion.

How far the papal city sets an example to the rest of Catholic Christendom by the decent respect it exacts for the Sabbath, may be guessed from a remark which has already fallen from me. While the festival of a saint or saintess seems to throw the populace into a ferment of piety, it seems to be quite a matter of course to disregard the Lord's day altogether, as an institution of no account, and not even entitled to the mere externals of observance. Besides the continuance of most of the occupations usual on other days, the theatres are open; such is, if not the passion for dramatic performances, at least the desire for escaping from home into the bustle of a crowded company; which prevails to such an extent in Italy, that the people may be characterised as essentially *undomestic* in their manners and disposition: nor can we well be surprised at this, seeing that they have no foundation for the domestic virtues, or for any thing that endears home as the scene of intellectual and moral enjoyment. Some travelled English may, perhaps, regret the prejudices of their own protestant countrymen, which lay a positive interdict on such very harmless amusements as stage performances upon Sundays. To them—and I trust they are but a contemptible minority—they may be harmless, in so far as they take care that nothing else shall be more beneficial; yet never will England adopt such liberal maxims, until she shall have altogether repudiated her present character, and, as a nation, have abandoned that altar and those principles which have been her ornament no less than her safeguard.

Some point, in derision of all better feeling, to that laxity prevalent in certain circles, where the Sabbath evening is

ushered in by amusements and gaieties that but very ill accord with the superior strictness ascribed to us in our observance of that day as one set apart from secular pursuits and secular amusements. Still they who so *distinguish* themselves are answerable for their wanton folly. Trangressors of that kind there will ever be among the frivolous and dissipated. It were too much to expect that those who give themselves up to heartless vanities during every other day of the week should abstain from them every seventh one, merely in deference to public opinion, or with the view of setting a good example to others: but in such a case there is a wide difference between public and private criminality—between openly sanctioning an evil, and merely tolerating one for which no remedy can be devised. A few thousand people, who call themselves the Fashionable World, and consider themselves entitled to peculiar privileges, yet not particularly enviable ones, do not constitute the English people; and, in fact, have very little affinity with it, being for the most part thoroughly *foreignised, Gallicised, Italianised,* and *anti-Anglicised;* neither can it be urged that their example is at all likely to prove contagious among the great body of people,—certainly not by actual contact, since they take especial care to keep themselves at an immeasurable distance from all the rest of the world, and to shut themselves up in an atmosphere peculiarly their own. Their example can prove pernicious only to the silly under-bred and half-bred apes of gentility, whose brains are turned by the farrago of fashionable novels, and whose highest ambition it is to emulate the exploits of fashionable demireps and fashionable *roués.* It is some consolation to reflect that the frothiness and inanity, I may add, the not unfrequent vulgarity, of that school of scribblings, are in some degree calculated to neutralise the immorality they inculcate, by depicting it as the high privilege belonging to a class of "chartered libertines,"—persons who would be scouted

from honourable English society, — from the best society of which this or any country can boast, — that wherein private moral character must be one passport to it.

I took the reader into the Vatican; but, instead of conducting him out again in a rational manner, I have led him, a sort of a will-o'-the-wisp chase, through what he may probably consider bogs and quagmires, unless he should acquit me of that, being of opinion that the *excursus* in which I have indulged is by far too *dry* to justify the comparison.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROME. — PALACES. — EXCURSION TO FRASCATI, ETC. — TIVOLI. — TEMPLE OF VESTA. — ADRIAN'S VILLA. — LANDSCAPE SCENERY. THE VILLA D'ESTE. — THE MODERN LUCRETIA.

LITTLE as I have yet said of Rome, here I ought, perhaps, to bid adieu to it, not because the few objects I have mentioned comprise all, or any thing like all, we visited, or because I have exhausted my notes on them; but for reason that the limits I have prescribed to my work will hardly allow me to dwell longer upon a subject so repeatedly handled, that, in fact, brevity offers the only chance of novelty. All, therefore, that I shall here add will be some general remarks upon the palaces. These noble residences exhibit more of stateliness and grandeur than of positive beauty in their architecture; and as to external elegance, hardly one can lay any claim to it: they are in a grandiose but heavy style, and the thick iron gratings before the lower windows of many of them have a gloomy gaol-like appearance. Besides this, very few of them are suitably furnished, or, indeed, that do not betray more or less either sad neglect or the utter inability of their owners to keep them in order and repair. Sordid meanness seems to go hand-in-hand with prodigality — penury with ostentation. In capacious saloons, whose walls are decked with valuable paintings, may be seen furniture of the most ordinary description; and in apartments that are otherwise handsomely and consistently decorated, the eye is offended by the floor being of brick, or of some composition of brick-like hue. Climate is no apology for such vile ma-

terials as these, because, if coolness is the object, marble, or at least stone, should be employed; else, as a substitute for carpets, floor-cloth, painted either in imitation of them, or of inlaid marble floors. If such matters are not worth attending to, neither can it be worth while to bestow any thought upon the ornamental in the rest of the apartments, especially as the vileness of the floor becomes more offensively conspicuous in proportion to the richness of the walls and ceilings. The abominable brick pavement is certainly entitled to no respect or favour on the score of its being at all classical, for the ancients bestowed more cost and decoration upon the floors of their rooms than upon any other part of them. Here and there we meet with a splendid marble pavement in some gallery or saloon, perhaps an entire suite of elegant and consistently furnished apartments; yet such exceptions do not interfere with the general character of these Roman palaces, which, for the most part, have rather the air of public than of private buildings: just that kind of order is kept up in them as in places that acknowledge no individual owner or master who has a personal interest in them. However, when lighted up of an evening, their spacious chambers are well enough fitted for the reception of a fashionable crowd of loungers, who effectually conceal the meanness of their floors from observation: besides which, the dinginess of furniture and hangings, like a dingy complexion, is then less striking than in broad daylight, — which is a terrible foe to dirt and shabbiness of any kind.

The "show" palaces are chiefly remarkable for their collections of pictures; such are the Palazzo Doria, and the Palazzo Borghese; which latter was occupied till her death by Napoleon's favourite sister Pauline, whom his evil fate doomed that the Prince Borghese should espouse. Of that beautiful, yet less beautiful than dissolute, woman Canova executed a semi-re-

cumbent statue in the character of a Venere Vincitrice, which still remains in one of the rooms of the palace. In regard to this, a living writer expresses an odd kind of surprise, observing, — "and it is a curious circumstance, that in one of the chambers of the edifice is a statue of this beautiful woman, by Canova." Had he stumbled upon a statue of the Princess Borghese on Salisbury plains, *that* would have been a curious circumstance; but it being in the Borghese palace, is hardly matter for particular wonderment, except he is of opinion that, instead of locking it up, the widowed prince ought rather to have sent it off packing about its business. The simplicity of the writer's own remark is the only thing "curious" in the matter. Passing one palace, that, from the display of stockings, and other articles of attire, hung out to dry at the upper windows, might have been taken for the residence of the queen of the washerwomen, we were informed that it was the residence of another member of the Buonaparte family; namely, that of *Madame Mère* herself, whose form the chisel of Canova has perpetuated in somewhat more decorous, if not intelligible, guise than that of a scantily draped Venus.

Notwithstanding the number of its palazzi, Rome is very far from striking the eye of a stranger as a city of palaces: rather may it be compared to an entangled wilderness of buildings and ruins of all ages — in one place crammed together in dense frequency, in another, loosely and straggingly scattered with huge gaps between them: added to which, even this "eternal city" is not free from eternal filth — from nuisances and abominations that are a disgrace to a people calling themselves civilised. Dirt abounds everywhere, in streets, in courts, and in piazzi; and in some places there are publicly exposed receptacles for dust and sweepings, which are pointed out by the word *immon-*

*dezzaio**, which might, by the by, very properly be affixed up over all the gates in the city.

We did not fail to make the usual excursions in the environs of Rome, paying our devoirs to Frascati and Tivoli, places whose names have very unceremoniously been borrowed for others that are positively their antipodes — the resort of Parisian cockneys and milliners. Frascati, less celebrated as the birth-place of Metastasio than for the renown which clings to it as having been formerly graced by Cicero's *Tusculanum*, — although the exact "whereabout" of the orator's residence has not been decided, — has in its neighbourhood many villas, or, rather, formal *palazzi*, that seem to have been transplanted from the streets of Rome, and each set down in its respective domain. They look, in fact, very far more like town houses taking an airing abroad, than like buildings expressly designed for the situations they occupy. Among them is one formerly belonging to the Pope, which was plundered and dismantled by the French, who converted it into barracks, for which purpose its great extent unfortunately recommended it to their notice. We also passed a mansion and grounds that some years ago were the residence of the Prince of Canino (Lucien Buonaparte); who, leaving to Napoleon the task of acting epics, employed himself in attempting to compose them — by far the more harmless occupation of the two, since it engaged him only in a useless effusion of ink; and happy, therefore, might it have been for Europe if the *scribleromania* had been a family complaint. As an amateur and protector of the fine arts and antiquities, he earned for himself a more lasting reputation than by his *Charlemagne* and his *Corse Sauvée*; and his archæological pursuits and

* There is a joke told of some John Bull, who, mistaking this word for the name of the street where he lodged, gave his address on his card accordingly, to the great amusement, if not the scandal, of his Roman acquaintances.

the various excavations he caused to be made, have been the means of occasioning many fresh discoveries. This villa, called Rufinella, he sold some years back to the Duchess de Chablis, who afterwards left it to the present Queen of Sardinia. Both of them continued the researches first set on foot by Lucien, and with so much interest, that they frequently superintended the progress of them personally. The ruins of several ancient houses have thus been brought to light; some of them with sepulchral chambers, and, as far as can be judged, not much unlike, in their form and accommodation, the dwellings at Pompeii.

Tivoli, the Tibur of the ancients, is so highly favoured by nature, that I know of no site that could better dispense with attraction of classic reputation, and the charms with which Horace and other poets have invested it. Fortunately, it is so well known by the numerous pictures and engravings that have been made of it from different points of view, that I am spared the vain task of attempting to *describe* what the pen of Gray himself conveys only a few inadequate images of, until the real objects, or some graphic representation of them, are beheld. The concisest, if not the choicest description of it, is, that "it is all over picture" — a picture in which headlong torrents, precipices, and pensile rocks form an enchanting variety. Instead, therefore, of trusting myself to the attempt at delineating by words beauties of that unshapeable kind, it will be better for me to speak of what can be more definitely expressed. The beautiful little circular temple, formerly called that of the Sibyl, but now as frequently that of Vesta, is not only an architectural gem in itself, but so brilliant a jewel upon the brow of the landscape, that, while it borrows a charm from the scenery around, it also adds additional witchery to it. Nevertheless, if report may be credited, it was actually the intention of the Bishop-Earl of Bristol, of

most eccentric memory, to remove all the remaining columns and the rest of the edifice—for which it should seem he had actually bargained—to England,—an act of sacrilege that would have been as absurd as it would have been spoliatory; since, had it so pleased him, he could have erected, at far less expense, either a *fac-simile* of the building in its ruined state, or a copy of what it was in its original condition. If that would have been any particular merit, he might have had the original dimensions to the fraction of an inch, and every stone placed precisely as in the original.

Of the eighteen columns which formed the peristyle enclosing the *cella* of the classical little rotunda,—very little larger, by the by, than the turret on the top of the dome of St. Peter's,—only ten now remain, and, with their entablature, offer a most beautiful example of the Corinthian order, at the same time, one in every respect so unlike all other varieties of it, that the capitals alone can entitle it to be so classed: that is, they are enriched with foliage; but the foliage itself is altogether different from what is called the acanthus leaf, that usually adopted for Corinthian capitals. Exquisitely beautiful, however, as it is in itself, and strongly as it recommends itself besides by the variety it affords, it does not seem to have found any favour with Italian architects, who, whenever they have wished to diversify the monotony of their system of the orders, have preferred adopting random caprices of their own rather than this or any other uncommon specimens to be met with among antique remains. Among ourselves, this example of the Corinthian may now be said to be naturalised, it being employed in the exterior of the Bank of England and in one or two more recent edifices. Some critics, not, perhaps, aware of its origin, and considering its deviation from the common Corinthian a mere freak of the architect's own, declared that the capitals of the Bank were

merely bunches of cabbage leaves; and, of course, their being cabbage leaves was a sufficient verdict against them.

Besides this temple, there are the remains of a second, not very far from it; and various other ruins are scattered about, shapeless, yet not nameless, thanks to the ciceroni, who have a title for almost every fragment of old stone they meet with. Of Hadrian's villa, just enough is extant to attest its amplitude: scarcely the plan can be traced out; and all that gave splendour to the immense pile has been destroyed; or, if any fragments of its decorations yet exist, they exist elsewhere. At the most, a bit of painted stucco and some small piece of ornament are now discoverable; all the rest are masses of wall and vaulted roof. Some have not scrupled to advance the staggering assertion, that the circumference of the whole of the palace did not fall short of ten Italian miles! Now, allowing a very handsome deduction for the hyperbole of wonder, such an extent hardly comes within the compass of credibility, for even then this palace-city would have exceeded the Coliseum, theatres, and baths of ancient Rome, together with St. Peter's thrown into the bargain by way of "make-weight." Allowing it to have been rather an assemblage of extensive buildings, than any thing resembling an individual one, — an architectural congress of naumachiæ, baths, hippodromes, academies, and libraries, courts and gardens, besides every accommodation for the numerous retinue of the imperial court, — even this will hardly account for the prodigious space assigned to it by antiquarians. What a magnificent solitude must such an abode have been, although really inhabited by thousands! Even Dioclesian's palace at Spalatro shrinks to a mere *snuggery* in comparison with it; and we may be allowed to say of it —

" 'T was one domain, begirt with princely halls,
Where art its congregated affluence poured,
Through countless domes, all radiant. Greater state
Show'd here than Babylon of old could boast,
Matron of cities, she whose grandeurs seem
Fabled inventions, of poetic lie
Offspring magnificent, as was th' abode
The treacherous Alcina framed, or that
Where her compeer in fraud and guile,
No less than in her fame, Rinaldo held
Spell-bound, a caitiff mean, inglorious thrall.
The halls of Alcaïro, proud Alhamra's courts,
Of antique Egypt the colossal pride,
In fabrics yet imperishable display'd,
With all the vanish'd glories of Bagdad,
Of khaliffs gorgeous seat, were shamed here."

The complete desolation that at present marks the whole site of Hadrian's gigantic villa, and which has obliterated all, save what may be termed scanty, if not insignificant vestiges, seems hardly reconcileable with the degree of perfection we may suppose the imperial founder would have been ambitious to bestow upon such an undertaking. Edifices whose date cause us to look upon this as one almost belonging to modern times, have endured the wear of ages comparatively uninjured. Yet man, rather than time, has been the spoiler here: it offered too convenient a supply of material, either for use or for ornament, to escape the ravaging hands of princes and barbarians alternately—of pious zeal at one time, of pontifical pride at another. Popes and cardinals carried off the precious columns and marbles that Vandals and devotees had left behind.* What,

* As regards statues alone, the number of them that has been found here proves what cost, magnificence, and taste had been lavished on this stupendous residence. The Egyptian idols in the museum of the Capitol were so obtained, and "discovered at Hadrian's villa" meets our eyes in the catalogue of every gallery or museum of any celebrity.

again, the nobles of the church had rejected, the enthusiasm of antiquarianism seized upon and bore away as worthy spoils and relics. Against such a host of depredations not even the pyramids themselves could have made a stand, had it so happened that their materials had been required by an insatiate city in their vicinity.

No wonder is it that both Claude and Gasper Poussin should have been so enamoured with the beauties of Tivoli as to reside there for a series of years. It may, in fact, be said to have been their school, that wherein they studied nature in her most favourable and captivating mood. Here it was that they caught that noble classic and poetic character of landscape which, independently of other beauties, distinguishes so many of their compositions. And here I may be allowed—or, if not allowed, shall take the liberty—to remark, that landscape composition seems to be gone quite out of practice among the artists of the present day. We are getting so terribly matter-of-fact wherever a little imagination would not be misapplied,—by way of making amends, perhaps, for being so preposterously inventive where some regard to probability would not be amiss,—that we must have none but portrait landscapes, no matter how uninteresting, insipid, or insignificant the subject itself. The "house" in which one body "was born," or the "village" in which some other body "resided," are the kind of things the English public demand. The picture of a turnip-field, with the name of the parish where it is to be found, affixed to it, would be preferred to the most romantic scenery whose "whereabout" had no existence, save in the painter's imagination. No less well, therefore, was it for Poussin and Claude that they lived when they did, as that they studied amid the lovely haunts of Tivoli.

Although it is a sort of anti-climax to speak of the Villa d' Este, after the Villa Hadriana, yet, as it obtains conspicuous

mention in the guide-books, it may be allowed to obtain some mention from me, notwithstanding that I have passed over in silence so many other objects. The building seems to be now going fast to waste and ruin, and never could have had much to recommend it externally, except mere size; but its situation is superb, and its gardens of terraces pompous. Independently, too, of these considerations, it has some claims to notice as having been founded by the Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, son of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and that modern Lucretia, who stands celebrated in history as the direct antithesis of the Lucretia of ancient Rome: I mean the female Borgia, whose character the historian of Leo X. has so fruitlessly endeavoured to whitewash, striving to return a verdict of "not guilty" in her favour, after three centuries had doomed her name to that exalted ignominy which appears to have been the inheritance of her race. However foul may have been her character, it could not add a deeper stain to the house of which she was a scion — the house which gave an Alfonso and a Rodrigo* to the papal chair; for the first of these would be distinguished as among the basest of those who have profaned the title of "Vicar of Christ," had it not been reserved for the latter to exhibit in that character the very sublimation of human depravity, and of flagitiousness that may almost be styled satanic.

* In the character he has drawn of him, the following are some of the virtues an Italian and a Catholic ascribes to this worthy successor of St. Peter: —"Costumi oscenissimi, non sincerità, non vergogna, non verità, NON FIDE, NON RELIGIONE, avarizia insaziabile, ambizione immoderata, crudelità più che barbara, &c."

CHAPTER XXV.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE. — CIVITA CASTELLANA. — CONSEQUENCES OF NOCTURNAL TRAVELLING. — CASCADE OF TERNI. — SPOLETO. CATHEDRAL. — GOTHIC AQUEDUCT. — FOLIGNO. — EARTHQUAKE. — PERUGIA. — INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICISM ON PAINTING. — LAKE OF THRASYMENE. — IMPROVED APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE. — AREZZO. — PETRARCH. — CATHEDRAL. — ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE.

I MENTION Rome again only to state that we now quitted it, setting out for Florence by the route of Spoleto, Foligno, Perugia, and Arezzo. The excellence of the road somewhat reconciled us to the dreariness of the way through the Campagna, where the solitude around acquires a painful character from the consideration of its cause — that fatal malaria, whose very name conjures up ideas of irresistible pestilence. Whether the singular unhealthiness of this district is to be ascribed to want of better and more general cultivation, or whether its no being so improved may not as justly be charged to the account of its unhealthiness, and the little inducement it holds out to adopt sounder measures of agricultural economy upon an extensive scale, is a question which admits of argument on either side, and, after all, perhaps, must be left just as it was taken up. In co-operation with other causes, the destruction of trees and plantations may have had an injurious effect on the atmosphere around. The indolence of the people, and the want of enterprise on the part of those who could promote sufficiently extensive schemes of improvement, tend alike to forbid all present hope of any effectual remedy being applied to the calamity.

Sunk into the dotage of servile superstition, Rome exhibits a lethargic apathy where it might give a beneficial stimulus to the industry of its subjects. It is a pity that its miraculous relics and wonder-working saints cannot be prevailed upon to give unquestionable evidence of their power by effectually removing malaria and all its evils. However, there is certainly some prudence shown in not putting them to the experiment, as the result of the ordeal could not fail to produce scandal; for were all the rags and rotten bones of all the saints of Italy collected together for the purpose, they would be more likely to increase malaria than to remove it.

The first place that offered any thing worthy of notice was Cività Castellana formerly supposed to have been the Veii, but now recognised as the Falerium of the ancients. Although a town of some size, it is more remarkable for the peculiarity and beauty of its situation, than for any objects it contains within itself. Seated on an eminence, surrounded by abrupt precipices, intersected by ravines, whose sides are clothed with plants and shrubs, it offers to the eye many striking beauties of landscape, that are further relieved by the wide unpeopled prospect beyond them. The town appears to be far better defended by nature than by art, since what is called the fortress is merely an octangular tower with a few rusty guns, and some ragged scarecrow soldiery. At the entrance to the church, we were most struck by the uncouth appearance of a huge wooden cross, but which, in lack, perhaps, of relics or images, appeared to be an object of particular devotion, if we might judge from the slobbering kisses bestowed upon it by those who went in. The Spaniards have a proverb,—somewhat free, if not absolutely heretical, for such orthodox Catholics,—which says, "Behind the Cross standeth the devil:" and behind this he might stand in human shape without being discovered. That he has more

than once sat snugly ensconced within a confessional, may very well be credited; or, if any credit is to be given to history, he seems not unfrequently to have set his cloven foot within the conclave itself.

On resuming our route next morning, about a few miles from Cività Castellana, we met an English traveller, who, having been so imprudent as to continue his journey by night, had been waylaid and plundered by some of the ruffians who infest this road. They had stripped him of every thing valuable about him, except his watch, which they *generously* allowed him to retain,—probably thinking that might lead to discovery,—so that he was in a most unfortunate plight, and was obliged to send off his servant to procure some supply of cash before he could proceed. If he was travelling on business of particular emergency, his condition was all the more pitiable; but if, as was most likely the case, the unseasonableness of the time was his own free choice, he then doubtless received a lesson for the future. Travelling by night is certainly not one of the very best modes of *seeing* a country, and is not recommended by the prospect of such a nocturnal adventure as the above. However romance writers and readers might protest against a stop being put to such exceedingly interesting proceedings, I think that his Holiness might take some steps towards clearing his dominions of banditti; making no exception even in favour of such devout Catholic ones as that accomplished ornament of the profession, Gasparoni. It is bad policy on his part to suffer either devotees or dilettanti to be stripped of their cash before they reach his capital; as the one would spend it in offerings to old bones, the others upon old stones or modern antiques—for at Rome the "*omnia pretio*" still holds good, and English gold will work miracles in producing antiquities quite "bran-new" from the ingenious manufacturers of such articles.

The reader is not to suppose that all these odd ideas darted across my mind as soon as we had heard our countryman's tale: on the contrary, it rather damped our spirits, by suggesting one of the most disagreeable items in the catalogue of the pleasures of travelling through Italy, and warned us that, even at that hour, we ought to keep ourselves prepared for a sudden salute. Beyond Otricoli, the road really seemed to promise some little travelling episode of the kind, for on each side of it was a dense hanging thicket, that seemed expressly contrived to serve as an ambush for robbers.

The vale of Terni ranks high among the landscape beauties, and the fall of the Velino, or, as it is otherwise called, the Cascade of Terni, is distinguished among the natural wonders, of this part of the country. The latter well deserves all its celebrity, being, in truth, a most prodigious cataract of waters, that flings itself down with a noise absolutely stunning, then foams and boils up again, as it were, in a manner little short of the terrific. To say, with Byron, that "it mounts in spray the skies," would be abominable bombast in prose; but the spray certainly does ascend to a great height. The whole scene is the most picturesque of its kind the imagination can conceive, and yet as unfit for representation in a picture as can well be imagined: and why?—because it is one which completely baffles the painter, and sets his art at defiance. The incessant roar and motion, the ceaseless whirl of waters and their foam, cannot be represented by any materials from the palette; neither can the impression of magnitude be produced by a mere scale. The painter may put in tiny figures into his picture, which will, in some degree, guide us towards guessing the number of yards; but this sort of mensuration can never give the effect of positive vastness; and, without the full feeling of this latter quality, a cataract upon canvass makes no grander appearance than a gutter

overflowing from the top of a house. A discreet landscape painter will no more venture upon subjects of this kind, than a discreet portrait painter would choose to take the picture of "a lady singing;" in which case the poor lady is made to gape a never-ending yawn.

At the town of Terni itself we were fortunate enough to obtain another sight that is not set down for us in any of the guide-books. On entering the place, our attention was caught by the figure of a "venerable" old gentleman riding upon an ass, attended by a military escort on each side of him. The people were gazing at him; and we began to suppose that he must be some personage of more than ordinary consequence, but were not long in discovering that he was no other than a culprit felon, whose hoary locks did not entitle him to any respect. Nevertheless, he was fully entitled to be called venerable-looking, as those young ladies who figure at police offices are to be styled "interesting-looking,"—an abuse of the latter epithet sufficient to bring it into general disrepute. But, in sober truth, there are few things less venerable, or more irreverend, than old age when associated with iniquity and vice. Length of years only tends to increase the mental, as well as to occasion the bodily, deformity of those who have suffered themselves to grow hoary in sin. But a truce to this impertinent and, perhaps, very unprofitable moralising.

Between Terni and Spoleto we ascended some of the loftiest eminences of the Apennines; and at a short distance from the last-mentioned town, Mount Somma begins to rear itself in steep acclivity above all the adjacent heights. Upon its summit, which is reckoned to be 5000 feet above the level of the sea, there formerly stood a temple dedicated to Jupiter Summanus. Spoleto itself, which has at present a population of about 6000 inhabitants, has undergone greater change in

reality than in its name, being the Spoletium of the ancients, and a very important place in Umbria. During the second Punic war, it distinguished itself by the resistance it made against Hannibal, after the battle of Thrasymene, whom it compelled to retreat from its walls,—an event proudly recorded in an inscription above one of its gates, which has thence obtained the title of the Porta Annibale, or Porta Fugæ. In point of situation, Spoleto may be classed with many other towns I have pointed out for their picturesqueness of site; while it is certainly superior to several of them in the interest afforded by some of its buildings. The façade of its cathedral is singular; an odd compound of very opposite styles, if compounded they can be called, when merely brought into contact, and the one kept quite distinct from the other; for the modern cinquecento is quite independent of all the rest. In itself, this is a much more pleasing specimen of the school to which it belongs than many other things of greater repute, and may be described as consisting of seven intercolumns between Corinthian pillars raised on pedestals. Of these intercolumns, five are occupied by open arches, and the two extreme ones, which are somewhat narrower than the others, are closed up and ornamented with niches or tribunes in the lower part, in which are pulpits. The frieze of the entablature is enriched, except in the breaks above the columns; and, altogether, this piece of architecture has certainly a very decorative character. Above this, rising to about three times its height, is seen the ancient Lombardic front, divided into two stories by a range of small corbel pillars and foliated arches. In the lower one there are five circular or wheel windows, that in the centre being the largest, and the two at the extremities of greater dimensions than the intermediate ones. In the uppermost compartment there is a very large mosaic picture in a pointed arch border, and immediately above it, three other wheel windows,

disposed triangularly,—an arrangement most probably intended to be symbolical of the Trinity. So many windows here of this form, brought together to the exclusion of others, give a very peculiar character—one altogether different from what is to be met with on the north side of the Alps; and the windows themselves, moreover, are so inconsiderable in proportion to the mass of solid wall and plain surface, that they appear rather to be introduced for the sake of external ornament, than for the service they can be of in lighting the interior of the building.

Several antiquities have been found from time to time at Spoleto; and there is also an aqueduct connecting the town with the adjacent hills, and now serving as a bridge. According to some accounts, this structure was erected about the year 500, in the reign of the Gothic king Theodoric; and, therefore, if credit may be given to such history of it, it might be taken as strong evidence of the claims of the Goths to the invention of the pointed arch, those of this aqueduct being of such form. At any rate, it would prove that, if not originated by, it was coeval with, them long anterior to the time when such form of the arch became so prevalent as to be influential, and give rise to a new and consistent style. In fact, the enquiry as to the origin of the pointed arch, taken by itself, is a very idle one, notwithstanding so many have thought it worth while to investigate it, since it may be found as a detached feature where there is not the slightest character whatever of what is generally understood by the pointed style. Even could this knotty and so much contested point be settled, it may very fairly be questioned, whether any additional light whatever would be thrown upon the subject, considered in an architectural point of view. Would a man be at all a better writer or arithmetician for being able to tell who first invented pens and figures? Hardly; and if our modern architects more frequently fail than succeed in their

attempts with that particular style and its varieties, it most assuredly does not happen, because the early history of it has not been more perfectly elucidated. A little common sense and good taste is worth a waggon-load of such learned rubbish as many think it incumbent to scrape together, without being able to turn that, or any thing else, to a proper account. There are people in the world who, if they were at all consistent, would never condescend to get a dinner until they had settled to their satisfaction who was the first inventor of eating and cookery.

If I have not been able to say much upon Spoleto itself, I have at least said something under that head, and now, in continuation of more matter-of-fact remark, may state, that there are numerous convents in the town and its environs, whose occupants seem to thrive well. We observed some of them making a visit to bakers' and other shops, with large white bags, which were expeditiously filled, and, as it appeared to us, gratuitously on the part of the tradesmen; and, if so, the number of these authorised mendicants is not likely to decrease. In the vale of the river Clitumnus, we beheld none of those milk-white oxen for which its pastures were formerly so renowned, but, *en revanche*, we met several female equestrians of most Amazonian air; for they were mounted, not on side-saddles, but after the fashion among the other sex; which, whether it be mere prejudice, or not, in nowise tended to give them a very feminine appearance in our eyes, but rather that of horsemen dressed up in women's clothes. Did the want of delicacy in the Italian females extend no further than matters of this sort, it might be overlooked; but something more than improprieties — indelicacies, betraying a thorough grossness of mind — are far too common among them not to excite the notice of every one who travels through this country. Let them, however, have the advantage of the good-natured apology, that Italian manners

and morals are not to be judged by our own tramontane code: the apology itself is an admission that the people of Italy are not shocked at many actions and expressions which to us would appear abominably gross,—a not particularly flattering kind of exculpation. Besides, morality, at least, Christian morality, is not to be regulated according to climate, to degrees of latitude and longitude, or to the divisions of political geography. Impurity of manners and discourse is still impurity, whether indulged in beneath the Equinoctial Line, or at the North Pole.

Those readers who have no taste for such *hors-d'œuvres* in my journey as the above specimen, will be glad to hear that I have now reached Foligno, a town not so much noticed by travellers as it deserves. Besides its Duomo, which has been modernised internally by Vanvitelli, there are some other churches. Those of San Feliciano and San Salvatore are both striking specimens of the character peculiar to the middle age architecture of Italy, where horizontal lines prevail almost to the exclusion of any variety in the masses, and the decoration is nearly limited to a very few apertures. Such is particularly the case in both the fronts of these churches: the first mentioned has a very rich round arched portal or doorway, with receding columns and mouldings, and above it a circular window. San Salvatore, on the contrary, has more of the Tedesco-Gotico; having a pointed arch entrance, and two lesser ones, over each of which is a small round window. It is easier to discover something piquant in this general expression — in this quaint compound of simplicity and grotesqueness — than either to explain its effect, or to satisfy the scruples of ordinary criticism. At this time, however, Foligno exhibited a striking spectacle to our eyes of a very different and very distressing nature; for almost every where we perceived wrecks of a shock of earth-

quake it had recently experienced, when the inhabitants were indulging in the revelries of the carnival. The streets were encumbered with beams and stays, placed to shore up the tottering walls of houses, whose window-frames were quite dislocated and distorted by the concussion. Many persons perished; and the survivors did not appear to have recovered from their grief and dismay, but to live in hourly dread of a renewal of the calamity: and happy will it be for them should they thus be awakened to a serious sense of His almighty power, who causeth the firm earth to groan and yawn even as the watery deep. May what has been a general misfortune be wisely converted into a general benefit. But, alas! the salutary impressions occasioned by such fearful occurrences are apt to die away before the generation which witnessed them; and worldly feelings and vanities resume their former course. It was owing to what had occurred at Foligno that we did not behold the grand display of fireworks on the Castle of St. Angelo, which accompanies the illuminations of St. Peter's, since the fund set apart for that purpose had this year been far better employed in a work of real charity towards the distressed population of this place; and had the sum expended on the illuminations been also applied to their relief, it would have been infinitely better bestowed than in an idle and vain gratification to the eye. Even the most bigotted Catholic could hardly consider it in any degree partaking of sacrilege were some of the treasures so uselessly hoarded up in the churches made a little free with upon such emergencies; and I am sure that, in many instances, good taste would be a gainer by the disposal of necklaces and other tawdry *ex-votos*.

Having passed through Assisi, which is celebrated as having been the birth-place of two individuals whose fame rests upon

very different grounds, namely, St. Francis * and the poet Metastasio, — about midway between that place and Perugia, — we beheld the convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli, whose spacious Gothic church serves as a case to a smaller one, said to have been that where St. Francis preached; consequently but a degree lower in sanctity than the Casa di Loretto † itself. For-

* As to the founder of the Franciscan Order, the devotee of Assisi may be considered as having mainly contributed to that useful machine of Popery — *monkery*. But his fanaticism tempted him to *stigmatise* himself as a madman or an impostor, when he pretended to have received, impressed on his own body, the *stigmata*, or five wounds of Christ. As to the efficacy attributed to the Franciscan habit when put on *articulo mortis*, even an honest Catholic must blush at so absurd a piece of impiety. "In the 'Book of Conformities between the Life of Jesus Christ and that of St. Francis,' this fanatic," observes Waddington, "is exalted to the level, if not above the level, of the Saviour!" Where will Catholic divines find a more abominable and disgraceful heresy than this?

† The mention of Loretto affords me a pretext for noticing in this place some rather superstitious fancies of a philosopheress whom I should have imagined to be above all such little weaknesses. Miladi Morgan has just been very indignant, because we English people do not show sufficient veneration towards such men as Shakspeare and Milton! In her opinion the house at Stratford should, "like that at Loretto, be enshrined in marble, and gemmed with the votive offerings of the intellectual world." No, Miladi, we English folks have quite absurdities enow without proceeding to such a ridiculous extreme as to erect a marble cover for a miserable old tenement, of which the present identity is extremely problematical, except, indeed, as respects mere identity of site. As for the "votive offerings of the intellectual world," we can hardly complain that they have been withheld from our dramatic bard, unless Miladi's meaning is to be taken literally instead of figuratively, and she is of opinion that the English Loretto she has conjured up ought to be gemmed with more substantial and marketable jewels than "tributes to genius," and similar effusions. In that case, Miladi would do well to set the first example herself, and pack off some of her trinkets as *ex-votos* to the Stratford Loretto. Truly, it is not a little amusing to find people who ridicule the superstitions of Popery proposing to transfer them to other objects. Their devotion for genius seems to be quite as grovelling and sordidly matter-of-fact as that at which they themselves sneer. They would make us imagine that the genius of Shakspeare exists more peculiarly at Stratford than elsewhere; and that Milton's genius may be best felt within the purlieus of York-street, Westminster. In her truly lackadaisical regrets upon the present con-

merly this convent could boast of a host of well-fed monks, but their number is now dwindled away to about a couple of score. Perhaps their annual sale of indulgences may have decreased in the same alarming ratio; nevertheless, the traffic in that holy ware is still kept up, to the honour of the church and the subversion of morality. I must confess that I myself am so outrageously heretic as to question whether every one of those promissory notes has not been returned dishonoured, when presented for payment in the other world; so that, unless provided with something better, the purchasers will have found that they might as well have kept their cash in their pockets. At the same time, I must allow that, if it will really be accepted, this kind of pious paper-money is the most valuable and convenient invention human ingenuity ever devised. Whatever may be the case with the poor, the rich may always provide themselves with plenty of it in exchange for heavier coin: yet there are certain refractory and stubborn texts in Scripture that seem diametrically opposed to so comfortable a belief.

The first view we shortly after caught of Perugia, strongly prepossessed us in its favour, so delightfully is it situated aloft amid luxuriant orchards and plantations. Under its former name, (Perusia) it was one of the principal cities of the Etrurians, and among the most ancient in all Italy; at present, it is the capital of modern Umbria. Besides some other churches, there is a cathedral, the front of which stands in the principal square,

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dition of the mansion once occupied by the author of Paradise Lost, Miladi again contents herself with giving us her sentimentality — which we could spare, instead of the example which, in her opinion, we require. As the house is to be let, why does not Miladi Morgan herself become its tenant, put it into thorough repair, and give it another illustrious occupant in her own person, especially as she might catch additional inspiration from the adjacent abode of the late Jeremy Bentham?

and has a pulpit with a door into it from the inside of the building. Above the principal altar is a picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, to whom the edifice is dedicated, — one of those horrible and disgusting subjects that have so frequently exercised the pencil of Catholic painters; although certainly not one of the most offensive things that have been perpetrated after this fashion upon canvass. This representation of physical torment becomes even still more revolting when employed to express the misery of reprobate spirits: by being rendered palpable to sight and definite in shape, oftener than not does such suffering receive a dash of the ludicrous, and groups of the damned, as they have sometimes been shown upon canvass, look not much unlike so many mad cats, tied together by their tails, and clawing each other's eyes out. Many are of opinion that Catholicism is the true and only inspiring religious creed for artists; and it is recorded of more than one, that they have accordingly abandoned Protestantism for a more congenial system. Still, looking at the matter as one of perfect indifference as to every other point, it may fairly be questioned whether Catholicism does not as much exceed the due limits of the art, as Protestantism is apt to stop short of what is to be accomplished in it. "Last Judgments," and such subjects ought never to be ventured upon by mortal pencils. I will not speak of the impious presumption of attempting to delineate that of which the mind cannot by any possibility form the slightest definite idea; since the palpable absurdities into which every one has fallen, afford quite sufficient argument against such representations. What a combination of monstrosities, for instance, what a maddening whirlpool of figures, is Rubens' celebrated picture of the Last Judgment in the Dusseldorf gallery! "The Deity himself," observes a critic (Forster), who, if severe, is also reasonable, "is embodied in the figure of a worn-out old man; and the Divine

Judge of the world looks more like a mean tyrant in a vulgar passion, than is at all becoming. Heaven and earth are brought pell-mell together; the clouds lie upon the latter in solid masses, and upon them some figures are perched in the strangest heaps, while others are tumbled over a great dragon's head, precipitated down by grotesque monsters. There is no plan — no unity, — except confusion can be called the one, and chaos the other." It has been further remarked of this same work of Rubens, that the devils might spare the trouble they are taking, as the brawny, ponderous wretches whom they are hurling down, would hardly be able to make their escape upwards. In fact, it is so utterly impossible to represent such scenes even with decency, that they seem rather intended to excite open derision in the profane, and ludicrous ideas — ideas, hardly to be repressed by those who are sensible of the impropriety of yielding to them.

Near the cathedral is a colossal bronze statue of Julius the Second in his pontifical robes and mitre, whereas a coat of mail and helmet would have become that warrior pope — that genuine soldier of the church militant — far better. Perhaps it is on this account that he is skulking behind the building, instead of proudly taking his station in the centre of the square before it.

About three miles from Perugia lies the lake of Thrasymene, so fatally renowned in history by the signal defeat which the Romans here received from Hannibal: but the melancholy reflections the spot itself was calculated to give rise to — and what can be more melancholy than to call to mind those wholesale butcheries of the human race in which thousands of lives are sacrificed to the wantonness of ambition! — were quickly dispersed as we proceeded, at observing the very great change for the better that now began to present itself in the appearance of the peasantry. They were all well clothed, and some of them even smartly at-

tired; all seemed to be industrious and thriving. We observed no idlers, loungers, or gossips among them; but every one was usefully occupied, and, as far as we could judge, all the happier for being so. A pleasing diligence and alacrity were visible in their manners; and if the countenance be at all an index to the mind, I should be justified in concluding, that they were a contented race, and seemingly more fortunate in their industrious humbleness than those idlers among their countrymen who drudge out a contemptible existence in the degrading service of cicisbeism. Should the picture seem too flattering, it should be recollected that we had just been travelling through the Neapolitan and Papal territories, where our eyes had been so long accustomed to squalid miserable figures among the peasantry and lower orders in the towns, and to the general wretchedness of their demeanour, that the sudden change was a most agreeable wonder. I should observe that we had taken leave of his Holiness' dominions at Assaja, which is nearly half way between Perugia and Arezzo.

Among other characters of note—some of them, in truth, not of the best repute—Arezzo boasts the honour of having given birth to the great Petrarch, whose name is now become a metonyme to express a delicate and respectful enthusiast in love, and a no less ardent follower of the Muses. Yet, as generally happens in such cases, for a thousand who have his name upon their lips, there is hardly one who really knows any thing either of him or his writings. Whatever it might have been elsewhere, his platonic passion for a married dame was hardly reprehensible for Italy, where, whether with married or single, people are given to make love in a far different fashion. Perhaps the poet viewed the lady rather as the subject of his verses than as the object of any real attachment; for his exceedingly metaphysical admiration betrays ill-disguised indifference, quite as much as it indi-

cates purity and chastity of affection. This is the more credible, because, unless his Laura has been greatly slandered by the portraits of her that have come down to us, she was far from being gifted with any extraordinary beauty. Rather may we fancy her to have been a precise, plainish "sort of body," even at the best, and not likely to have improved in her amorous fascinations as she advanced in her matron days. As to Petrarch himself, his portraits indicate as little of the sighing penseroso swain as can well be imagined. He has a sleek, fat-headed, demure look, that would do more honour to a "capon-loving abbot," than a rhapsodical inamorato. Singular as my opinion may be, I must confess that Petrarch and his Laura do not excite in me half the genuine respect, and by no means that cordial sympathy, which Cowper and his Mary do. The affection of the latter for each other appears to have been the most guileless, the purest, and most refined that ever lodged in mortal bosoms.

But I shall be reminded that my present business is not with Cowper: that I ought to abstain from invidious comparisons; and that Cowper himself was a model for no other human being —over-nice in his morality, and unable to perceive any thing but folly and and want of principle where people of the world see cleverness and spirit; too precise in his religious notions, and too rigidly severe in his horror of that practical heathenism, and in his scorn of all those delightful vanities, which constitute the religion of well-bred sinners. How morose and forbidding; how altogether different, the prudish, methodistical scruples of Cowper, from the *rosy* Idalian piety of a living bard!—

> "Who bids fond amorous creatures, in a sigh
> A passport find to the empyreal sky,
> With houris peopled, luscious, melting, *chaste*,
> All meet to suit a fine poetic taste."

However I must extricate myself from the impertinent strain into which the mention of Petrarch has plunged me, by now cutting it short altogether.

Although not a particularly lively place, or one that contains many *lions* for the amusement of travellers, Arezzo is a remarkably clean, comfortable-looking town; and that is perhaps more to its credit. The cathedral, however, offers an interesting study of the *Tedesco-Gotico*, and the very singular tower of the church of the Pieve is quite an architectural curiosity: nor did we think at all the worse of them from their having escaped the notice of our English draughtsmen, who generally come to Italy with a determination not to carry away too much along with them. There are besides the remains of an amphitheatre, belonging to the ancient Aretium, which the artists just alluded to would be more likely to prefer, as being a less difficult subject; because very little in fact can now be made out of it,—a circumstance not wonderful, as the ancient city was nearly destroyed by Attila the Hun; nor generally to be regretted, since one or two specimens of such structures are quite as good as a hundred.

After quitting Arezzo, we found the country change its aspect considerably for the worse; for, instead of the garden-like fertility that characterises it along the south road from that place, we encountered a naked wild tract, that continued nearly as far as Monte Varchi; beyond which the scene again began to change; and nature, putting off her dull larva state, to transform itself into one of butterfly gaiety and beauty. On leaving the pleasing little town of Incisa behind us, we entered the Arcadian vale, watered by the Arno; nor was the majestic cupola of the Florentine Duomo the least striking or least welcome object that exhibited itself in the prospect.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FLORENCE. — PALACES. — PALAZZO STROZZI. — PALAZZO RICCARDI. THE DUOMO. — CAMPANILE. — BAPTISTERY. — ANNUNZIATA. — SAN LORENZO. — SANTA CROCE. — BOCCACCIO. — PROCESSIONS. — THE SPEDALE DI SAN BONIFAZIO, OR HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. — THE CASA DE' POVERI, AND REFLECTIONS ON ENGLISH POOR-HOUSES. — THE GALLERY. — ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. — GABINETTO FISCIO. — THEATRE. — ITALIAN DRAMA. — NOTE ON THE PLAY-WRIGHT SYSTEM. — ABOMINATIONS IN ENGLISH THEÁTRES, ETC. — TEATRO DELL' INTREPIDITÀ. — GIUOCO DI PALLA. — PROMENADING. — PALAZZO PITTI, ETC. — GALILEO'S THUMB. — GRAND-DUKE.

EXPERIENCE had by this time taught us to be rather mistrustful, both of first appearances, and of expectations founded upon the report of other travellers, but we found Florence in almost every respect answer to the reputation for beauty it has so long possessed. This *bandbox capital*, as the Athenæum would style it, deserves such appellation quite as much as Munich; for, in comparison with the other Italian cities we had visited, it certainly exhibited a degree of "bandbox" neatness that strongly prepossessed us in its favour as soon as we entered it. The streets are spacious, their pavement excellent, and kept in most excellent order; and the place is characterised by an air of tranquil cheerfulness, diametrically opposed to the boisterous and awfully uproarious jollity of the Strada di Toledo at Naples. A noble style of architecture pervades most of the public edifices, and also the more remarkable private edifices; and the taste exhibited in the latter is almost peculiar to Tuscany. Nevertheless, the palaces of Florence are by no means likely to obtain

general admiration; they are, it must be confessed, the reverse of pretty; have hardly any pretensions to elegance; are distinguished rather by their severity and sternness of expression, than by aught that comes under the name of ornament; yet they strike the eye by a grandeur of presence that we rarely meet with in structures which can boast of far greater decoration. It has been alleged against these mansions of the older Florentine nobles, that they resemble prisons * quite as much as they do palaces — fortresses as much as habitations. That their massiveness and solidity, to a certain degree assimilate them to buildings of that class, cannot be denied; yet, surely, those are not qualities which in themselves deserve reproach, neither is there any danger of their being indulged in by modern architects to a disagreeable excess. Equally true is it that a vulgar eye will recognise in them a disagreeable kind of family likeness to those two Anglo-Tuscan façades in the British metropolis, —Newgate and Giltspur-street Compter; and there may, perchance, be some, in whose minds such likeness may awaken a particularly disagreeable train of associations. For those who are not afflicted with either *one-sidedness* or obliquity of taste, they possess, on the contrary, a peculiar, and not easily defined charm;

* Before we make up our minds to censure the Florentine palaces as too prison-like in appearance, we ought to abandon the puerile affectation of taking castles as models for modern villas and houses. It is true the models themselves are by no means pedantically adhered to, for very few of such mock castles cut even so respectable a figure as the canvas effigies of them in a country theatre. There is neither sham nor disguise in them, since, although the lion's hide is pretended to be worn, it is put on in so awkward and preposterous a manner as to let all the world detect the poor ass beneath it. A nice, "bran-new," sash-windowed castle is something beneath contempt — too much akin to a man-milliner in pasteboard armour: yet such absurdities have been gravely perpetrated before now, and *designs* of the kind have also been published before now, by persons who do not blush to write "Architect" after their names.

in them we behold the dignity of the former republic; we are transported back to the days of its Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, and of the illustrious, yet more unfortunate than illustrious, Filippo Strozzi; when the most eminent citizens of the state were merchants, and, as merchants, greater than princes.

Not to enter into details quite inconsistent with the limits of my book, I will content myself with noticing the façade of the Palazzo Strozzi, to which it would not be easy to point out any parallel, for the stern magnificence and truly grandiose simplicity which stamp it. Let minikin critics object to "the harsh and exaggerated strength that prevails below,"— to "the overpowering cornice, which projects beyond all authority,"— to the enormous extent of that unbroken surface between the different stories, and to the contrast between the heavy rustic work of the basement floor, and the elaborate richness of the *cornicione* that crowns the summit of the edifice.* Mere dabblers in the orders, sciolists in art, who have not an idea of their own, have an undoubted right to be shocked at such matters, and to deny merits which they cannot explain. Equal right have the followers of the Palladian school to decry them as enormities, of which no instances are to be met with in the pretty affectations and methodical caprices of their illustrious master, whose crinkum pediments, broken entablatures, puny, stilted columns, and frittered, trashy pomposity, are all perfectly *comme il faut*, unexceptionable, most orthodox. The façade of the Strozzi palace belongs to no "order," — has no columns or pilasters,— neither niches nor statues,— no balustrade with figures taking an airing upon it, as we generally behold in Palladio's designs: it

* It has not, however, been finished, a considerable portion of it being still wanting to perfect the building. Similar instances of stoppages in the progress of edifices have more or less blighted the architectural character of Florence, in regard to which it may truly be said, "*opera interrupta pendent.*"

has, in fact, little that can tell in description upon paper, whether the pencil or pen be employed in so delineating it; yet it exhibits an energetic grandeur that approaches the sublime. The façade of St. Peter's is a proof how very possible it is to distort embellishment into ugliness, and to impart a character of insignificance to a building of the most extraordinary dimensions: while that of the Palazzo Strozzi exhibits a far more unusual example, affording evidence that the most impressive qualities of architecture may be made to display themselves in a manner so little according with common-place precepts and ordinary rules, as to be mistaken by the *tutored ignorant** for absolute anomalies.

The Palazzo Riccardi, originally built by the illustrious Cosmo de' Medici, is another fine specimen of Florentine architecture, belonging to the same period, viz. the fifteenth century. This façade is of much greater extent, but not so lofty as that of the Strozzi palace, which measures about one hundred and twenty feet, by one hundred in height; which latter is certainly an extraordinary degree of elevation for a building of this description, with only two series of windows above the ground floor. The Riccardi has likewise a most splendid *cornicione*, whose magnitude would certainly be disproportioned to the edifice, were its height divided into column and entablature;

* Instead of apologising, as I perhaps ought to do, for this rather odd expression, I prefer adding an illustrative anecdote *à-propos* to it, which may at least amuse, although it may not greatly edify. A lady was descanting before a large company upon the extraordinary accomplishments of a young acquaintance, whom she represented to be little short of a female Crichton, and for corroboration of what she had said in eulogy, appealed to Dr. ———, a gentleman present, observing, "Are you not of my opinion, Doctor? You know Miss ———— as well as I do; do you think I have exaggerated her perfections." — "Not at all, Madam; you have rather suppressed one half of them. That the young lady is perfectly accomplished I do not dispute; of my own knowledge I can add that she is no less *perfectly ignorant*."

yet so far from being a defect, this kind of excess becomes a beauty in the present case: and the same may further be remarked in regard to the richness bestowed upon this member, since it is to be considered not so much a mere cornice, as the decorative finish of the entire mass. The Palazzo Pitti (now the residence of the Grand Duke), extending about six hundred feet in an unbroken line, is in a simpler style, and wants the effect arising from a grand terminating cornice — that is, if an edifice of such amplitude, and of such commanding mass, can be be said to *want* what it is so well able to dispense with. Numerous other palaces might be quoted — among the rest, the Pandolfini, whose architecture is attributed to Raphael*; but I shall probably be thought to have already said quite enough on this subject.

What strikes a stranger, as more singular than agreeable, is to perceive so many buildings unfinished; with only bare walls instead of fronts, and now not at all likely to be completed, having been in this awkward *statu quo* for the last two or three centuries.

* It is well for Raphael that he is not alive now, else he would most assuredly be denounced as an interloper, intermeddler, and busy-body quack in an art which he had not *regularly* studied. In a published letter, addressed to Sir John Soane, a Mr. Bell has endeavoured to stir up the Professor of Architecture to get architects incorporated into a body, with the power of conferring diplomas, and interdicting all other persons than those so accredited from pretending to practise as such. Poor man! the scheme was too absurd even to excite attention. As well might diplomas be required for practising in portrait-painting, or in book-making. Were such the case there would be less canvass daubed over, and fewer waggon-loads of waste paper issue from the press, in course of a twelvemonth: but the time for such monopolies and restrictions is now quite gone by. Besides, diplomas for dulness are not calculated to raise the standard of architectural taste at all above its present level. Sir John himself seems to have been of the same opinion, or else, perhaps, he took a retrospective glance at his own *Palagonian* volume, and shuddered at the idea of what kind of diploma it would have obtained for him.

Such is the case even with the Duomo itself; which, although the rest of the exterior is coated with marble, has no façade, save what has been painted, and is now almost a blank surface of plastered wall at that end of the building. In addition to this defect of omission, I also venture to notice a disgusting enormity of commission — the nauseating defilement all around this sacred edifice, that renders the ground on which it stands a kind of *purgatorial* territory — one certainly abounding with *expurganda*. For the sake of putting a stop to such abomination, I would gladly compound even for a few saintly images, to terrify away the evil-doers, who seem to have a singular predilection for this particular spot. The filthiness just hereabouts is a most shocking blot upon the character of Florence the Fair. With my bile thus excited, I might stand excused to myself for venting it in some splenetic remarks upon the Duomo itself: but no, I overlook all grievances, and every thing else, while contemplating the fabric of that noble cupola — very little, indeed, inferior to the one of St. Peter's in magnitude — surpassing it in boldness and simplicity. In fact, it is apparently larger than that of the Roman basilica, being not elevated on so lofty a structure, and of so much greater relative importance in the edifice to which it belongs. When viewed from the south-east angle, the latter seems to form merely a well-proportioned and richly-decorated basement to the vast convex of the dome, beneath which are smaller but similarly formed cupolets surmounting the tribunes around the choir within. Were the surface of the walls of stone or other material of uniform colour, the exterior of the building would have rather a blank appearance, the windows being so thinly scattered and so small; but the marquetry or veneering of black, white, and coloured marble, arranged as panels and other compartments, gives it a bizarre and somewhat too cutting an effect, something of the expression of architec-

tural adornment—neither sculpturesque, nor exactly equivalent to it, but altogether *sui generis*, too strange at first to be satisfactory, yet possibly relished well enough when one becomes reconciled to it by longer acquaintance.

The interior of the church disappoints expectation; at least it did mine. It is far more gloomy than solemnity requires, yet not particularly solemn, after all; and notwithstanding that there are many statues, paintings, altars, &c., the architecture itself looks poor, naked, and unfinished. Although the arches are pointed, there is little else of the Gothic style perceptible; and least of all of that lightness and *sveltezza*, combined with richness and boldness, which constitute the essential character of that style. The primary forms are outlined, but not filled up, nor softened down into harmony and grace by all those softening touches of shadow, which numerous mouldings, varying in their degrees of relief, impart to the archivolts of arches, and the groining ribs of roofs. Besides which, the building seems to be scanty in its parts, and deficient in length, in consequence of there being only four arches on each side of the nave, so that it lacks that repetition of parts which contributes so much to perspective effect; and, consequently, the piers look so few and straggling, as to occasion a certain emptiness and poverty. Owing, moreover, to the darkness, or, at least, obscurity visible, that reigns within, it is hardly possible to discern any thing clearly.

Like that at Pisa, the cathedral of Florence has its two satellites—its Campanile and Baptistery. The former of these is a lofty square tower, situated a little to the right of the front of the church; and, like that building, is coated with marbles of different colours, inlaid in compartments. It may be considered as consisting of five stories, the upper ones of which have pointed windows, surmounted by ornamental gables or pediments; but it has in other respects nothing of the pointed or perpendicular

character. Notwithstanding this, it exhibits no offensive discordance; on the contrary, is remarkable for the elegance and simple variety of its ensemble. It is said that Giotto, who commenced this structure in 1324, intended to surmount it by a quadrangular pyramid or spire; but no one will regret that those who conducted the work after his death (1326) thought fit to deviate so far from his design, as to omit what would neither have been a pleasing feature in itself, nor have combined at all happily with this lofty insulated tower.

The Baptistery is an octangular building of low proportions, directly opposite the entrance to the Duomo: it is divided into two stories, and has an acuminated roof. In regard to its external architecture, it admits of no comparison with the one at Pisa; and indeed it is far more renowned for its magnificent bronze doors, covered with numerous subjects in bas-relief, than for any particular beauties of its own. There are three doorways, two facing each other, in the plan; the third opposite the altar, and fronting the Duomo; and it is this last whose doors were executed by Lorenzo Ghiberti, in so admirable a style, as to call forth the hyperbolical compliment paid them by Michael Angelo.

The church of the Annunziata, which stands in a square ornamented with a noble statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., is preceded by a cloistered court, whose arches rest upon columns bearing a resemblance to those of the Corinthian order. The edifice itself was erected in the thirteenth century, but the interior has been modernised; there remains, however, an ancient fresco, which, we were sorry to be informed, we could not be allowed to see; for it is said — at least the head of the Madonna is — to have been painted by some superhuman artist. The painter himself, it seems, fell into a profound sleep, while meditating how he might bestow adequate expression on the countenance of the

Virgin; when on awakening he found the work already executed, not only to his satisfaction, but so admirably, that he shouted out, "Miracolo! miracolo!" and as there was no other witness of the miracle, there was, of course, no one to contradict it; while the people were doubtless too well pleased with such a "Godsend" to scrutinise the matter very rigidly. We did, however, behold a figure of the Virgin carved in wood, upon a door near the high altar, which, if not miraculous, is most assuredly a miracle of bad taste, she being represented holding a bloody—at any rate, a blood-coloured—heart, transfixed with four small gilt swords! —a most disgustingly contemptible conceit. Nearly equal in absurdity, and surpassing this figure in grotesque hideousness, are two representing the Virgin and Infant, we beheld in the church of the Carmelites,—a couple of jet-black dolls, tawdrily dressed up in tinsel and finery, and carefully guarded by being kept in a glass case.

The church of San Lorenzo possesses little external attraction; for, instead of front, it offers to the eye only a surface of ugly naked wall: it is the interior alone that claims attention, and that chiefly on account of its chapels; among which, the Capella de' Depositi and the Capella de' Principi surpass all the others. The former of them contains Michael Angelo's celebrated statues that adorn the tombs of the Medici; but they are unfinished, and are not recommended by any particular propriety or significance of meaning; for what intelligible idea do the figures of Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, convey as accessories to the sepulchres themselves? So applied, they are absolutely enigmas; and as statues, are more like mere academical studies of the human form, displaying bravura of limbs and muscles, than fine works of art. There is also a Madonna with the Bambino, by the same master, respecting which a modern traveller scruples not to say that the Child is an infant Hercules, and

that the Madonna herself looks very uncomfortable, as "if feeling for her pocket-handkerchief." The Capella de' Principi is a spacious and lofty octagon, ninety-four feet in diameter, and two hundred high, crowned by a dome; and its walls are arrayed in all the pomp of precious marbles, and still more costly materials; but, notwithstanding that it was commenced in 1604, this sepulchral hall is not yet perfectly completed, although very much has been done of late years.

Santa Croce, another *barefaced* church, has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence: not that it bears the slightest likeness to that building, but from its resembling it in being a repository of the illustrious dead. The ashes of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, Viviani, and Alfieri repose here, but not, as some have asserted, those of Boccaccio; although it is, or was, intended to erect a cenotaph to that ornament of his species, and benefactor of mankind. If purity of style, elegances of diction, and historic value as graphic pictures of contemporary manners, can excuse turpitude of subject, and impurity of details, Boccaccio may be allowed to merit the reputation he has obtained; but as to the apology put forth for him by some of his admirers, namely, that several of his narratives are pathetic, and even tragic, instead of licentious,—that is a very frivolous and shuffling one—too much akin to the bamboozling defence with which an Old Bailey pleader endeavours to clear his rascal of a client, and cheat the gallows of a villain who deserves no less. A knave is not a whit the less such because he is not always actually perpetrating some piece of knavery; neither is a profligate writer the less profligate because he is occasionally sentimental and demure. Boccaccio's tales—his other works may be considered altogether defunct—are not unmixed lewdness from beginning to end; but still, as a collection, they are most noxious and corrupting. Nor is it at all to be wondered at

that the composition and publication of them should have been a subject of bitter disquietude to him in his declining years; especially as, however sincere his own repentance might be, he could not assure himself that those whom he had laboured to pollute would similarly repent them of their sinful folly.

I will spare the reader the mention of other churches, that I may have room to notice a *church ambulant;* that is, a grand religious procession, which took place on the 21st of April, and seemed to put all Florence in a hubbub of devotion, — parading through every street and almost every lane of the city during the whole of that day. This attractive show consisted of a train of persons muffled up, some in black, some in white, and others in red costume, having their faces concealed in the manner elsewhere described, and each holding a lighted taper and a book. After them followed a man bearing a large gilt cross, and a strip of red cloth garnished with tinsel. Two canopies next made their appearance, beneath the foremost of which was what appeared to be a representation of Love; and beneath the other, which was of white silk striped with gold, was carried the Host, attended by a numerous retinue of priests. Besides this, there was an effigy of the "Mother of God,"—for without her neither religion nor any religious ceremony would be considered complete,—and a great deal of other "raree-show" matter, to say nothing of the long bits of red cloth hung out of all the windows on each side of the street, or the cavalcade of equipages that closed the whole procession. These peripatetic ceremonies seem to please vastly here, although to a heretic they seem as dull as they are extravagant, and, although more splendid, not quite so lively as the devotion of the Welsh Jumpers. I should further remark, that the spectacle was, if not half profane, at least nearly half military, there being a goodly array of soldiers with muskets and bayonets. Nothing can be more unlike each

other than Catholicism and Quietism; since the former appears to require the most restless, fidgetty, and fidgetting devotion possible, and has, withal, a most inordinate affection for whatever partakes of the theatrical. Whenever a person lies at the point of death, a priest proceeds in formal procession to his house, walking beneath a canopy borne by attendants, and preceded by a boy tinkling a bell; which is no sooner heard, than lighted candles appear at the windows on each side of the street; and should there happen to be an invalid in any of the houses, this public intimation of an expected death must put his nerves to the test. In such matters Catholicism seems to be rigid enough; yet it is sufficiently lax in others, and, indeed, lays far greater stress upon the appearance of devotion than it does on internal religion. Austerity and self-denying practices are by no means carried to excess by the Florentines any more than other Italians. Their creed may be narrow, but their conduct is amiably liberal, and they reconcile themselves to many things less orthodox persons would style shameful enormities and abominable scandals.

The festival of St. John the Baptist is observed here divertingly enough, it being kept as a day of general diversion, and devoted to such appropriate and laudable recreations as dancing and horse races. There are also chariot courses in the square of Santa Maria Novella, which is fitted up with scaffolding by way of substitute for an amphitheatre; and the chariot drivers are in the ancient Roman costume. These festivals are not for the commonalty alone, but are countenanced by the Grand Duke and his family, who have a box prepared for their reception. The horse races, which are conducted after the usual Italian mode, take place, not in the square, but in the principal street. Of a certainty, these people do make religion a pleasant and palatable affair enough, at least for those who can relish such

puerile amusements: yet, if they can say of their religion, "her ways are ways of pleasantness," it is impossible for them to add, "and her paths are paths of peace," unless their uproarious and noisy doings can with any propriety be so styled. The festival of the Madonna del Arco at Naples is another religious merry-making of a still more obstreperous character; when the peasantry, men, women, and children, dress themselves up fantastically with vine leaves and ivy, dancing like so many frantic Bacchanals, all the while singing in praise of the Madonna!—at least of the Madonna del Arco; for they carry their polytheism to such extent as to split one saint into a hundred. Still, if we may believe their church, they are not in the slighest degree infected with superstition. Nor can there be any thing profane, unbecoming, or idolatrous in transferring the revelries of Bacchanalian sports and antics to the worship of the great goddess of the Roman Catholics.

Of the hospital for insane patients at Palermo I have spoken with the commendation to which it is fairly entitled; and the one at Florence, called Lo Spedale di San Bonifazio, appears to merit hardly less praise for the admirable order in which it is kept, and the humane attention bestowed on the unfortunate inmates. Externally, it has more the appearance of a palace than an hospital; and at the rear of the building there is a spacious garden, the whole of which is kept in the neatest order by such of the patients as are capable of working. We observed some of them who had their hands confined, but merely in a kind of leather muff, so as to prevent them doing any injury. For those who are more violent and refractory, recourse is had to the rotatory machine, which, by producing giddiness and sickness, exhausts them so as to render them manageable; or else they are confined to their cells during such paroxysms, and what food they may require is introduced on a shelf made to turn in

and out, through an aperture for that purpose in the door. The utmost cleanliness is maintained through every part of the establishment, and care is taken to secure free and constant ventilation.

Several of the poor creatures confined here appeared to be in a most pitiable state, if we might judge from what we saw of them, as we looked through the windows into one of the halls where a number of them were then at dinner. One individual in particular attracted our attention; and, on making enquiry respecting him, we were informed that he laboured under the monstrous delusion that he was "Christ, the Son of God*,"—a case to be paralleled only by that of a maniac who is stated to have fancied that he was the Almighty himself. But such matters are too shocking for contemplation, and however interesting further details respecting them might be to medical readers, they would be quite misplaced in a work like the present, and only occasion unnecessary pain and disgust. Besides, the general routine of the establishment so much resembles that of the one at Palermo, that it would be superfluous to dwell more at large upon it. I will therefore only observe, in addition, that, quite contrary to what is asserted by the female oracle who sets herself up as a guide to travellers through Italy, this admirable and well-conducted establishment is most abundantly endowed; whereas, according to her, its funds are so scanty as hardly to supply sufficient nourishment for the convalescent patients! The Casa de' Poveri likewise calls for no ordinary

* A similar case is recorded of an English gentleman, who was, in other respects, perfectly rational and sane, although perfectly deranged as to that particular point. Numerous other curious anecdotes might be produced, showing the extravagant fancies that have been entertained by maniacs. During the French Revolution, an individual conceived that he had been guillotined, and that another person's head had been afterwards fixed on his body instead of his own!

commendation, as an establishment of a truly beneficial nature; and the providing it may justly be considered as one of Napoleon's most meritorious actions. About one thousand individuals, of both sexes are here maintained, and rescued from an existence of low, wretched idleness, and pilfering, or of beggary. They who were once a noxious canker in the frame of society, are rendered harmless, if not valuable members of it, by being employed most usefully, because most salutarily. Happy would it be for Naples, and many other cities of Italy, were they to follow in this respect the example of Florence, and clear the streets of those hordes of beggars, vagrants, and vagabonds who infest them, prowling about continually like the masterless dogs that swarm at Constantinople, where they roam uncontrolled like so many four-footed harpies, or as gaunt mastiffs of famine and pestilence.

Happy, too, I will venture to add, would it be for England, were its poor-houses — work-houses they cannot be termed — as well regulated as the one I am speaking of, where idleness is never permitted, but the utmost order most vigilantly kept up, and nothing like irregularity of behaviour or offensiveness of conduct tolerated. While every attention is paid to the comforts of its inmates, compliance with the wholesome discipline of the institution is rigidly enforced. They are all obliged to attend prayers every morning; and during their hours of occupation, which they pursue in separate halls, set apart for various kinds of employment, no talking or conversation is allowed: not that they are altogether debarred the use of their tongues as strictly as the monks of La Trappe; but nothing louder than a *sotto voce* tone is permitted, and that only in moderation. Nothing like chattering is tolerated; and as for that animated species of eloquence termed brawling, the very first symptoms of it would be checked in a very summary way. Were such a

laudable system introduced into this country, it would quickly put a stop to all those obstreperous freaks to which, if our newspapers may be credited, the sturdy paupers lodged in our English work-houses are addicted, far more than is creditable either to themselves, or to the system which tends to convert such places — of most *lucus-a-non-lucendo* appellation — into sties of immorality, idleness and profligacy. Should any of the inmates of the Florentine Casa de' Poveri take it into their heads to show themselves really MALCONTENTI*, they would be cured of their whims before they were suffered to proceed to any riotous extremities, and coolly packed off about their business to go and amuse themselves elsewhere. Our English poor-houses, on the contrary, are frequently little better than moral lazar-houses, receptacles of profligacy, where vice is permitted to secure to itself the provision that ought to be set apart exclusively for poverty and helplessness. When pauperism has been the consequence of vicious habits and notorious profligacy, it ought rather to disqualify for than recommend an applicant from receiving relief: at any rate, some distinction ought, in common justice, to be made between the victims of their own misconduct, and those who, after industriously struggling against misfortune, are compelled to solicit parish bounty. By indiscriminately confounding both classes together; — by showing neither less lenity towards the one, nor less rigour towards the other, the undeserving are encouraged, and those who most merit compassion and attention punished in the same proportion; punished by being ignominiously associated with the hardened and depraved, and subjected to the horrors of constant companionship with them.

As such institutions are at present managed, or mismanaged,

* The Casa de' Poveri is situated in the *Via de' Malcontenti.*

in this country, the atmosphere of a poor-house is altogether noisome and pestilential — pestilential both physically and morally; and calculated to extinguish in those who enter one every feeling of self-respect — all regard for decency or humanity. At present, any thing like discriminating classification is entirely out of the question: religious instruction equally so; no propriety of behaviour enforced; no order maintained; within its walls there is no check for vice; and virtue, if it can exist there at all, exists only to be entombed in despair. Yet we affect to call ourselves an enlightened and charitable people! The managers of our poor-houses may be enlightened, but then it must be by the phosphorescent light emitted from the horrible putridity and corruption of the system itself — a system that can escape the charge of being iniquitous on no better grounds than that of being most preposterously stupid; for assuredly none could have been better framed in every respect, had the object of it been to demoralise to the utmost the pauper population of the country; and not only the pauper, but more or less to destroy the moral feeling of nearly all the labouring population throughout the kingdom.

So little is there even of the show of discipline, that "FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS" might be emblazoned upon those mansions as a very suitable inscription for them. Yet surely the difficulty of correcting an evil of such tremendous magnitude is not altogether insuperable. Let those whose pretensions as objects of charity are of at all a questionable kind, not only be kept apart from the rest, but subjected to more irksome restraint and greater privation; and, on the other hand, let regularity of moral conduct and industrious behaviour be allowed to secure to those who manifest them an increase of comfort proportioned to personal desert. Let there be a well-organised classification of grades, according to merit or demerit;

let the system of discipline be one of salutary coercion, and no less salutary encouragement; let it be one consonant to justice and to order, and those deformities which now revolt against every notion either of charity or of equity would disappear. A classification calculated to operate powerfully, both by the hope of advancement and the fear of degradation, by promise of increased comfort and respectability on the one hand, and the threat of loss of caste, if I may so term it, on the other, would hardly operate otherwise than beneficially. Very probably the result might not altogether answer the anticipations of theory; imperfections there would still be, because much would depend upon the ability and integrity of those to whose management the working of the machinery must be confided. Now, many will object that any such system would require the exercise of very great discretionary authority to be lodged somewhere, and will contend, that all discretionary power is bad, because likely to be abused. Yet there is no necessity that discretionary should be also irresponsible power; and, admitting that it might frequently be abused, there would still be a positive increase of good: therefore, unless we ought to attempt nothing, because it is beyond our power to accomplish every thing, such an argument is a very "frivolous and vexatious" one. Neither do I perceive how systematic error and uniform abuse can be at all more laudable than the adoption of a system which would be merely exposed to occasional error and partial abuse.

My readers must by this time have become so inured to my habit of indulging in digressions, that, were I even disposed to apologise for the matter, or the extent of the one which has just escaped me, I may be spared the trouble of offering any excuse. To make a dashing transition from the preceding very *homely* reflections, I may now mention the celebrated Florentine Gallery; nor can I well do more than mention what it would have re-

quired a study of some weeks to give even a brief description of that should possess any degree of novelty, since all its *lions* have been paraded upon paper again and again; and to select productions most worthy of notice among its less known contents, would be a task requiring great patience, and equal discrimination. The gallery surrounds three sides of an oblong court, so as to form two long corridors, nearly five hundred feet in extent, connected by a third, of about a hundred and fifty feet in length. The two former of these communicates with parallel suites of lesser apartments, each of which is distinguished by its particular name, or according to the class of works, or the schools of painting, they are appropriated to. That called the Tribune is by far the most noted, as containing the very choicest productions, both of painting and sculpture; yet, although most select as regards their artistical value, they are a strange medley in respect to their subjects — a jumble of pagan and Christian — of pious and profane — of sensual and intellectual. There stands the equivocally modest Medician Venus, and there hang the two most unequivocally voluptuous Venuses of Titian — those languishing Houris over which the great Venetian master seems to have shed all the glow and vitality of his palette.* Yet, by way of antidote and counter-talisman against their facinations, other frames contain holy families, saints, Madonnas, popes, and a variety of orthodox Roman Catholic subjects; which, we may charitably suppose, attract far more attention, and excite more admiration, than those Paphian ladies. Conspicuous enough

* The excessive lusciousness in which Titian delighted to revel might have obtained for him the appointment of painter in ordinary to His Excellency Belial himself, a potentate of whom Milton has drawn so striking a portrait: —

——"a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself."

among these pictures, is that fine portrait by Raphael of one of the most martial of St. Peter's successors, Julius II., who is certainly more like a military veteran, accustomed to camps and warfare, than like the spiritual father of all Christendom. He looks as if he would have made nothing of cutting down St. Peter himself. Besides his holiness Julius, there is another portrait, by the same master, of a lady who is but strange sort of company for a pope, it being that of the *celebrated* Fornarina, Raphael's own mistress, — and whose celebrity consists in having helped, very pleasantly, to shorten the days of that exemplary artist, although not particularly exemplary man; a saint and painter of saints with his pencil, but more of a sinner than a saint in his practice. However, most artists and poets have a very convenient code of morality of their own, and, therefore, it is to be presumed, are not amenable to the same law as meaner mortals, whose gracelessness is seldom particularly graceful, while the gifted sons of genius wear their loose and loosely put on virtues with a becoming air.

Besides the above two very noted portraits, there are abundance of others in the gallery, quite enough to satisfy the most craving taste for subjects of that description, as they amount to several hundreds; neither is there any lack of sculpture portraiture, there being a vast number of both. The hall of Niobe contains the well-known statues composing that fine specimen of Greek tragedy in marble, with the exception of one of the loveliest figures of them all, the Ilioneus; which, mutilated as it is, forms the brighest gem in the Munich Glyptotheca. Another master-piece of sculpture in the Florentine gallery, as beautiful for its execution as it is loathsome, monstrous, and revolting for the depraved taste it exhibits, is the Hermaphrodite—the offspring of a gross and polluted imagination. However, it may be presumed that connoisseurs consider it very refined,

and to exhibit a delicate kind of indecency, or its presence would not be tolerated; nevertheless, it is strange, that whenever art and morality happen to be at variance with each other, the world uniformly sides with the first mentioned; so that poor morality is sure to be worsted in the contest. I myself do not pretend to account for what appears to myself quite inexplicable, and, therefore, must leave the Gordian-knotty point to be solved by those who are more *au fait* in detecting all the obligations which the world is under to the fine arts for their humanising and beneficial influence.

In conjunction with the Gallery, some notice may be bestowed on the Academy of the Fine Arts, which in almost any other country would be considered a splendid gallery, so abundantly is it furnished with excellent paintings and casts of the finest statues. As a private institution, it is said to have existed from the middle of the fourteenth century; but it was not placed upon its present footing until the year 1784, when the Grand Duke Peter Leopold caused the former schools to be augmented and reorganised. There is a triennial exhibition of pictures, &c., and in one of the halls is a collection of specimen works, the productions of the pupils who have been sent by the academy to prosecute their studies at Rome. Should the traveller not be almost satiated with looking at works of art, he may make a tour through the private studios of sculptors and painters; and in those of the former he will meet with effigies of many of his own countrymen,—perhaps of his own private acquaintance,—who have been ambitious of seeing their features celebrated by the chisel.

The museum of natural history, or Gabinetto Fisico, of course received a visit from us; and, considering some of the objects exposed in it to public and indiscriminate gaze, a most singular one it is; for among the other phenomena and mysteries of na-

ture here revealed, all the stages of the gravid uterus are minutely divulged in a series of anatomical models prepared in wax. Were the doors of the apartment thus furnished opened only to medical students and men of science, it would be all very well; but really, the *pro bono publico* inspection which is allowed is the reverse of being commendable; and, if it has not tended to increase, has most assuredly not contributed to check or diminish, that freedom of expression in regard to many things, which, although it may appear quite *natural* to Italians of either sex, is apt to strike an Englishman as being most nauseously gross. Whether the very startling anecdote which Forsyth has recorded in his chapter on the manners of Florence be correct, is more than I will undertake to vouch, since it does actually appear incredible; yet, if what he relates be fact, their preparatory studies at the Gabinetto Fisico must have helped to inure those "*ladies of fashion*" to that pitch of bestiality.*

* To touch upon more mentionable, yet barely mentionable, traits of Florentine manners and morals in the sex, I add the following quotation from the same writer: — "You will see very elegant women take snuff, spit on the floor, blow their resounding noses in —— handkerchiefs, clap gentlemen on the thigh, keep conversation continually fluttering on the brink of obscenity, and often pass the line!!" And it is by taking their families among a people where "elegant ladies" allow themselves such amiable freedoms that Englishmen are to refine their sons and daughters! Of *mauvaise honte* they are, indeed, likely to be cured fast enough; but then it is by becoming utterly shameless. As to the filthy practice of spitting upon the floor, I am inclined to think it is one chief reason why carpets are so rarely seen in Italy; because they would, in fact, be totally spoilt in a very short time by a few parties of such "*elegant ladies;*" and would be in no better condition than their "—— pocket handkerchiefs."

This same barbarous habit of spitting prevails, it should seem, among the Americans, whom Mrs. Miss-Fanny-Kemble Butler shows up in her "Journal" for that accomplishment, as well as other amiable traits; and it must be confessed that the virulence of Mrs. Trollope herself is milk and water compared with some of the ex-Kemble strictures on the Americans, and the style in which they are couched. "The universal practice here," says she, "of thi

The "Gabinetto" is further enriched with other wax imitations, showing the effects of the plague, and bodies in the most horrible state of decomposition—the progress of putrefaction in all its hideousness. The scenes of a slaughter-house or a dissecting-room would be absolutely refreshing in comparison with this sickening exhibition; for even the skill it manifests is less wonderful than that any man should have had nerves strong enough to prosecute his loathsome task day after day, copying with patient fidelity objects the very idea of which makes one shudder, as being the most physically disgusting in existence. However, *de gustibus non est disputandum;* and if we may judge from the taste their writings display, there are some whose imaginations like to revel amidst and gloat over what others recoil from with the strongest aversion. Mrs. Shelley, for instance, seems to possess a kindred soul and congenial taste with Zumbo, the artist who devoted his talents to the execution of these really matchless performances. Had Fuseli ever "supped upon the horrors" of this exhibition, never would he afterwards have had occasion

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disgusting *trick* makes me absolutely *sick*; every place is made a perfect piggery of—street, stairs, steam-boat—every where; and behind the scenes, and on the stage at rehearsal, I have been shocked and annoyed beyond expression by this horrible custom. To-day, on board the boat, it was a *perfect shower of saliva all the time!*" Even Mrs. Butler herself does not appear to have gained any additional delicacy by her residence in America: at least, such expressions as the following, out of hundreds of others, are not particularly lady-like, or even feminine:—"Heaven bless the world for a *conglomerated amalgamation of fools!*" "What a *dense fool* that fat old Johnson (the Doctor) must have been in matters of poetry!" "It seems that the blessed people here were shocked at my having to hear the coarseness of Farquhar's Inconstant—humbug!" "Moral and sentimental *potter.*" "We were all more or less '*how com'd you so*' indeed." Her aversion of editors, periodical writers, and gentlemen of the press may be forgiven: they are, of a truth, "utterly unreliable people generally;" and not a few of them, to express myself *à la Butler,* utter scamps into the bargain—even some of those who are great in high *quarters.*

to sup upon raw pork, with the view of conjuring up hideous phantoms and monstrosities in his dreams.

But enough of this detestable part of the Gabinetto Fisico: truly glad were we to make our escape from it, hoping never to be so physicked again during the rest of our lives. I will shift the scene to the theatres, the principal one of which is that known by the name of Pergola, and used for the performance of operas. This house, rebuilt some years back by Mannaioni, is fitted up in a plain but handsome style, the chief embellishment of the audience part being the Grand Duke's box, which is in the centre directly facing the stage,—a situation far preferable to that assigned to the royal box in our theatres; for, in regard to seeing with any effect what passes upon the stage, the latter is almost the very worst that could be selected. If, however, our English theatres might take a hint from those of Italy, as far as that particular circumstance goes, the Italian ones might be improved by a lesson from ours, and by exploding the absurd custom of having the prompter so conspicuously in sight of the audience, just before the stage lights; where his appearance, with a green cap upon his head, tends very much to destroy the illusion which ought to be kept up. Another practice that might very well be abolished, is that of the constant chattering in the boxes which is allowed; so that what passes upon the stage frequently becomes little better than dumb show. It may be sensible enough for persons to go to a theatre merely to talk; but then it is exceedingly provoking that the actors should be allowed to interrupt them by striving, if possible, to talk still louder; because, between the prompter, the performers on the stage, and those in the boxes, there is altogether a more singular than agreeable medley of voices. Perhaps it is for this reason that there is no clapping of hands; since it would not be exactly

clear whether the public were applauding themselves or the people on the stage; or else, because the audience on the boards might seem deficient in courtesy were not they to bestow a similar compliment on the improvisatori in the boxes. That those who resort to the theatre as an asylum from the ennui of their own homes should not listen to or bestow any attention upon the performance is natural enough; but, then, unless they left their tongues behind them, those who are dipsosed to be listeners might as well leave their ears too, it being impossible for the latter to make use of them to any purpose; nor hardly is it any caricature of expression to say, that "the ballet alone is listened to."

While speaking of the theatre, I may be allowed to observe, that it is singular enough none of our English playwrights should occasionally resort to the modern Italian dramatists for subjects. It is true, many pieces are brought out on our stage, where the scene is laid in Italy; but in regard to their exhibiting any thing whatever of Italian manners, they might nearly as well be laid in the moon. They exhibit to us all that sort of stuff which is now banished from circulating library romance,—monks, murders, banditti, and ruffians,—sentimental bravos, and a couple of lovers,—the one tyrannical, and the other intended to be amiable. They give us antiquated extravagances in abundance; but of modern *ridicules*—of Italian life, as it actually shows itself—they display nothing whatever. Yet they might occasionally, for want of better models, and by way of serving up something different from their *toujours perdrix*,—which are unfortunately *toujours* made into a hash,—have recourse to De Rossi, Giraud, Federici, Nota, &c., who would supply them with some pleasant scenes, if not uniformly with genuine comedy. Some one of those gentry who furnish our

theatres with pieces by contract* might, for instance, make a sufficiently clever one out of Nota's "*Filosofo Celibe*," by retaining all its satire and humour, yet instilling into it a little more energy and point; for there is generally an insipid flatness in the dialogue of the modern Italian dramatists that very much diminishes the interest of the scenes and situations they sketch out, which are sometimes so striking as to require only to be better developed and finished up, in order to possess the genuine *vis comica*. After all, they may be more interesting as curious pictures of manners, than desirable as actual lessons. For the most part, they exhibit some curious traits of manners, appa-

* Without going any farther in search of an adequate reason why writers of any talent should now turn their backs altogether upon the stage, it is sufficiently accounted for by the present admirable system of nearly every theatre keeping its own hack translator and play-wright, whose business it is to *adapt* or manufacture, as may be. These gentlemen have the knack of transforming old plays into new, or concocting original works out of stolen materials; and, further, have the great merit of working with extraordinary celerity and despatch. Forty-eight hours is ample notice for some of this expeditious race, who make up in racing against time the want of any raciness of their own. And as these gentlemen act the part of readers on occasion, as well as that of writers, who, I ask, would care to submit a MS. piece to the ordeal of such *impartial* judges, in addition to running the gauntlet of green-room criticism? Who, again, save a mere hack, would condescend to become so far an *adapter* as to adapt his characters to certain performers, take measure of them, and become their literary tailors? Such a despicable system would have stifled the powers of even a Congreve or a Farquhar. This egregious oversight in policy on the part of the managers — people who might fairly be called the *miss-managers* — together with the inordinate appetite they have created for mere flash pieces consisting of spectacle and capering, sufficiently explain wherefore the drama has gone into a galloping consumption, without imagining that late dining-hours have any thing whatever to do with it. Besides, the inconvenience arising from them might be easily got over by retarding the commencement of the performances, accordingly, to nine or ten o'clock, which would then leave two or three hours before midnight, ample time in all reason; for, into that space might be crammed all the wit of all the dramas brought upon the stage during the last twenty years, and perhaps all the moral instruction into the bargain that the theatre affords in the course of a whole century.

rently rather imaginary than national: ladies are addicted more than they ought to be to the odd fancy of making their servants the confidants of their attachments and their weaknesses, and of conversing with these worthy "helps" upon a footing of more than American equality. The stratagems, too, which lovers allow themselves frequently amount to downright frauds, and to such shuffling meanness, as absolutely to shock those who do not derive their notions of moral propriety from "Newgate experiences," and the ethic lessons of the Old Bailey. The kind of love that, so far from sticking at trifles, suggests almost every species of contemptible duplicity, trickery, and deceit, is not the most amiable or praiseworthy passion; neither is it particularly edifying to youth to find parents or guardians seldom brought upon the stage for any other purpose than to be exhibited in the light of harsh, obstinate, tyrannical beings, whom it is nothing short of meritorious to thwart by every imaginable scheme. Not very much more instructive — at least wholesomely so, are the pictures given of married life, unless they be intended by way of antidote to the fulsomeness of unmarried lovers, and to show what kind of a trap it is the latter are so eager to run into. Methinks it is odd that no one has been able to strike out some fresher kind of interest both in the drama and in novel writing also, than that one eternal theme of love and husband-hunting, or whatever else it may be called, which in the actual world occupy but a small corner among the multiplex combinations that go to make up the sum of life. If Scott had the power to effect this, it is a pity he forfeited the greatest claim of all to originality, by not boldly emancipating himself from the fetters, and stripping off the uniform the whole corps of novel-writers is pleased to wear.

Little as morality is regarded in Florence, the abomination of *saloons*, which are so utterly disgraceful to our own theatrical

system, are unknown to the theatres both of this and other cities in Italy; therefore, sorry as I should be to see my countrymen adopt many other foreign fashions, they might safely be recommended to copy this, and to banish such monstrous nuisances altogether. But here, again, I am afraid managers have managed very badly by fostering an abuse it would now require much energy and resolution on their part to abolish. Instead of merely tolerating most unwelcome intruders, they have actually invited them; and have encouraged the most disgraceful characters to make the theatres their constant haunt, by providing accommodation of the most splendid kind for them; from which we may judge tolerably well how far they are in earnest in pretending to regret the evil they themselves have thus contributed to increase. If it can be shown that the evil is one both inevitable and incorrigible, by some unhappy fatality so indissolubly connected with the theatre that the latter can be purified from it by no method short of actual destruction, it then becomes a question, whether we, as a Christian people, ought rather to consent to the privation — if privation it could be — than persist in openly countenancing vice for the sake of an amusement in itself, now so degraded as to be barely endurable to any person of taste. Now, it is far easier to call these observations narrow-minded and illiberal, than to gainsay them, otherwise than by proceeding to the length of openly defending what it would require more than ordinary effrontery to offer the slightest apology for. That the theatre need not necessarily be immoral, in the lessons it affords from the stage, or positively a school of corruption, by being converted into a place of rendezvous for profligates of both sexes, may be taken for granted; on the other hand, it is extravagant to claim any particular indulgence for its offences, as some appear to do, on the grounds that if properly conducted it *may* be made auxiliary to public morality. If, with the capacity of being salu-

tary, it is noxious — if with the power of being serviceable to the cause of virtue, it is eminently the contrary, so much the more to its discredit, or to the discredit of those, who, by grossly perverting it, have furnished its censors with the most forcible arguments that can be adduced against it. The pathos with which some persons affect to deplore the decline of the drama, in itself approaches to the farcical: one would imagine that some most important cause were at stake; that they were expatiating on some dreadful impending national calamity; that the theatre was the bond of society — the noblest of human institutions — the palladium of the state — the safeguard of the constitution; and that that once destroyed, morals, taste, refinement, would all be torn away at one fell swoop. Nevertheless, the drama itself being now *de facto* extinct — unless the perpetration of an occasional murder of one of Shakspeare's pieces can be thought a revival of it, the existence of the theatre merely for puppet-show — for broad farce — for caricatures of manners — for low buffoonery and high-flown madcap sentiment by turns, becomes a matter of perfect indifference, and it might safely be abandoned to the neglect and the contempt which it has so strenuously exerted itself to merit.

Among the other theatres there is one which goes by the name of *dell' Intrepidità*, appropriated to the classical amusements of rope-dancing and horse-riding; and we were informed that if we had any curiosity for matters of the kind, we might see such feats of intrepidity as dancing with stilts upon a rope, besides attitudinising, posture-making, and expert and rapid transformations of dresses, or rather from one state of nudity to another, and other pleasantries of a similar description. We were satisfied with seeing the splendid cocked hats and uniforms of the persons who act as sign-posts to this establishment, being

placed at the entrance to allure visiters by their feathers and finery.

The *Giuoco di Palla*, which is a kind of game at racket, is a very favourite amusement of the Florentines, who plume themselves not a little on their dexterity in it; yet scarcely should I have deemed it worth while to make any mention of it, were it not that this pastime attracts a number of spectators, who pay a trifle for their admission, although it consists in little more than tossing a ball from one to another! The sport itself appears insipid enough, but the looking-on part must be absolutely stupid: however, it serves to effect, innocently enough, what is with many the sole object of their existence—time-killing; for notwithstanding all the beauties of nature and art with which they are surrounded, the Florentines, at any rate a great number of them, take more relish in this delectable and refined recreation than in the superior enjoyments within their reach, and for the possession of which others are disposed to envy them. Yet in saying they are within their reach, I myself may be in egregious error; since it boots very little how near people may be to enjoyments if they have no sense for them: a blind man might as well pay a visit to a dungeon as to the Florentine gallery, or the banks of the Arno. There is hardly a people on earth who are more favoured by the prodigal bounty of nature than are the Italians; and, at the same time, hardly any who appear to have less relish for the beauties of natural scenery. Monotonous parading in a carriage up and down their *corsos* is preferred by them to a drive out; nor do they ever walk for the mere sake of walking, except it be in the crowd of a public promenade, a kind of lounging and sauntering, hardly a degree preferable to oyster-like immoveability. The evening promenade here is along the outside of the ramparts; and those who are in carriages generally choose to remain stationary, drawn up in file, in order

to be able to hold conversation with such of their acquaintance as may happen to be on foot. However, they escape from home, and from that most dreary "husband-and-wife solitude" which appears to be held in especial horror nearly all over the Continent.

It is time for me to decamp from Florence, without attempting to give any account of any of the various other objects I have left untouched. The Palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand Duke, is in the simple and severe style of dignity affected in most of the earlier Florentine mansions; but, as is the case with numerous other edifices in this city, has never been finished, a wing being still wanted to complete the design. There is now very little chance of its ever being built, or of any of the unfronted churches having façades added to them. The Corsini Palace would be worth visiting, were it only for the sake of beholding Carlo Dolce's exquisite "*Poesia*," which is, indeed, the very poetry of painting, and worthy of having been perpetuated by the burin of so able a master as Raphael Morghen. In this palace we were struck by the singularity of carpeted floors, so very un-Italian, yet so very desirable even in Italy itself, saving that they are not altogether suited to the sputatory habits of the "elegant" Florentine ladies. Among other curiosities, we paid a visit to some of the public libraries, in one of which, there is a collection of about ten thousand manuscripts, many of them exceedingly fine specimens of caligraphy. There is also a very extraordinary curiosity preserved in the same place, within a glass case, upon a pedestal—the *thumb of Galileo*. Nothing can be more preposterous, or more contemptibly ridiculous, than this mania for relics, which seems to characterise the Italians, in defiance of both common sense and decency. This is even in some degree more farcical than the affair of Raphael's scull (see page 328.); and almost seems

intended as a sarcastic parody of that passion for *body-snatching*, to which the Roman catholic church has ever been addicted, in the most unseemly manner.*

However, to exhibit some of the lights, as well as the shadows of the picture, it is but just to observe that, although the Florentines are little to be envied in some respects, and not at all to be copied in others, they have no reason to complain, at present, of their political condition. Under the government of the present Grand Duke†, who is deservedly popular among all ranks, they enjoy, if a less brilliant, perhaps nearly as prosperous, and certainly a more tranquil condition, than in prouder periods of their annals. There is far less of beggary and indolence with their concomitant evils, throughout Tuscany, than in any other Italian state. It is true, their romance days are over — there is nothing to flatter the imagination, or to captivate the fancy, in the equable placidity which has succeeded to the splendid

* As a piece of ultra absurdity, a refinement upon *bone-worship*, carried to the utmost extent of caricature, may be mentioned Kean's *veneration* for a toe-bone of that worthy, George Frederick Cooke, which precious relic, according to his recent biographer, he treasured up with great enthusiasm, until his wife, like a very sensible woman, flung the trumpery thing away. Whether Kean's devotion was paid to Cooke as the patron saint of sottishness, we are not informed. Both these actors had certainly a great genius for drinking: that is quite indisputable: their genius in their profession was more questionable. Kean, at least, was given to indulge in a most strange *mad cat* style. In the delivery of soliloquies, he was sometimes more farcical than Joey Grimaldi, that "being of exquisite sensibility." They were not merely thinking aloud, but bellowing to the utmost pitch of his voice, which certainly did not evince much art, at the same time that it was in open contradiction to nature.

† This exemplary sovereign, for so I may style him, Leopold II., was born in 1797, and in 1817 married Anne Maria, a niece of the king of Saxony, by whom he had three daughters. In 1824 he succeeded his father, Ferdinand III., and in 1833 married, for his second wife, a sister of the king of Naples. He seems to consult the interests of his subjects upon every occasion; and both on that account, and for his personal affability, is greatly beloved by them.

turbulence of other days, more prolific of materials for the pages of the historian or the novelist, — for *they* always find their account in the disorders of society, and fish best in troubled waters; yet the philanthropist will hardly regret the change which has taken place, or consider it one at all for the worse. No doubt, medical men consider invalids far more *interesting* persons than those who, being in perfect health, have no occasion for their services; yet few care for forfeiting their good opinion, by persisting in having no occasion for their professional visits; and, in like manner, the Florentines of the present day may very well console themselves for the contempt they must expect to incur from those whose element is "agitation," almost as much as it is that of the great Irish agitator himself.*

* In our own country the "March of Intellect" folks seem to consider newspaper reading and cheap newspapers as a panacea for all the ills of the community; and to hold reading and education as synonymous both in meaning and value. With them political inquiry is made an all-engrossing pastime, for study it can hardly be termed when founded on nothing better than the crude medleys that daily issue from the newspaper press. They would fain have us believe that it is incumbent upon all to be politic-mongers; while, in regard to religion, which is of infinitely greater moment to the individual, people may safely be left to give as little attention to it as they choose. A zeal for religion is any thing but commendable in their eyes, being apt to incur the reproach of narrow-minded prejudice; yet woe to him who shall dare to call in question the *papacy* of the "public press," to cast a doubt upon its authority or its infallibility.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE. — PRATOLINO. — FRANSCISCAN CONVENT, ETC. — DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE. — FINE SCENERY. — TRE MASCHERE. — PIETRAMALA. — NATURAL PHENOMENA. — STATES OF THE CHURCH. — BOLOGNA. — FOUNTAIN BY GIOVANNI DI BOLOGNA. — SAN PETRONIO. — CATHEDRAL. — TOWERS ASINELLI AND GARISENDI. — UNIVERSITY. — FEMALE PROFESSORS. — ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. — A LESSON TO SOME OF THE NOTABLES. — PICTURES. — PUBLIC CEMETERY. — MADONNA DI SAN LUCA.

The environs of Florence would demand more than brief notice to do justice to them, nevertheless, they must be content with brief and hasty mention from me, although the Tuscan Campagna affords enticing materials. There are many fine points around the city, which lies amid garden cultivation, and embosomed by swelling hills and acclivities, whose eminences command a view of its cupolas, towers, and bridges, with the Arno gliding by and beneath them, more captivating than striking, for the scenery yields to that of many other places in the outline of its features; but it is marked by a placid cheerfulness which, if it makes no very strong impression upon the mind at first, is calculated to win upon acquaintance with it. The plain is dotted with villas, vineyards, orchards, and gardens, that, while they gratify the eye, are additionally welcome as images expressive of ease, comfort, and thriftiness in the population.

A little way out of town we passed one villa, which, although by no means of prepossessing exterior, or rather of mean and

forbidding appearance, claims to be mentioned, on account of its present occupant, it being the residence of no less a personage than Madame Catalani herself, who after having bewitched all Europe by her strains, and visited every capital in it — more profitably than the generality of travellers do, has retired hither to enjoy her *otium cum dignitate* — the dignity of a reputation well ballasted by plenty of solid gold.

About six miles from the city is Pratolino, towards which a gradual ascent from the Porta San Gallo leads up, for it stands on a considerable elevation. Formerly it was one of the most celebrated country residences belonging to the Grand Dukes, but the building was taken down by Ferdinand III., nor has any other structure been erected instead of it; yet, if we may trust the descriptions extant of this edifice, it must have been worth while keeping up. According to the account given of it by Rosini, in one of his historical — not exactly à la Sir Walter Scott — romances, the lower story formed a series of grottos. That called *la Grotta di Galatea*, was of circular form, and like those called *del Tritone* and *della Samaritana* *, furnished with statues, and with fountains of singular mechanism. Giovanni di Bologna's colossal work, generally called *Il Apennino*, but rather a Jupiter Pluvius, still remains. This figure, which is elevated on a lofty pedestal, is of such extraordinary dimensions that, were it in an erect posture, its height would exceed a hundred feet! nor could I behold it without astonishment, although I had previously seen some of the gigantic sphinxes

* This grotto was an octagon, and in the centre of it was a splendid marble table, which frequently served for the private banquets of the Grand Duke Francisco, and Bianca Cappello, with six guests. Here I will allow myself to remark, that it is strange no advantage should have been taken of the fertile hint thrown out by Buonatalenti in the *peregrina invenzione* of these *domesticated* grottos. A summer apartment fitted up in this style would have more than mere novelty to recommend it.

and other enormous figures in Egypt. It may, without hyperbole, be termed a —

——— "Tall tower in human guise,
Image of that gigantic monster race,
Who, starting from the teeming womb of Earth,
Battled with Heaven, and its thunders scorn'd."

Were it only for the views it commands, which are of a bolder character than the rest, Fiesole could hardly fail to attract visiters; how much more interesting, then, does it become to us as the site of ancient Fæsulæ, the "time-honoured," among the cities of Etruria, the reputed parent of Florence itself, which afterwards ungratefully razed it to the ground, so that, with the exception of a few fragments of walls and pavement, hardly any traces of the former town are now to be discerned! The present one is a mere village, a place quite unimportant in itself, although there is a cathedral which was erected in the eleventh century. Upon the loftiest point of the eminence on which it is situated, is a Franciscan convent, and towards this we directed our steps, as the station whence we might obtain the most extensive prospect: nor can a finer one of its kind be seen any where. The monks were civil enough, and even showed us over their abode, which, although very mean, and little inviting externally, seemed to be well acquainted with good cheer within. We found them busily employed in putting things to rights again, after an entertainment they had given on the preceding day, to some visiters of their own order; and, judging from the numerous *relics* of one kind or another, scattered about, we were led to imagine, that they had not stinted either themselves or their guests. This same religious mendicancy must be pleasant enough; for the poverty of these worthy brethren is very much like that of poor old *Sherry*, who although a beggar all his life, and with never a shilling he could

call his own, yet contrived to get his full share of the good things of this world, at other people's expense. Unfortunate *Sherry!* yet far less to be pitied than his more unfortunate creditors. There are persons in the world whose poverty is of the most enviable species; for they thrive upon it, and fare more sumptuously with it than many even wealthy folks. However, let my suspicions be what they may, I have no right to accuse those hospitable mendicants of being "huge feeders:" I can only say, that the looks and the corpulent persons of many, indicated any thing but abstinence; yet that again might be their misfortune, rather than their fault.

We returned to Florence well satisfied with our excursion, and delighted with observing every where indications of prosperous industry. This Campania Felix may be said to abound in wine and corn, and fruit, to which may be added silk, which forms an important article of economy. In fact, the whole district is so allotted to cultivation, that no lands are spared for pasturage, but cattle are stall-fed. Nor are these outward signs of general affluence contradicted by less agreeable symptoms; for the bulk of the people appear in easy circumstances, and of a frank courteous disposition, and well contented with their government; although it might, perhaps, be easy for politicians of a certain class to convince, at any rate try to convince them, that their content arises only from political ignorance, and from not understanding the theoretical principles of legislation and civil rights. Neither do I myself say that the Florentines are faultless: their morals would bear to be mended; and if the men in the upper classes of society could find out something else to do besides playing at cicesbeism, Florence would be a more respectable and agreeable city than it is at present.

On departing from its capital, which we now did, we did not take our leave of all the beauties of Tuscany. After reaching

an eminence which allowed the eye to expatiate over the district of the Val d'Arno, we began to descend into a richly wooded vale, so delightfully featured, that nature seems to have worked here expressly for the painter, and to have composed the happiest scenery for his canvass; and, as the sun was now declining, the broad masses of shadow flung athwart the hollows and lower grounds, produced a picture in which gaiety and sombreness attempered each other in the most captivating manner. Streaks of golden, yet mellow light, kindled up masses of trees and bold slopes, while shadows more or less obscure swept across the landscape, and added to it a repose that served to enhance its loveliness. To complete the attractions of the scenery, the sky was of most pellucid serenity, and the very air seemed to bathe every object in tranquil ecstacy — all around breathed Hesperian enchantment.

At *Alle Tre Maschere*, so called after the inn of that name, the country changed in features, but not in loveliness; or, rather, the change was merely a heightened degree of the same character that had hitherto fascinated us; for at this point, the view opens into a more extensive valley region, so profusely embellished by nature as to appear one continuous garden, intermingled with groves of various hues, and closed by a mountainous barrier in the distance. It was here that we halted for the night, and the following morning resumed our journey, and shortly afterwards, losing sight of the Tempe-rivalling region whose charms had so powerfully impressed us, found ourselves ascending into a more elevated, and comparatively more desert one, by a road winding amid rocks and precipices, and although kept in excellent repair, yet in many places rather dangerous, in consequence of its abrupt turnings. In one part of it a high wall had been erected on each side by way of screen against the furious blasts of wind to which it is exposed, and

from which, notwithstanding their solidity, the walls themselves had suffered not a little. Yet even in this lofty wilderness, where we were sensible of a very great alteration of temperature, we observed an abundance of violets and other flowers, whose varied bloom refreshed the eye, and which seemed in no danger of being plucked by the hand of man, or being either trodden down or cropped by cattle; for we could discern no stock, nor sheep, nor animals of any kind, to pasture or browse there. As we proceeded, the ascent became more toilsome; nor was it without having recourse to the aid of additional cattle, belonging to the horned race, that we surmounted the point in the Apennine ridge, called il Giogo, which rises nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here an extensive prospect presented itself to us, in which the eye seemed to take in the whole of Lombardy, bounded to the right by the Adriatic.

At Pietramala, which is supposed to have derived its appellation from the wind-storms it is exposed to, we took leave of Tuscany, and again entered the territory of the Church. In the vicinity of that place are two singular phenomena — namely, the one a volcano of gaseous flame, the other, a spring of water, called *Acqua Buja*, which ignites when a lighted torch is applied to its surface. This volcano, if so it may be called, differs materially from every other; since it emits neither smoke nor sulphurous vapour of any kind; nor does it at all heat the ground around the spot where it breaks out, although it will set fire to any thing capable of burning. The flame frequently continues for weeks together, and then suddenly disappears for the same space of time, or longer, until either a thunder-storm or fall of rain occasions it to break out again; for, what is not a little remarkable, instead of extinguishing, or even damping it, rain causes the flame to burn more vividly and briskly than at other times: it then rises to the height of between four and five feet

from the ground, whereas in general it does not exceed a few inches above the surface. It may, however, at any time be excited, by throwing upon it a whisp of straw, when it blazes up like a fresh stirred fire. The *Acqua Buja* is impregnated with a strong sulphurous smell; and when set on fire, the earth at its sides also catches, and continues to burn after the flame of the water has gone out. The water has also been known to kindle spontaneously; and it is said that there are other springs and currents of a similar kind, in the same neighbourhood.

Instead of crossing a mere nominal boundary, we seemed to have suddenly got into a different country, so striking was the transition from the Tuscan to the papal territory in this direction. Instead of the signs of cultivation, industry, and prosperity that marked the former, the reverse of all these now presented themselves; and the very first house that came into view looked, as it proved to be, the abode of squalid beggary. No sooner was the sound of our carriage wheels heard, than forth issued a ragged female, with an infant in her arms, and followed by two other dirty children, who joined with her in chorus, all crying out, *Elemosina! elemosina! per amor di Dio elemosina!* Nor did this prove to be an accidental and solitary instance; on the contrary, wretchedness seemed to constitute the general rule, and aught resembling comfort or decency of appearance, merely exceptions to it — at least, as far as the peasantry are concerned.

After travelling along a continued descent, between bare, brown, and rugged hills, from Scaricalasino, and thence through Pianoro, we at length came to level country, embellished with vineyards, and very soon afterwards found ourselves within Bologna. This city, originally called Felsina, and afterwards Bononia, is now greatly decayed from what it was when it was considered "the mother of studies," and its university was the

most celebrated seat of learning in all Italy. Its present population hardly amounts to seventy thousand, nor would one imagine it to be so much, since the streets look more deserted than they otherwise would, owing to the pavement for foot passengers being beneath arcades on each side; a mode of building that has more of convenience, than any thing else, to recommend it, being, in itself, monotonous and wearisome, when thus applied by wholesale; and there are few squares or open places of any importance to create any variety of scene. The palaces are mostly of brick, and make little external display, although some of them, and also many other buildings, are striking enough for the neglect they manifest, looking as if they were no longer inhabited, but suffered to fall out of repair. Besides which, the generality of the streets are inconveniently narrow, which circumstance, added to those already mentioned, gives the city a gloomy appearance.

In the very heart and centre of Bologna is the Piazza Maggiore, with the Palazzo Pubblico on one of its sides, and the church of San Petronio on an other, while at the mouth of a street on a third side, is the celebrated fountain, surmounted by Giovanni di Bologna's bronze statue of Neptune.* Although it is not the cathedral, and notwithstanding that it falls far short of the original design, and is in other respects incomplete, San Petronio is by far the most noted, and most deserving of note, among the churches of Bologna. This edifice was begun in 1390, three years after the Duomo at Milan, and upon a

* Neither Bologna, as his name would lead us to suppose, nor any other place in Italy can claim this artist as a native, he being by birth a Fleming, although his life was almost entirely spent in Italy, where he studied under Michael Angelo, and died about 1606. One of his most celebrated performances is his bronze Mercury in the gallery at Florence, of which Matthews observes, that it "might bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air." of his Colossus at Pratolino mention has already been made at page 410.

most extraordinary scale, that it would have surpassed not only that fabric in magnitude, but even the present St. Peter's at Rome; for it was intended to have been rather more than seven hundred feet in length, with an exceedingly lofty octagonal cupola in the centre, and four towers; viz., two at the external angle of each transept. But the present building consists of little more than the nave and a temporary choir, altogether four hundred feet in extent. The walls are all of brick, and only partially faced with marble; and, although numerous designs have been made for the façade, none of them have been executed, only the lower part of the front, to about the height of the doors, having been begun. However, even in this state, it makes a better figure than it would have done, had any one of those proposed by Palladio been adopted; since he, it seems, could imagine nothing more suitable than one of his ordinary fancies, a piled-up architectural mask of order upon order, and with only four columns in width, with side-pieces and lean-to or half pediments; and this trashy stuff was conceived by him to be an appropriate frontispiece to a Gothic structure. Infinitely superior was Terribilia's design, which, although in a very fantastic Gothic, according to our notions of what is suitable to that style, would have been majestic, and infinitely less capricious in tase, than such application of the ancient orders. The cathedral, which is not very far distant from the square where San Petronio stands, is of modern architecture; that is, of the sixteenth century, and the interior in very good taste. The church of St. Dominic is of more ancient date than that of San Petronio, but now modernised, and deserves attention, were it only for a small chapel with a dome, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. It further contains the tomb of the founder of the Dominican order, who was buried here in 1221: this is ornamented with numer-

ous reliefs by Nicolo Pisano, and others; besides which, there are several paintings representing various incidents in his life.

In a small irregular open space, forming the embouchure of several streets, stand those two architectural curiosities, the towers Asinelli and Garisendi—if to stand they can fairly be said, for they look like two reeling giants, staggering towards each other. It would be absolutely libelling the campanile at Pisa to liken them together; for, although that has the same defect, yet, in lesser degree, these towers have nothing whatever of the beauty of that edifice, they being square brick structures, with nothing of ornament or elegance in them, except its slenderness can entitle the taller of the two (the Asinelli, two hundred and fifty-six feet high) to be considered graceful. Without any disparagement, they might rather be compared to the chimney of a steam-engine or manufactory, and are certainly far less elegant than the tower of the shot manufactory, near the south end of Waterloo bridge. These towers are tolerably well known by views and engravings, and seem to be almost the only subjects our English sketchers could pick up at Bologna; but their obliquity has been strangely exaggerated by some of them, who have allowed their pencils to incline as much from the truth, as the structures themselves do from the perpendicular. The inclination of the Asinelli is calculated at about four feet, and that of the Garisendi at nearly eight; yet, according to the representations, or rather misrepresentations, of Prout—if I mistake not, these measurements, ought to be at least trebled. This degree of untruth may conduce to effect, yet it certainly exceeds the bounds of pictorial hyperbole, or even of pictorial gasconade.

The university, which once reckoned twelve thousand students, is now sadly dwindled to a mere shadow of what it then was, although it still retains some celebrity in comparison with

its former rivals at Padua and Pavia. It possesses an extensive library, said to consist of one hundred thousand volumes, and a rich collection of medals. There are also portraits of various individuals who have distinguished themselves as professors; and among the rest those of two females, for professors of that sex have more than once taught *ex cathedrâ* at Bologna. * This university can boast of its *Dottoresse*, phenomena, I believe, quite unknown elsewhere: Laura Bassi taught natural philosophy; and, stranger still, Anna Manzolina filled the chair of anatomy,—a study the most unfeminine of any in the entire cycle of the sciences.* Mathematics have also had their female votaries in Italy; as witness the celebrated Maria Gaetana Agnesi, a lady of most formidable attainments. I would not, however, be thought to join in the vulgar sneer against learning in women—that is, not merely some ornamental show of it, but solid acquirements in it,—as either beyond their capacities, or incompatible with the duties of their sex. Even allowing it to be unbecoming, to indicate an unnatural ambition, and to be a kind of high treason against the majesty of ours, there is not the slightest reason lest it should so spread as to turn the order of society upside down. Mathematical and scientific ladies are likely to continue rarities for ages to come, and to leave us lords of the creation, as we fancy ourselves, in undisputed and undisturbed possession of our high and mighty privileges.† A female *interloper*, now

* History also records a fair damsel who used to lecture upon jurisprudence;—namely, Novella, the beautiful daughter of Giovanni d'Andrea, professor of that science in this university in the fourteenth century. She used to act frequently as her father's proxy, and upon such occasions is said to have prudently stationed herself behind a curtain, lest her charms should send home her auditors with more love in their hearts than law in their heads. If all this be strictly true, Novella must have been one of the most fascinating *curtain lecturers* that ever existed.

† In poetry the fair sex have shown themselves nearly a match for the

and then, on the territory of science may be amiably enough welcomed without any apprehension that the sex will make an

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"nobler" one; since if none can justly be placed in the most elevated rank, there are many very far indeed superior to the male minor poets, whether living or dead ones. Among those who have done honour to the Muse by the poetic and moral excellence of their compositions, may be classed FELICIA HEMANS, whose death has just preceded the time when this note is penned. Should the following lines, with which I have been favoured by a friend, seem to require any excuse, their impromptu brevity will, perhaps, furnish all that is needed: —

Sweet vot'ress of the Muse,
Who could'st at will infuse
A living voice into the lyre,
'T was thine the tones of ecstasy to roll,
The melody of poesy and soul,
O'er every theme that fancy might inspire.
Rushing down on seraph wings,
A spirit touch'd thy sounding strings,
And in holy strain, revealing
Noblest thoughts and purest feeling,
Shed through thy music balm and healing.

HEMANS! yes, to thee 't was given
To echo hymnings caught from heaven;
For nature deign'd on thee to shower
The worthiest poetic power;
On thee bestow'd the rarer gift
The affections from this earth to lift
To higher sphere,
Radiant, tranquil, pure and clear.
Gems of earth, and sky, and sea
Brighter glowed,
Fairer showed,
When transfigured by thee.
Farewell, farewell;
The spirit of thy vocal shell
Hath left on earth a sainted spell;
While thou hast entered thine immortal rest,
And 'mong the pure before, art now among the blest.

*** May, 22, 1835.

irruption in formidable numbers, oust our professors from their chairs, and snatch from them their diplomas. Women appear, for the most part, well content to acquiesce in the *gallant* and liberal doctrine that their sex has "no business with learning;" and yet it may be doubted whether learned ladies would make worse wives or mothers than card-playing or dancing ones. A course of mathematics might help to sober the fancies of a great many far better than a course of novel reading, or of Moore's Irish Melodies, neither of which is especially calculated to fit them for the duties of real life, however well it may qualify them for those of the boudoir and ball-room. Hardly could an accession of philosophy render them less respectable; whether any diminution of elegant ignorance would cause them to be less amiable and interesting creatures, must be left to their admirers to determine.

The Academy of the Fine Arts, formerly the Institute, contains, not indeed a very numerous, but a choice selection of paintings of the Bolognese school,—fine specimens of the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and other masters, who have conferred upon this city such high repute as a seat of art. This school, the latest of any in point of date, and the pupil of those which had preceded it, combines in a great degree their various excellences, and, by catching a fresh spirit, by keeping in sight both nature and art at the same time, attained a grandeur, correctness, and propriety altogether harmonious. One great secret of the success of the Caracci, the founders of this school, consisted in their enthusiasm, their entire devotedness to their art, not as a means, as is too frequently the case in these degenerate days, but as a worthy and all-sufficient end. They gave all their souls to it with a most passionate affection: they studied with unwearied application during the whole of their lives, not as hirelings for mere lucre, but prompted by more

generous feelings,—by an intensity of love. They studied constantly, both in season and out of season, and with all their faculties applied to this one object. "What mill-horse work! what drudgery!" methinks I hear some of our modern *geniuses* exclaim. "But did they grow rich by it?" Certainly not; Ludovico, on the contrary, died poor; that is, poor in the world's estimate; but he died abundantly rich in fame, after a life whose uninterrupted labour had been uninterrupted enjoyment. Little is it to be wondered at that art itself seems now to have become quite sterile and effete, when a sordid, money-getting spirit has debased it into a mere trade—a genteel way of getting a livelihood, if not of making a fortune. Artists cry out against the lack of patronage;—let them first show that they merit it, and let them first emancipate themselves from an incubus hatched in the Stock Exchange. It is a grovelling ambition that looks no higher than a seat among R. A.'s and lucrative commissions; and as to patronage, there seems rather an excess than any deficiency of it, seeing what a number of impotent daubers of canvas there are, who contrive a market for their manufacture; creatures who possess neither talent, nor application, nor any thing of the education required for an artist,—neither energy of mind, nor ability of hand; folks who are fain to beg, borrow, or steal ideas, and afterwards split them in halves. What can patronage do for such people, except it were to put them upon handsome "board wages" at once,—bid them fling down their pencils, take up their knives and forks, and fall to with what appetite they may?*

* Look at the loads of rubbish that every year infest the walls of the Royal Academy, and then judge whether too little or too much encouragement be given to those who fancy they feel an instinctive yearning for painting. Were nine tenths of them to place themselves behind the shop counters, it would be better both for art and for themselves; they would be quite as respectable there, and infinitely less ridiculous. As to the Royal Academicians, they are the most good-natured people in the world, for their compassion seems to

But let me escape from this superfœtation of digressions, and point out one or two of the chief lions of the collection in the Academy of the Fine Arts.

The Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Domenichino, is one of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of that master; and the sublime expression in the figure and countenance of the virgin martyr, as she resigns herself to the blow of the executioner, has rarely been equalled, never, perhaps, surpassed. This fine picture was carried off to Paris as one of the trophies of Napoleon's victories, and afterwards restored at the general restoration of Europe. Another fine work, by the same artist, is the Martyrdom of St. Peter; a group full of bravura, yet not to be compared with Titian's representation of the subject. Such scenes, however, are too sanguinary to be particularly pleasing, except for the mastery displayed in them. The Virgin of the Rosary, again, is a celebrated production of Domenichino's, but a most singular medley, for it looks more like two distinct compositions than a single picture. In the upper half, we behold the Virgin throned upon clouds, surrounded by cherubs and angels bearing the symbols of the Passion, and scattering down roses on the figures below, which consist of two groups of martyrs and executioners, with Pope Honorius III. kneeling at one corner of the picture, with outspread hands, and a large rosary; yet to whom he is addressing his prayers, does not appear: certainly not to the Virgin on the clouds, since he turns his back upon her, and looks quite in another direction,—an error both in painting and Roman Catholicism that partakes of twofold heresy. Neither

know no bounds, else they would not charitably take in, as they do, every year twice, if not more than twice, the number of productions they can hang up in such a manner as to be at all seen. Were they to be more select, they might save fifty per cent. in paper and print of their catalogues, while their exhibitions would gain at least cent. per cent. in character and credit.

is it quite clear whether his Holiness be interceding for the martyrs, or the contrary, as he appears quite indifferent to their situation. If Romanism is in many respects favourable to art, it must be confessed that it has not unfrequently led artists into numerous egregious absurdities, by inducing them to attempt visible representations of what is altogether superphysical. Of Agostino Caracci may also be seen a master-piece, which is another of the spoils disgorged by the museum of the Louvre, namely, his Communion of St. Jerome,—a work of extraordinary power, sentiment, and expression: there is a solemnity of feeling pervading it that is truly pathetic. By Ludovico there are many noble pieces, and also several by Guido; among others, his celebrated Slaughter of the Innocents,—a truly horribly fine scene. To these may be added several specimens of Francesco Francia, and other earlier masters of the Bolognese school, besides some of Pietro Peruginos and Raphael. One of Francia's most esteemed works in this collection is a Madonna, with the Child between John the Baptist and St. Sebastian,—a strangely brought-together group, but full of ineffable grace and beauty.

After we had tolerably well satisfied our curiosity by rambling about Bologna itself, and visiting as many of its sights as our time would allow, we set out to examine the Campo Santo, a public cemetery at a short distance from the city. This was formerly part of a convent of Carthusian monks; but Napoleon, thinking it would be as useful as quarters for the dead, expelled the whole fraternity, turning them adrift upon the world, to find lodgings wherever they could, and applied their domicile to its present purpose: for he was not a person to stick at trifles, but fairly galloped through obstacles that would have appeared beset with difficulties to others. The entrance leads into a quadrangular court with cloisters, whence an iron door opens into a long arched gallery. In this gallery are recesses with tablets affixed

to the walls, behind which the bodies are deposited. The greater proportion are, of course, mere *nobodies;* but some distinguished persons are buried here, and among these latter may be mentioned Madame Banti, the celebrated, or rather, once celebrated, vocalist, whose astonishing powers were the delight of thousands. As to the cemetery itself, it is one that might serve as a pattern for similar places, being kept in the utmost order, and sufficiently solemn without being dismal.

There is no possibility of a stranger's missing the church of the Madonna di San Luca, although situated about three miles from the city, since there is a tolerably conspicuous guide to it the whole way, namely, a lengthened portico of seven hundred arches, which was erected by different trades and corporations. The church itself derives its name from a miraculous picture in it of the Madonna, said to have been painted by St. Luke himself; but it is a production more creditable to the devotion the Bolognese profess towards the Virgin, than either to their taste, or to the skill of the saint. Such seems also to have been the opinion of the French; for they did not care to touch it, although they did not scruple to carry off a very fine Guido from the same place. The church itself is of the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a well-proportioned dome, and crowded with ornaments.

The Austrians are far from popular with the Bolognese; and, if we might credit all the anecdotes we heard to that effect, they had certainly, on many occasions, showed much puerile tyranny, it having, apparently, had no other object than to irritate very uselessly. At the time, too, of our stay in the city, some excitement prevailed on account of certain seminaries having been suppressed, because the students had foolishly thought proper to make a show of being inclined towards liberalism. However, as the *row* did not proceed to such extremity as to

cause us any apprehension, we occupied ourselves far more agreeably, and hardly less profitably, by attending to what more immediately concerned us; leaving those sucking, beardless politicians to amuse themselves and gratify the Bolognese quidnuncs by a blustering game at reform and agitation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOURNEY TO FERRARA.—FERRARA.—TASSO.—BATIUSHKOV'S DYING TASSO.—ARIOSTO.—THE STUDIO.—DUCAL PALACE.—CATHEDRAL.—JOURNEY TO VENICE.

It was on one of the loveliest mornings imaginable that we set out for Ferrara; and, favoured by the delightfulness of the weather, were in a mood to be better pleased with the country we travelled through than we should probably have been under different circumstances, for it is a level flat, unvaried in itself; yet this flat is so thickly arrayed with the produce of the earth, as to be the picture of fertility and abundance. Oaks, mulberry trees, and vines, the latter spreading in rich festoons, exhibited a variety of dense verdure truly grateful to the eye, and no less cheering to the mind. Having crossed the Reno by a fly-bridge, we proceeded through an avenue of trees, and afterwards along the banks of a canal intersecting an extensive tract of rice meadows. At the termination of this agreeable but not at all eventful journey, we entered Ferrara, and alighted at the hotel of the Tre Mori, which we afterwards found to be of truly blackamoor complexion within.

Honoured as Ferrara is in the estimation of all travellers, who, with a reverence either real or affected for the names of Ariosto, and Tasso, visit this scene of their different fortunes, it has also obtained from all a singularly bad name, as a most deserted, triste, and forlorn place, where the grass grows in the streets, and desolation has taken possession of the houses. We accordingly expected to find a most gloomy solitude, with nothing to refresh the sight, except the verdure of its pavement; in-

stead of which we were agreeably disappointed at finding this shockingly triste city present a rather cheerful aspect than the contrary. Liveliness, it must be confessed, is not the characteristic of Ferrara any more than it is of Pisa: the racket of gaiety is not to be met with; yet those who are not oppressed with overpowering dulness within themselves might contrive to make a sojourn here without feeling themselves particularly dismal. The fact is, Ferrara is far less dirty, and not at all more downfally than many other towns in Italy; and in regard to its being more stilly and hushed than the generality of them, that, I should conceive, would rather conciliate all sentimental visiters in its favour, since they, it is to be presumed, can indulge in their sublime reveries, and take their fill of contemplation all the better, where there is so little to distract their attention and break in upon their *pensieroso* musings. Let the arrant John Bull tribe eschew Ferrara, for they most assuredly will not find it a "capital place;" yet the swarms of poetic enthusiasts who inundate Italy ought to be in raptures with it for the very reasons that render it so distasteful to the unimaginative herd of ordinary mortals.

A touch of melancholy feeling will hardly put one into an unfitting mood for surveying the cell of Tasso, whose misfortunes have so associated his name with that of Ferrara. The sad story of his incarceration in the hospital of St. Anna is too familiar to require any recapitulation of it here; and it would be idle to quote either from Byron's Childe Harold, or his Lament of Tasso: but Batiushkov's Dying Tasso—a production which has gained for its author considerable literary repute among his countrymen—will supply a poetical illustration in this place, that may, perhaps, be new to most of my readers. The following passage is from *an English version* of it in the Foreign Quarterly:—

"——— In vain from land to land
My course I shifted, sorrow followed still:
No change! except that worse succeeded ill.
It seem'd as if Fate's finger with a brand,
Like Cain, had marked me, for beneath the shed
Of toiling hind, or in thy princely halls,
Alfonso, — in the vale, or on the hill,
Was refuge none. Unknown or known to fame,
In every fortune was my lot the same;
Still persecution's work; and, lo! what fiends,
What scorpion fiends within Ferrara's walls
Await me. Love! — despair my bosom rends,
Tortures my brain, and racks my heart, and bends
My spirit to the earth. Was such the meed
Destined for song? But it is past! — I 'm freed!
Rome honours me, and friendship soothes: decreed
For this my brow a more than monarch's crown,
Bright guerdon, and an earnest of renown
For long futurity! Ambition's noble lust
Is gratified; each task the Muse assign'd
Accomplish'd; and though may never bind
That wreath my brow, it crowns my name — my bust.
"From youth the Muse's votary, undismay'd
Or by oppression or neglect, I paid
My homage; love and song sustain'd my mind.
In princely bower or in the dungeon gloom:
Song was my vital cheer, — here fate had no control!
'T was song illumed my cell, — will consecrate my tomb.
No! although drench'd with gall hath been my bowl,
Life hath not been all bitterness, for feelings
To rapture wrought, prophetic high revealings
Of more than mortal bliss, entranc'd my soul."

The sentiment expressed in the last lines is a noble and ennobling one; for, although we naturally feel a generous indignation when we find instances where genius, so far from procuring rewards or honours to its possessors, is rather the cause of their misfortunes, we may be reconciled to what seems the most flagrant injustice of fortune, since it also vindicates their ambition from the suspicion of worldliness. A Tasso in his

dungeon, and a Milton neglected in his blindness and old age, are more elevating exampless, and afford greater assurance of the all-sustaining impulse within them, than had they been the minions of fortune; yes, more glorious, more enviable beings than in the midst of affluence and dignities. There are many very well intentioned, yet rather obtuse persons, who seem to think that both genius and virtue ought invariably to bear a marketable value, and secure to those distinguished by them a prompt payment in the goods and gauds of this world; as if genius and virtue were valueless in themselves. Perish the miserable, grovelling doctrine that would have us offer premiums for either, as for prize-cattle:—

> "Oh! blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
> Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!"
> * * * *
> "We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
> That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain."

But even some of those who would fain pass for enthusiastic worshippers of genius are apt to show their reverence for it occasionally in a most irreverent manner, thinking that their idols ought, like those of Roman Catholic shrines, to be tricked out with worldly gear and finery, and set up to view in a gold case. I could here almost re-echo Mrs. Butler's exclamation:—"Heaven bless the world, for a *conglomerated amalgamation* of fools!"*

* In mere justice, it ought to be added, that, although Mrs. Butler's book teems with unfeminine and rather hoydenish expressions, it contains evidence of no ordinary mind, pages worth whole volumes of mawkish genteel stuff. Many of those who will, of course, affect to be horrified at her *vulgarity*, would give their very ears to be able to show half her sterling, original sense. She deserves great credit, too, for being uninfected with the miserable *esprit de corps* that renders nearly all professional persons so ridiculously thin-skinned and sensitive for the dignity of their "*order*." Accordingly, she does not scruple to speak of actors and acting without the least "fudge." There is one trait which vouches much for correct propriety of feeling; namely,

After what I have been saying, there is little danger that any one will accuse me of having too slightly passed over Tasso. As to his rival and predecessor in fame, Ariosto, he had no reason to complain of the maliciousness of fortune, since he enjoyed a competence quite adequate to all that philosophic ease and independence require. The mastery of his poetical talents have secured for him a higher station in the pantheon of fame than would have been awarded to him had he been estimated according to the moral worth alone of his productions; for they certainly abound with numerous pictures that are, to adopt a slang term in vogue among our critics, of by far too *rosy* a cast. His nymphs are depicted with the same freedom, and with the same glow of colouring, as those of Titian, and his text would find a tolerably able commentator and illustrator in Etty, whose pencil is luxuriantly rosy enough of all reason.

On visiting the *Studio*, to which place his remains were transferred from the Benedictine convent, at the commencement of the present century, we had the gratification, if such it can be called, of beholding his arm-chair and inkstand; at least, an arm-chair and inkstand exhibited as such — which *may be* genuine, although I should be loth to swear that they are not supposititious; for it is to be presumed that, in respect to relics of this description, as well as other ware, supply will generally be found in proportion to demand; and if there can be any such things as *pious frauds* at all, such an innocent hoax as that of passing off an old-fashioned chair and inkstand as the identical ones *consecrated* by having been used by the author of the Orlando, would not be the most unpardonable instance upon record. Superstition

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when she remarks, "My Romeo had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches;" for which last word many would have substituted some metonym most grossly indelicate in its delicacy.

is not confined to religious matters exclusively, neither is cant restricted to the conventicle; to which latter assertion some readers will probably freely assent, thinking that I am myself verifying it, both in this and many other parts of my volume. *N'importe:* I make no pretence of being particularly candid or liberal, nor do I disguise what I conceive to be truths because they may chance to prove unpalatable to many "highly respectable persons," who do not care to have their failings hinted at.

The Studio which I have just mentioned, was one of the earliest objects inspected by us after our arrival; and we were received there with the utmost courtesy and affability by a venerable-looking old gentleman, who, as he conducted us through the apartments, explained every thing, and replied to our enquiries with such evident willingness and pleasure, that he quite won our hearts. The collection of books is not very numerous, not exceeding eight thousand volumes; but there is one room set apart exclusively for works by such authors as were natives of Ferrara; some of which, I suspect, are now of little other value than as mementos, as is the case with Ludovico's rickety arm-chair.* Our courteous cicerone called our attention more especially to a very fine manuscript copy of the Bible, on parchment, written in characters that rivalled type for beauty and regularity; informing us, at the same time, that Lord Byron had seemed quite enamoured of it, and pronounced it to be "a most splendid performance—absolutely *a chef-d'œuvre* in its way." His Lordship's veneration undoubtedly rendered

* This venerable relic has suffered greatly from the scratching and pilfering sentimentality of visiters, who have contrived to scratch off and purloin splinters of the precious wood to show to their gaping, open-eyed acquaintance at home. However, the injury inflicted by such very itching enthusiasm is, fortunately, not irreparable. A perfect counterfeit may be manufactured at any time, which will, doubtless, answer every purpose of the present one.

it all the greater curiosity; and it would have been as well for the world had he manifested equal veneration for the precepts of the Holy Volume in his own writings. In that case, he would have left unwritten — at any rate, unpublished — much that he seems to have composed as if "studying how he might best disseminate among his contemporaries, and bequeath to after generations, the pollutions of his own soul. Like an unprincipled, jaded, worn-out debauchee, he seems to have gloated over impurity with a ghowl-like appetite for the filthiest garbage, and with a truly fiend-like exultation at finding the depravity so congenial to his taste. That he had not the slightest respect for himself is evident; for even the abandoned sensualist may scorn to pander to the iniquities of others, however infamous may be his own."* I do not imagine that our venerable

* This quotation is from a little volume to which I have before alluded, and which it has pleased some sagacious critic in a very recent number of *Fraser* to decry, in the most unqualified manner; taking good care not to commit himself by attempting to bring forward a single extract to justify his own *ipse dixit* accusations and sentence of guilty, or by even so much as alluding to any one part of its contents. In the true spirit of that admirable maxim,— *Nul n'aura de l'esprit, hormis nous et nos amis,* he utters the following damnatory verdict against it: — "It is a sad thing for a man to perpetrate such a book, and a sadder to read it;" and, having thus fairly stifled or *burked* it, without allowing it to give a single squall, he next proceeds to clap Charles Lamb and Tom Hood together, (for which, were the former alive, he would have challenged him,) and expatiates on the superiority of their puns, leaving it, of course, to be inferred that all others must be detestably bad. Bad, indeed, they must be, did they not surpass many of those of Tom's, which are "perpetrated" in defiance of grammar and meaning; although it pleases the critic to assert that Tom, as well as Charles, "sometimes detects delicate analogies of thought" by means of a pun. Mr. Hood's "delicate analogies" sometimes take a very odd shape, especially when he perpetrates such delicate and decent facetiæ as his burlesque illustration of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in which he has taken care to have a slap at the "bloated parsons;" or when he would *analogically* defend Sabbath-breaking. It is a "sad thing" that any man

conductor was at all acquainted with "Don Juan," or he would hardly have fancied that this Bible was the more recommended to us by his assurance that the noble visitor had inspected it long and attentively, turning it over, nearly leaf by leaf, with fingers that had penned what certainly bears no marks of any celestial inspiration.

There are portraits of many cardinals and popes who were natives of Ferrara; among others, those of Ippolito d' Este and Bentivoglio. The memory of Cardinal Ippolito has been kept alive rather by his patronage of Ariosto, — such as it was — than by any extraordinary merits of his own. He may, in fact, be said to have embalmed it in the complimentary speech he made to the poet, respecting the Furioso: "Dove, Diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigliate tante *coglionerie?*" — Had the critical Cardinal been a cardinal critic, like some of the modern slashing-up tribe, who, in their hurry to give out their damnatory verdicts, put on their black cap of office as soon as the criminal appears in court, without going through the formality of a trial, His Eminence's sentence of "Coglionerie; sad stuff!" might have laid prostrate the mighty Orlando. But it was Messer Ludovico's good fortune to live in the good times, before the world was pestered with booby reviewers*; and he accordingly

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shquld perpetrate such scurvy and indecent jests; it is a "sadder thing" that a writer, in a work having some character for morality and religion to maintain, should demand applause for the man who is guilty of them, — for one who is gratuitously and ambitiously irreverent.

* Should the conscience of any one gentleman in that highly respectable profession wince at the freedom of this expression, or tell him that it must be levelled at himself, I do not wish to destroy his illusion. *Au reste*, the public will not accuse me of trying to curry favour with those formidable and omnipotent gentry; for, although they are not all of them Solomons, I do give all of them credit for being persons of the sternest integrity and the most incorruptible *impartiality*.

contented himself with setting down his Mecænas as a block-head of the first magnitude.

The castle, or old ducal palace, with towers at its angles and its moat, carries with it a strong impress of the olden time; and, although it now looks gloomy and deserted, it, perhaps, strikes the imagination all the more on that very account, as it seems to be a piece of the past, unconnected with aught but the reminiscences of its polished and gallant court, when it was the scene of many a festal banquet and masque. Many of the private palaces have also an air of sedate stateliness in their architecture, that gratifies the eye; and they impart to the city some character of solidity and dignity, if not of splendour. The façade of the cathedral merits attention for its singularity: it is formed into three equal divisions; has a gable of very low or pediment slope, with a small gallery of columns and pointed arches, ascending on each side parallelly to that inclination. Beneath this gallery, in each division of the front, there are four pointed windows, and a smaller circular one over the centre pier. This portion of the elevation does not occupy much more than one fourth of the entire length, the rest being divided into three stories, the lowermost of which is about equal to the other two, and has three round-arched doors; that in the centre being considerably larger than the others, which are at some distance from the outer angles of the building. The interior has been modernised, and is chiefly remarkable for good general effect.

The shortness of our stay confined our attention almost entirely to the few objects I have mentioned, to some of which I now regret that I did not devote somewhat more time and attention. We were, however, exceedingly anxious to reach Venice, for which we now set out; and, after crossing the Po, by a fly bridge, set foot upon the Venetian territory. Of course our

passports had here to undergo a scrutiny, and our baggage had to be examined,—an operation which discomposed both that and our tempers, for it is a most vexatious annoyance, inconvenience, and delay; almost enough to make one envy those travellers who possess no more baggage than what they can carry tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. However, like other necessary evils, it must be borne; and that the vigilance exhibited on the part of the douaniers is no unnecessary precaution, may be taken for granted, when we find that smuggling, cousin-german to pick-pocketing, is carried on by those who nevertheless call themselves respectable persons, and who have the singular bad taste afterwards to make a boast of the paltry stratagems by which they have cheated douaniers and custom-house officers: and for what? Merely to get over, duty free, some useless article of foreign manufacture, which they might buy in England, and thereby help to encourage the English shopkeepers.

Having proceeded some way along the banks of the Po, we afterwards passed through Policella, and beyond that came to Rovigo, a town situated on a branch of the Adige, and having about seven thousand inhabitants. It was the name of this place Napoleon attached to the title of Duke which he bestowed upon Savary. Monselice, the only place of any account through which we passed, is very romantically situated, and, perhaps, appeared the more so, owing to the contrast it presented to the flat and monotonous, though fertile, country we had been accustomed to after leaving Bologna. It adjoins a mountain, and its walls and towers—for it was, at one time, a fortification of prodigious strength—give it an important look. A canal extends hence to Padua; but, although we proceeded along its banks as far as that city, we did not stop there, intending to take it on our return from Venice, which we were impatient to reach as speedily as possible. We accordingly continued

our route along the Brenta, so celebrated for the numerous villas, palaces, and gardens that line its course, in the distant horizon, beyond which we caught a view of snow-covered mountains, which served to set off the more cultivated foreground. Oppressed as we were with heat and dust (the thermometer standing at 74°), their appearance was more welcome than chilling, although it did not actually relieve the inconvenience we experienced. At length we took leave of the *terra firma*, and, embarking in a vessel, here called a *dongala*, which is of the form of a sculler on the Thames, with a high arched roof over the centre, and windows on each side; and, finding ourselves on the element that may be called the native soil of Venice, sat in patient anticipation of shortly hailing it. During our course, were pointed out to us various extensive operations undertaken by Buonaparte, such as cutting canals, and so forming islands, with fortifications, for the more effectual protection of the city; and these and other objects, together with the ceremony of having our passports revisited, sufficed to engage our attention, until towers and buildings, apparently emerging from the waves, assured us that Venice was at length before us. Shortly after we were gliding beneath their walls, and gazing with admiration of silence, interrupted only by our exclamations of "Venezia! Venezia!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

VENICE. — FIRST IMPRESSIONS. — PLACE OF ST. MARK. — ST. MARK'S CHURCH. — BRONZE HORSES, WITH A NOTE ON HORSE-RACING. — DUCAL PALACE. — TORRE DELL' OROLOGIO. — GRAND CANAL. — PALACES, CA D'ORO, ETC. — RIALTO. — ARSENAL. — CHURCH OF SANTI GIOVANNI E PAOLO. — THE VENDRAMIN MAUSOLEUM. — SCHOOL OF SAINT MARK. — SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO. — SAN ZACCARIA. — SAN GIORGIO. — IL REDENTORE. — ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS. — ARMENIAN CONVENT. — CONCLUSION.

THERE are few who are not acquainted with some of the more striking features of this semi-oriental queen of the Adriatic; — of Venice, whose architectural pomp has been mystified by Turner into dazzling, gaudy vacancy and indistinctness, and reflected by the pencil of Harding with all the force of reality, set off by the charm of poetic delineation — Venice, that has supplied Lilliputian scenes for annuals, and full-grown scenes for our theatres. Even to those, if any such there be, who have no other images of it in their minds than what they have shaped out to themselves from description, its name alone is fraught with an indefineable charm, were it only for the associations linked with it by our Shakspeare, and by the "mighty magician of Udolpho." If less romantic, less imposing, than when at the zenith of her barbaric state and gorgeousness, her present aspect is one well calculated to excite a powerful, and yet melancholy, interest; — sympathy for a once haughty, and now fallen, capital, yet still glorious even in its decay. Although its "mouldering palaces" found no favour with Sir Egerton Brydges; although

that "intelligent" critic, Forsyth*, could discern no grandeur in the pile occupied for so many ages by its Doge princes, which he seems to have looked at with the tasteful eye of a London surveyor; although Webb also condemns the same edifice without mercy, for what he, with his usual singularity of language, terms its "lubbard superincumbency of wall;"—I, who am *nullius addictus jurare in verba*, was forcibly impressed with the indescribable poesy of architecture which characterises them, and which, with your *routinier*, plodding, mechanical critics, stands for just nothing at all. With them, whatever does not come just within scope of their own *minikin* and mechanical rules—within reach of their own imbecile apprehension, is, without further inquiry into its merit, set down at once as something outré and bizarre, nondescript, monstrous, unintelligible. For the highest and most eloquent powers of the art they have no soul whatever; yet I wish them no harm: let but the peace of their own impenetrable dulness rest upon them, and they will be the most comfortable of mortals.

Venice is, of a truth, in her sere and yellow leaf—in her autumn garb; yet its livery, like that of the autumn of the forests, is rich —richer than the summer pride of many other cities. Almost as unique in physiognomy as in situation, its very buildings are fraught with history, and in them we may almost be said to read its annals—to view the now phantom glories and achievements of the proud Republic. How gorgeous this courtesan sea-queen among cities, this Naiad Cybele, must have been in her palmy state, when her fleets went out as armaments, and returned to her either with the spoils of conquest or the tributary merchan-

* The *nous* of this critic may be estimated from his prating about the "*correct* beauty of Palladio," a man whose works abound not only with shocking pettinesses and improprieties, but with many of the most detestable *atrocities* it is possible to accomplish in architecture.

dise of the east, is still attested by the faded and fading magnificence we yet behold. Gaiety has not yet entirely deserted her, but the mind is touched by it rather to sadness than to joy; it is too much like the last rallying effort of the spirits, that frequently precedes their fatal overthrow by the hand of death. And Venice looks so lovely even in her widowed, fallen fortunes, that it is impossible to repress a sigh for the bitter change that has come over her, despite the recollection of her treacheries — her tyranny — her crimes.

As I first gazed on the Saracenic edifices, which were reflected on her pavement of waters, I was forcibly struck with the general resemblance the city bears to Grand Cairo, at the time of an inundation of the Nile. In both of them do rich architectural fronts, cognate in their style, behold their own inverted images, and seem, Narcissus-like, to be enamoured of their own mirrored charms. There is, moreover, something exceedingly impressive in the noontide hush and silence of these chariotless streets, that gives the whole place the character of an enchanted city. But it is time to break off these rhapsodies, as they will, doubtless, be termed; especially as they may also be thought to savour more of "fine writing," and of sentimentality, than is altogether becoming in one who professes to entertain no very great respect for them.

The first point for which all strangers make after their arrival is St. Mark's Place; and thither we also wended our way without loss of time. The area of this far and justly famed place is of no very extraordinary extent, being an irregular oblong, about six hundred feet in length, by two hundred in width at its western extremity, and half as many more at the other, which is occupied by the front of St. Mark's, and which opens at its south-east angle to the Piazzetta. In itself, the obliquity of the sides can hardly be reckoned a beauty, and it is

singular it should not have been guarded against; yet I scarcely know whether it amounts to a defect, or in any degree counteracts the impression the whole is calculated to produce, surrounded as it is by ranges of stately edifices, without intermixture of other buildings. Those on the north side are called the Procuratie Vecchie, and the opposite ones the Procuratie Nuove; they are now connected by a third range, named the Fabbrica Nuova. This last mentioned, in which its architect, the Cavalier Giuseppe Soli, has followed Sansovino's design of the Procuratie Nuove, omitting the Corinthian order, placed above the other two, was erected in 1810, on the site of the church of San Geminiano. It is certainly a great improvement, both as the arcaded — a punster would say the *Arcadian*, walk is now continued along three sides of the square, and because almost any thing was preferable to what Forsyth justly calls the "vile" church that before disjoined the two Procuratie, with its tasteless front — a specimen of dull insipidity.

After applying the epithet "tasteless" to any thing else, I shall, perhaps, be thought strangely inconsistent in venturing to express any admiration in behalf of the Church of St. Mark itself; for, is not that a most barbaric and tasteless pile — an heterogeneous assemblage of pillars, arches, and arched gables? I certainly am not inclined to compliment it after the singular fashion in which a traveller is said to have uttered his opinion of the Falls of Niagara, when, on beholding that rushing mountain mass of waters, he exclaimed — "It certainly is *very pretty!*" I admit that it is barbaric in its pomp, and extravagant even to wildness: at the same time, I feel that it is one of the most impressive monuments of the art to which it belongs; so sublime in its littleness — so full of imagination — a spectacle so wondrous and so unique, that, were all the rest of Venice swept away, save the Church and Place of St.

Mark, they alone would indemnify a traveller for going expressly to behold them. If there be any such thing as soul in architecture, it surely displays itself here: nevertheless, there are mortals so dull, so utterly incapable of relishing aught they have not been regularly trained to admire, that they have an unquestionable right to be shocked at it; nor is their disapprobation the meanest encomium which can be passed upon it. It is nauseating to hear the cant people will talk, by book, about what is so far above their limited faculties and their vulgar feeling. Such levelling critics would reduce every thing to the reach of their own intellect; and how is the poetry and mystery of such a pile to be otherwise than a stumbling-block to them? Whatever does not accord with their own man-milliner ideas of art is barbarous. As a building, St. Mark's may not be able to boast of any particular architectonic merits: that it has a thousand architectonic faults any tyro may perceive. What, then? It addresses itself to the mind so powerfully as to hold it captive by some inexplicable fascination, at least inexplicable without long and patient analysis. Would I then recommend it as a model? Aye, truly, if I were so absurd as to recommend the pyramids of Egypt, likewise, for such a purpose. And now the wiseacres will stare, and ask, how that can be an object of admiration which is not suitable for direct imitation likewise? notwithstanding that the world admires, or affects to admire, both the Iliad and the Divina Commedia.

Here we most undeniably behold the historic romance of architecture, wherein history and romance might be said to be contending for mastery, were it not that they are fused, blended, amalgamated together. In its wildness it is Dantesque; in its exuberant richness of colour and mosaic sculpture no less Ariostean.

The interior of St. Mark's,—is not that, at least, to be given up to reprobation? for it has by no means found favour in the

eyes of thorough-paced critics. One has not scrupled to call it "a huge cavern rudely hewed in a rock, and gilt all over;" while nearly every other has censured it as dark and gloomy, making no mention of its other qualities, and being utterly insensible to the Rembrandt magic of this gigantic shrine, where we tread upon a marble carpet of the richest materials, and where gilding, inlay work, and mosaic extend over the whole of its roof, and cupolas, and walls.* I would rather describe — no, not describe, but characterise this interior as a fane

Haunted by splendours of the past,
Where mystic visions float and cast
Their shadowing glory round;
Where some unknown awe profound
Thrills the soul, and takes it rapt
In pensive thought's Elysium lapp'd.
E'en gloom, a holy light diffusing,
Here compels to solemn musing.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
Many a nameless, hallowing spell,
Uttering more than tongue may tell,
Here with wordless voice reveal
What makes the heart in reverence kneel;
While pomps of earth, becoming dim,
Melt into one mysterious hymn.

To comment with any effect upon the interior of St. Mark's, or even so as to make one's self understood, would be the office of the pencil rather than of the pen. The whole structure is so perfectly *sui generis*, so unlike any thing else, that to attempt to give a verbal description of it, to those who have not seen it,

* With more than his usual obtuseness of taste, Forsyth declares that this interior is "dark, heavy, barbarous; nay, poor, in spite of all the porphyry and oriental marbles, and glowing mosaics, that would enrich the walls, and vaults, and pavements." How the mosaics can appear glowing, if the building itself be dark, he does not explain.

would be like pretending to convey an idea of colours to the blind, or of music to the deaf. Set forth piece-meal in words, it would seem to justify all, and more than all, that has been urged in its dispraise: whereas, in itself, it is a thing of poesy and wonder. Neither do I feel myself in the mood to disturb the general impression of what I have said, by calling attention to minutiæ or particulars of any kind; especially as, by noticing them, I should incur the danger either of becoming exceedingly diffuse or provokingly obscure.

Repassing through the outer open vestibule or portico, which returns along the north side as far as the transept *, flanking what is called the *Piazzetta dei Leoni*, let us again contemplate the façade, with its lofty clustering domes, spiry tabernacles shooting up into pinnacles, and its arching gables fringed with a foliage of arabesque, upon which numerous figures of saints and angels stand perched. Lower down, and immediately above spacious arch containing the centre entrance to the portico, stand the four celebrated Venetian horses — I might say all the horses in Venice †, with the single exception of that belonging

* The corresponding situation on the south is occupied by the *Capella del deposito del Cardinale Zeno* and the baptistery; the latter, which is the larger of the two, extending from the capella to the southern transept.

† Venice possesses no attractions for connoisseurs in horse flesh, devotees of the turf, or students of the stable, people whose ambition it is to rival grooms and jockeys. It does not even afford the usual poor Italian substitute for horse-races, where the animals, without riders on their backs, merely gallop along a street; — most contemptible exhibition in the eyes of all who have taken their degrees at Newmarket. Now, I would not be thought to wish to disparage horse-racing as an amusement, yet cannot forbear remarking, it is singular that those who most warmly *patronise* it are the very persons who furnish us with a suspicion of its being an exceedingly insipid and dull, not to say stupid, one; because, if there be any tolerable interest in horse-racing itself, why should it be so indispensably necessary invariably to bring in the dangerous interest of gambling and betting, which most assuredly render the amusement the reverse of harmless. That the population of an entire county

to the equestrian statue of Colleoni. It has been objected that the situation is not the best imaginable for them, — that they do not exhibit themselves so fully to advantage as they might; which is undoubtedly true: yet they cut quite as good a figure here as they did upon the pretty little triumphant arch of the Thuilleries. Here, at least, they seem more at home — more of a piece with all the rest — once the trophies of Venetian conquest, and now the monuments of her departed greatness.

Standing close by the front of the church, on turning to the left, that is, if his back be towards the building, the spectator has a view down the Piazzetta, flanked on one side by the west front of the Ducal Palace, in continuation with that of St. Mark's itself, and on the other by the Libreria Vecchia; and in

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should flock to such scenes is monstrous—most monstrous, a reproach not only upon our morals, but upon our rationality. The infection for gambling once caught, the transition from the race-course to any of those fashionable "hells," or other dens of villainy, where the most infamous robberies are perpetrated, is an easy transition—a mere step. Let no one flatter himself that he can gamble in moderation, whether he gambles with cards or with horses; or that it will be in his power at any time to shake off the accursed habit when it has once been indulged in.

I remember, when I was at Baden, a lady being pointed out to me as notoriously addicted to that vice — it was her profession, her trade; by her devotedness to it, she had succeeded in rendering herself a distinguished character, even among the congress of gamblers who resort there. It so happened that I once met with her at the English chapel there, and was seated not very far from her, so that I had an opportunity of observing her very closely, which I was induced to do in the course of the sermon, because it was a discourse against the sinfulness of gambling, the preacher denounced that vice in the most energetic manner. More than once she seemed greatly touched by the preacher's words, and at one part of the sermon, in particular, was so utterly overcome by her feelings as to weep and sob very audibly. Such a public display of contrition would, it might have been expected, be followed by as public and as signal a manifestation of reform: her amendment was, indeed, no less public, and far more sincere than her repentance had been, — for I afterwards learnt that that very same evening she *was at the gaming-table again!*

the distance catches a view of the sea and island of St. George, between the two noble granite columns, that have stood sentinels for ages at the entrance of this vestibule to the Place of St. Mark *. Without going so far as to assert that it is impossible to imagine any thing finer than this architectural perspective, I much question whether its rival any where exists. Its pomp is the least of its recommendations: there is a picturesque quality in it, an historic grandeur, a poetic charm, that, taken altogether, defy comparison. Of this most unique city, it is the most unique bit,—that to which even Venice cannot show *quicquid simile aut secundum.* The Piazza and Piazzetta may be styled the Palais Royal of Venice; but the Palais Royal would convey no more idea of them than a French milliner would of a Roman empress. How dissimilar in themselves, yet how nearly counterpoised in grandeur and effect, are those two poetical façades of the Palazzo and the Libreria! And then, at one angle of the opening from the Piazzetta into the larger *place*, the Campanile of St. Mark rears itself, in simple, unadorned, majesty above the elegant Loggia that stands at its foot. On the other hand, between the church and the Palazzo, we behold that rich Gothic portal, called *la Porta della Carta*, which opens into the cortile of the palace, facing the Giant's Stairs. In terming it Gothic, I am, perhaps, doing injustice to this singularly rich and beautiful entrance, confounding its merits with those of a class, instead of claiming for it a character more peculiar, and more allied to the Arabic than to any style of European architecture. Should the reader happen to have the "Fabbriche di Venezia" to refer

* In addition to the various objects mentioned in the text, the lofty standards in front of the church ought not to be forgotten. Their stems are in the form of colossal bronze candelabra (the work of Alexander Leopardi, 1506), from which shoot up what may well be likened to gigantic tapers, from whose crests floated the banners of the tributary kingdoms dependent on this marine state; viz. the Morea, Cyprus, and Candia.

to, he will hardly fail to do so, and judge whether more than I have here said would be an exaggerated encomium of its beauty.

The Cortile itself is irregular in its façades, and they, again, for the most part, exhibit an unusual intermixture of styles, and some of the features are minute; but, taken altogether, it is both harmonious, in spite of its inequalities, and no less dignified, in spite of the inconsiderable scale of some of its features when examined by themselves. Almost all that is not either window or open gallery is sculpture, applied as deep friezes, or rich panels, yet so disposed that there seems no "*nimiety.*" The spacious state apartments and halls of this palace, where the dignity of the republic was wont to display itself in regal pomp, have now a deserted air; and this evidence of the extinction of Venetian glory and power excited reflections that abated much of the pleasure we should else have derived from contemplating the memorials of its former magnificence and splendour. All speaks of the past in utter mockery of the present and the future;—of power departed, like Ajut, never to return.

Having gone over ranges of chambers, whose walls and ceilings were emblazoned with paintings and sculpture, and almost every species of ornament, we proceeded to explore those fearful parts of the edifice which were allotted as the abodes of hopeless captivity. We shuddered at the thought of the prolonged torture of the wretches who were here doomed to counting the moments of an existence that must have been a living death: the horrors and the darkness of the grave anticipated ere life was extinct. What a horrible contrast did these prison galleries and dungeon cells offer to the sunny light playing upon the domes of St. Mark and the green waves of the Lagunes! It was one that smote us to the heart, and reconciled us to the idea that if the potency of the *Signoria*, the authority of the re-

public, and the dogeship, had passed away, the iniquitous system of the secret councils and tribunals was also extinct. In many of those "narrow habitations' into which we were conducted by torch-light, we observed names and sentences—all of most mournful import, all breathing the same sad history—that had been scratched on the walls by their former occupants. And these places, planned by most diabolical invention, were beneath the very same roof as that staircase, which, from the magnificence of its adornments, and the profuse gilding displayed on it, not unworthily obtained the appellation of the *Scala d' Oro* *.

Having seen enough to convince us of the atrocious nature of the state policy of Venice, before itself became the victim of the policy of other states, we were glad to hurry away from this scene of terror, and to escape into the Place of St. Mark, which still exhibits some gaiety and appearance of life, as far as either still exist in this sadly fallen city. One object I have not yet mentioned is the structure nearly facing the Campanile and Piazzetta, and called the *Torre dell' Orologio*, the arch beneath which forms the entrance into the narrow street of *La Merceria*, once the Bond-street, the fashionable shopping place, of Venice. The first story above the arch is entirely occupied by an immense dial, on which are marked the hours, according to the Italian mode, the signs of the zodiac, and the phases of the

* A pleasant parallel might be drawn between the former secret tribunals of Venice, and the literary tribunals of Reviewers. The system of both is nearly the same: in the one system as well as in the other, judges and accusers are unknown; the proceedings conducted in the most arbitrary manner, and frequently with the merest mockery of trial, no witnesses being allowed to appear in behalf of the accused, or opportunity afforded him of rebutting what may be laid to his charge. Nay, of the two, those who officiate as *judges* in the republic of letters frequently act with less simulation of decency than did their prototypes, for they do not keep up any forms at all, but, dispensing with them altogether, pass sentence on the criminal as soon as he is brought into their presence.

moon. In the second story is a tabernacle, with a figure of the Virgin and Infant, and on each side of it two angels; and in the third, which rises above the buildings on each side, there is a colossal figure, in alto-relievo, of the winged lion of St. Mark. The whole is terminated by a huge bell, placed between two figures that strike the hour upon it.

What its *Corso* is to almost every other Italian city, such is the Canal Grande or *Canalazzo* to Venice; a spacious winding street, where we glide in a gondola between rows of palaces and other stately buildings, many of them highly striking, and, at the same time, as anti-Palladian in their architecture,—as unlike what is generally understood by the epithet "Italian,"—as can well be conceived. Owing to the winding and writhing course of this canal, some new object is continually coming into view, and the picture seems to be continually shifting before us. Even in this respect it differs altogether from every other street; as I know of none in any place that is at all to be compared with it, — its *meandering* being totally unlike the crookedness of either street or lane. Yet, can such a degree of irregularity be any merit, or, rather, must it not be an egregious defect? It certainly does seem to be at variance with the principles of architectural beauty; nor can it be denied that it would be most preposterous to build a street winding after such fashion, because it would be incurring positive inconvenience: yet here, absurdity there is none, because the ground plan of the city was laid out by nature itself, and the builders had no alternative but to accommodate themselves to her caprices, and to follow the course of this and other channels between the cluster of islands —the dense archipelago — on which Venice took her station. Although an accidental, it has, at the same time, proved a fortunate circumstance, because, independently of the architectural effect, strictly so called, it has conduced to a high degree of

picturesque character. This Canalazzo deserves to have earned for Venice the title of *La Magnifica*, in like manner as Genoa bears that of La Superba; for it must at one period have been most splendid, as it is still most picturesque — a scene of mingled stateliness and gaiety. Among the palaces which flank its course, the elder ones, some of which date as far back as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are by far the most impressive and expressive. They are in a style as opposite as can well be imagined to that which is termed the Palladian, whose feebleness and emasculation of the ancient orders, and whose trivial scraps of embellishment, will endure no comparison with the energetic character of these buildings. Whether they are marked by exuberant adornment, or by a simplicity approaching to severity, they bear the stamp of the same peculiar taste, and strike by their imposing and majestic effect. Among the structures of this class, the *Cá d' Oro* is pre-eminent—the bright "particular" gem in a cluster of jewels; fantastic, wild, yet intensely poetic. Features apparently the most irreconcileable, forms the most discordant, and qualities the most contradictory, are here mingled together into symphonious character: massiveness and lightness—strength and delicacy—simplicity and luxuriance, are blended with such masterly skill, and with such consummate happiness, that the seemingly jarring elements mutually conspire to produce one of the most poetic types which architecture has yet given to the world. After this splendid relic of a style altogether dissimilar from the more regular and prosaic buildings of after times, the Pisani and Foscari palaces may be allowed to rank next, in regard both to date and to merit: nor ought the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi to be passed over without mention, as a façade deserving particular attention.

About midway in its course, the Canalazzo is bestrided by the single arch of the Rialto, or rather of the bridge of the

Rialto. Of this structure the beauty is by no means equal to the celebrity; it is by no means striking for its magnitude, and, although there is a certain degree of elegance in the arch itself, the design of the whole is any thing but particularly happy. The shops built upon it are exceedingly ugly in themselves, and have, besides, a particularly awkward and disagreeable effect, because upon an inclined plane, although not so steep as is generally represented in prints. There is also another circumstance which causes them to have a more lumbering appearance than they otherwise might; namely, that, instead of being in continuation of sides of the bridge itself, they are set back upon it, so as to leave a passage on each side, between them and the parapet, about ten feet wide, or half the width of that in the centre, enclosed by the double row of shops. As all of these passages form flights of steps leading up to a platform on the summit of the bridge, the steepness of the ascent occasions neither inconvenience nor deformity from the street; yet, it would have been far better could the ascent have been gained at each end, before where the bridge properly commences, so as to give it a level terrace along its whole extent, with a covered portico in the Venetian style. This would have formed a tolerably spacious ambulatory, commanding fine views of the canal; even supposing that it had been enclosed at its sides for shops, leaving only a limited number of arches open in the centre, somewhat after the manner of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, which, although a continuation of the street, has an open gallery of three arches in its centre. This bridge is the only thing that deserves to be so called in all Venice, those which are thrown across the lesser canals, or *rii*, being no more than foot-paths; and, as even the Rialto is but a mere trifle compared with the fabrics that stretch over the Thames, the John Bull was not very much mistaken, who, on being asked whether he had seen

the Bridge of Sighs when at Venice, replied, there was no bridge of any *size* to be seen in it.

Having made the tour of the Canalazzo, we rowed to the arsenal which lies to the north-eastern point of the city, at no great distance from the Castello and the public gardens. During the commercial and maritime importance of the republic, this very extensive inclosure must have exhibited a far different scene from what it does at present, when it has been reduced to little more than a monument of power and dignity that have passed away. The stranger may still examine it with curiosity and interest; but in the mind of a native it is calculated to excite only the most mournful reflections. The whole is surrounded by massive walls, between sixty and seventy feet high, flanked with fourteen towers withinside. The principal entrance is on the land side, by a gate, forming a rich frontispiece of the Corinthian order, embellished with sculpture, among which the lion of St. Mark figures very conspicuously. This entrance is further adorned, I might almost say guarded, by two very celebrated antique lions, executed in granite, brought from Athens by Francesco Morosini in 1687. One of these gigantic animals was formerly at the Piræus, which, in consequence, obtained the name of *Porto Lione.* There are traces of an inscription upon the body, the characters of which have been asserted by some to be those of the most ancient Greek alphabet, and by others to be Runic; but, let them have been what they may, they are now illegible. The other, which is in a lying posture, was also brought from the vicinity of the Piræus. This arsenal contains an armoury, in one of the rooms of which is a monument to the Venetian grand-admiral Angelo Emo, who died in 1792. This piece of sculpture is a production of Canova's chisel, and exhibits a rostral column, surmounted by the admiral's bust, with the figure of a winged Genius on

one side, and a winged Fame on the other. Among the great variety of objects here to be met with, the model of the Bucentaur is not the least interesting. It may be questioned whether Cleopatra's barge rivalled the magnificence of this splendid state vessel; but—alas! for the stability of all human prosperity—

Venice may never again behold
That floating palace of burnish'd gold,—
Her city's mystic guardian ark,
Proudly bear o'er the waves of St. Mark,
As when her Duke proceeded in state
To wed anew his green-hair'd mate.

No other Italian city, of the same extent, surpasses Venice in the number of its churches; and, after that of St. Mark, the one of most historical importance and interest is the *Chiesa de' Santi Giovanni e Paolo.** It contains a great many noble monuments of Doges and other illustrious personages, and now possesses that of the Doge Andrea Vendramini, which was removed hither, not many years since, from the church of the Padri Serviti, when the latter was dismantled and taken down. This most splendid mausoleum was the work of Alessandro Leopardi,

* This church is also the largest of any in Venice, with the exception of St. Mark's, being three hundred feet in length. It was begun in 1246, and is in the *Tedesco-Gotico* style, with a dome at the intersection of its Latin cross. I here add the inscription on the Vendramin monument: —

"Andreæ Vendrameno Duci
Opum Splendore Clarum Sed Ex Mira In Patriam
Pietate Opum Usu Longe Clarissimo, Qui Groia
Turcorum Obsidione Liberata Eorundemque
Irruptione In Carniam Rejecta, Felix Insigni
Prole, Impletis Omnibus Et Fortunæ Et
Naturæ Et Virtutis Numeris, Principatus
Brevitatem Sempiterna Cœli Gloria Compensat.
Vixit Annos LXXXV Menses VIII.
Obiit Pridie Nonas Maii
Anno MCCCCLXXIX
Principatus Sui Anno Secundo."

who has been already mentioned as the artist that executed the bronze pedestals for the standards before St. Mark's; and is a vast fabric adorned with columns, niches, statues, bas-reliefs, &c., together with a sarcophagus, upon which is Andrea in his ducal robes. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of figures and sculptures, the whole is so beautifully disposed as to be entirely free from confusion; and the eye comprehends the whole design almost at a glance, although it would be occupation for an entire day to examine and study all its beauties. The two bas-reliefs on the stylobate, beneath the niches in the side intercolumns, are so exquisitely graceful, that they alone would justify the encomium passed on this work by the historian of Italian sculpture, who observes:—"*Si direbbe che fossero tolti da gemme di greco intaglio, tanta è la purità dei contorni, la grazia dell' invenzione, e la sublimità dello stile.*" They are, indeed, most exquisite,—full of life, poetry, and nature. Besides its monuments and abundance of sculpture, this church also contains many very fine paintings, including that *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian's pencil, the San Pietro Martire, which had been carried off by the French.

Close by this church, in the place or campo that derives its name from it, stands the bronze equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, on a lofty architectural pedestal, enriched with Corinthian columns. This was also the work of Leopardi — at least, the pedestal; and the statue is said to have been partly executed by him, although designed and commenced by Andrea Verocchio. At no great distance is the *Scuola* or *Confraternità di San Marco*. This edifice, which was begun in 1480, and is attributed to Martino Lombardo, is a fine specimen of a singular style; by no means pure, yet very imposing in its character, and displaying abundance of ornament, some of which possesses much delicacy. The larger compartments on each side of the two

entrances, which represent architectural perspectives, executed in bas-relief, cannot fail to arrest attention, and are so well managed, that, when looked at from the proper point of view, — that is, standing directly opposite the door, — they almost amount to a deception, and seem to shew the interior of the building.

Although uniformly passed over in silence by travellers, Santa Maria dell' Orto is by no means the least worthy of notice among the Venetian churches, its façade (1350) being a particularly tasteful and pleasing example of the Tedesco-Gotico, in which the simplicity of the composition is set off by the well managed disposal of the sculptures and ornaments. Its features are few: a single large door, within a portal formed by a highly decorated rounded arch, and a circular window above, occupy the middle compartment; and in each of the others is a single pointed window, with mullion pillars, and tracery of rich design. Another church, which has obtained far less notice than it deserves, is that of San Zaccaria. It was built about 1457, and is generally supposed to be the work of Martino Lombardo, which is not at all improbable, since, although very different as to design, the front manifests a striking similarity of feeling and taste to what we behold in the Scuola di San Marco. Pure it certainly is not; yet there is a fine quality about it that we very frequently miss, or, rather, seldom observe, in many works that pass current as models of propriety. At the back of the choir, are several pointed arches and chapels, so arranged as to exhibit many shifting combinations highly piquant in their effect. San Nicola de' Tolentini, and San Simeone Minore, deserve to be particularised for exhibiting what is a very great rarity in Venetian, or even Italian church architecture in general — namely, a portico. The former of these churches was begun by Scammozzi, and the portico, a Corinthian

hexastyle, advancing two intercolumns, was added by Tirali in the last century. The portico of San Simeone (which stands on the Grand Canal, and was built by Giovanni Scalfarotto, in 1718,) is of the same order, and also hexastyle, but the columns are coupled at the angles. It is somewhat smaller than the other, and looks more diminutive than it really is, owing to its being placed against a so much larger mass — a rotunda crowned by an immense cupola of ungraceful outline, which gives the whole an air of great heaviness. The church of *Santa Maria de' Frari*, built by Niccolo Pisano, in the middle of the thirteenth century, is one of those most visited by strangers, on account of the numerous monuments, altars, and paintings it contains, in which respect it stands next to SS. Giovanni e Paolo. "Here lies," as an inscription upon a simple lozenge-shaped slab of marble informs us, "Il Gran Tiziano, emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli." Far more conspicuous, if not more remarkable, than that unostentatious memorial of so great an artist, are the other monuments; among which those of the Doge Francesco Foscari (d. 1457.), the generalissimo Melchior Trevisano (d. 1500.), Giacomo Pesaro (d. 1547.), and the Orsini monument *, rank high as works of art, although by no means to be compared with the Vendramini mausoleum. The very latest of all is that erected, in 1827, in honour of Canova; a large mass of sculpture, representing a sepulchral pyramid, with a veiled figure, accompanied by several others, about to enter it. On one side of the doorway is a large winged lion and a genius, seated at one angle of the steps leading up to it, and forming the basement of the whole. The design is said to have been taken from a model made by Canova himself, as a project for a monument to Titian; and it was exe-

* A tour among the various monuments in the churches of Venice would afford — at least, suggest — materials for an historical and biographical volume of great and varied interest.

cuted by his pupil, Zandomenighi, and six other sculptors. Much cannot be said in favour of the idea, for any particular invention or happiness it displays; it being so vague and general that it would serve as a monument for almost any one whose name should be inscribed above the portal: it therefore suits Canova as well as it would have done Titian, and his name has certainly cast a lustre — a radiance as of a setting sun — over the declining name of Venice.

In order to escape the reproach of a singular omission, I must now say a few words — if merely to express my own opinion of them — in regard to those Palladian churches which have, almost exclusively, engrossed the admiration of all preceding travellers. For brevity's sake, I will confine myself to the two which are considered Palladio's own master pieces in this city; namely, San Giorgio Maggiore and the Redentore. That they present fewer glaring defects and absurdities than many other of his buildings cannot be denied, and that they are free from the monstrous extravagances and *ineptiæ* that abound in most of the Roman churches; yet, as regards their exteriors, they have little positive beauty, and no other quality to make up for their deficiency in that respect. The façade of each consists of a large Composite order, of four columns, supporting a pediment, and flanked by a smaller Corinthian order on each side supporting half pediments: in my mind, a *regularly* poor and insipid, not to say vicious, composition. Besides these pediments, the Redentore has a pediment, supported on columns, above the arched doorway, and curved pediments to niches on each side. Yet, of the two, it is, perhaps, the less offensive design, because all the columns rest on the same level; whereas, in the other church, the larger ones are placed upon a deep pedestal, or pedestals — for it is *pluralised* by being broken, although the entablature is continued uninterruptedly, while the columns of the lesser order

are carried down to the socle on which those pedestals rest. Again, if purity of style is to be considered, little credit can be given the architect for what he has shown of it in either of these instances, since the character of the respective orders hardly extend in any degree beyond their capitals. Their entablatures are not at all in accordance with them, but exhibit a very sensible falling off, and poverty of character, in the very part which, as it crowns the whole, should concentrate the full force and energy of all the rest, and be its *finish* as well as its termination. This, however, constitutes but one among numerous other points, which it would require some space even to enumerate, and much dissertation to explain critically. I therefore pass them over, being rather fearful that I shall be thought to have entered too minutely into the matter, even in what I have already said. All that I shall allow myself to add is, that both these churches exhibit more merit in their interiors; and that, also, rather as regards their plans, which may certainly be studied to very good account, rather than the positive effect that has been produced by what has actually been done, which certainly falls short of what the architect has furnished hints for.

From the island of San Giorgio, on which the church of that name is situated, we obtain a continued prospect of the city in its whole extent from the Giudecca, with the Dogana and the entrance to the Canalazzo, along the line of buildings comprising the Zecca, the opening of the Piazzetta (with its two granite columns *, one surmounted by a figure of St. Theodore, the other by that of the lion of St. Mark), the ducal palace, prison, the quay degli Schiavoni, &c., as far as the point formed by the public gardens,

* These columns are far more picturesque and noble objects than almost any other monumental pillars, — infinitely better than any of those pillar-shaped towers to which the stretch of architectural fancy seems limited when we have a mind for anything of the sort.

which terminate this truly fine and picturesque chain of architecture, almost every link of which has its peculiar charm and beauty.

Our exploratory and reconnoitring tour of the city, and our round of the principal churches, being brought to a close, we visited the Manfrini and one or two others of the few private collections now remaining; and afterwards the Academy of Fine Arts, which last occupies what was formerly the convent of *Santa Maria della Carità*. This institution possesses many fine specimens of the Venetian school, and also some pieces of sculpture, and series of casts of both the Elgin and the Egina marbles; yet it is to be feared that it can be considered in no other light than a gallery for those works, not as a seminary for talents that will contribute to renovate and maintain the fame of Venice as a colony of art. A season of partial or temporary calamity sometimes proves salutary in its consequences, by toning the public mind afresh; but here all seems blighted, withered to the core, sunk into hopeless decadence; and, in a few years more, it may be beyond the power of the Austrian government itself to repair the wreck its calamitous policy has occasioned. The downfall of this ancient emporium of the Adriatic may conduce to the increase and greater prosperity of Trieste; yet never can that city become a second Venice: the soul of one cannot be made to transmigrate, and take possession of the other, at the beck of a cabinet of politicians. Let Trieste become as opulent as it may, it will hardly be any thing more than a tame prose version of the poetical and romantic Venice.

But a truce to these saddening reflections, although it is difficult to escape from them: nor the less so because the changed condition of the city is so palpable and so recent; its decay being, not like that of Pisa, cicatrised to the imagination by time, but a fresh, gaping wound.

Among the detached islands which constitute the environs or suburbs of Venice, we made an excursion to that of San Lazzaro, where there is a convent of Armenian monks. This society may be considered quite a college, its members being constantly engaged in study, and in educating youth from Armenia and other parts of the East, who afterwards generally proceed to the university of Padua before they finally return to their own country. The good fathers possess a very extensive library, containing a valuable collection of manuscripts, in their own language, on subjects of history and church literature; besides many translations in it from Greek works, of which the originals have perished. There is also a printing press in this convent, by means of which several of their literary treasures, and various publications of their own, have been given to the world. Many of these latter consist of educational books, and translations from different modern languages, intended for the instruction of their own countrymen. We were highly gratified at observing the exemplary order and diligence that mark the whole of this praiseworthy establishment. Nothing could be more polite than the attentions shown us by the Padre Paschal Angar, who, with his brother, has the reputation of being one of the most accomplished scholars in the whole convent. His knowledge of languages is remarkable, and he entered into conversation with us in English without seeming to feel any difficulty in keeping it up. In the course of it he related many anecdotes, gave us an account of his visit to England, and also of his having acted as tutor to Lord Byron, to whom he had given lessons in the Armenian tongue. He also mentioned a remarkable piece of good fortune that had, a few years before, befallen their community; some wealthy individual in the East Indies, an Englishman I believe, who had been educated in this convent, having bequeathed to it a sum equal to several millions of francs. Hardly

could it have been better bestowed; for, while the usefulness of this society will be greatly extended by such an acquisition of funds, their increased prosperity will, most likely, be productive of some advantage to Venice itself. Not many years ago they began to plant a garden round their convent, which already promises to give this little island a gayer and livelier appearance than that of any other in the lagunes.

For the present, Venice must be my

"Finis chartæque viæque;"

since I feel no inclination to commence another volume, — as I should be obliged to do, were I to give the remainder of my journey,—until I know whether even this single volume may not be considered *de trop*. I cannot, however, dismiss it, without adverting to the civilities we received from the then English resident, the late W.T. Money, Esq., whose name will be long remembered with grateful esteem in that city, both by his countrymen and others. Instead, however, of enlarging in this place upon the character of that most excellent man, whose authority and influence were constantly, but at the same time delicately and discreetly, directed towards the religious welfare of others, I refer the reader to a separate sketch printed in the form of an appendix.

That I may not appear to bring these pages too abruptly to a close, it may not be unsuitable for me again to bring into notice what has frequently been touched upon in the course of them. I allude to Catholicism. In the opinion of some, I may have expressed myself, more than once, too contemptuously — too uncharitably—respecting its creed, no less than the superstitions founded upon it. Nevertheless, I stand justified to my own conscience for the opinions I entertain of it, although my comments themselves may be couched in terms somewhat more

harsh, not to say petulant, than others might have cared to employ. My excuse must be, that I was more scandalised than edified by what I observed, or learned of it, while I had an opportunity of contemplating it, where it shows itself undisguisedly, as it affects the moral character and habits, not of a particular sect, but an entire people. To say, as some have done, that the present Christian world is indebted to the Romish church for having transmitted Christianity down to these later ages, is but a strange argument in its favour, when uttered by those who affect to acknowledge that, while it transmitted, it also corrupted and polluted. Are we then to imagine that the doctrines of Christianity would have become extinct, had it not been for the impurities contracted in passing through that channel? Granting, however, that those impurities are not so much to be attributed to the church as to ignorance of the times when they began to collect,—granting that the ignorance itself of that period is in no degree to be ascribed to the policy of papal Rome; that is no excuse for obstinately persevering in errors when detected and exposed. If its monstrous fables and superstitions are altogether distinct from the essential Roman Catholic doctrine, wherefore are they so pertinaciously retained, to the scandal of the Church of Christ, instead of being readily abandoned as deformities and excrescences that have attached themselves to it through negligence? By refusing to part with them, the Romanists certainly identify them with the creed they profess, and virtually concede to their opponents that it is impossible for them to get rid of the one without going to the extent of rendering up the other.

Romanism has so nailed itself down to its old and inveterate superstitions, as to render it impossible for it to liberate itself from them without abjuring the character it has wrought out of

the elements of the Gospel, remoulding and transmuting them as has best suited its own views. Either the Scriptures themselves are most obscure and defective, or the Roman Catholic church has unwarrantably ingrafted upon them very gratuitous and extraneous doctrines. Neither are those doctrines regarded by it as of inferior moment, compared with the fundamental and more explicitly enounced truths of Christianity; but full as much stress is laid upon the human inventions of after-ages, as upon what incontestably belongs to our common religion as delivered to the world by its Divine Founder. So very far is Romanism from being consistent even with the spirit of the Gospel, in the numerous additions it has made to, and the complex system it has reared upon, that it requires the utmost ingenuity, the most subtilely-strained interpretation, on the part of its advocates, to make out even any tolerable show of consistency. They have recourse to obscure traditions, and all kinds of doubtful, not to say fraudulent, authorities for their purpose, instead of abiding by the express and plain declarations of Scripture; and, while they thereby give a falsifying value to what can possess none except as it coincides with scriptural doctrines, they reduce the latter to the level of those inventions they thus seek to exalt.

Neither does there seem to be any disposition on the part of the Romish church to suffer its exceptionable tenets gradually to fall into desuetude and oblivion, and so work a silent reform in its own bosom. What it has been, that will it ever continue to be, whenever and wherever it shall have the power of acting uncontrolled by circumstances. Never has it abjured a single one of its mischievous errors spontaneously; for to some of the most mischievous of all it still clings with a pertinacity hardly short of miraculous after the powerful arguments that have

been used against them. No: although the court of the Vatican is no longer what it formerly was, the spirit of papacy remains the same, — scotched and wounded, indeed, but not killed, nor even subjugated. Allow it but to recover itself and gain 'vantage ground, and its present seeming humility and moderation will be forthwith cast aside.

However improbable it may appear that Romanism should ever regain the dominion it has lost — that any re-action should now take place in its favour, shaken, as it has been, to its very foundations, it is nevertheless possible; since, although it must find opposition from the increased intelligence of the present age, it is also likely to find no ineffective auxiliaries in the weaknesses and passions of mankind. Being unlike the religion of the Gospel, of purely divine origin, it scruples not to effect its purposes by carnal weapons; and, if most despotic, it can also stoop in order to become so. For the austere it is profuse of austerities: to them it offers the most rigid asceticism. To the wordly and the sensual, again, it holds out the most seductive bribes, promising them the fullest indulgence of their appetites in this world, with full assurance of blessedness in the next, upon the easiest terms imaginable. — The church which substitutes penance for repentance, and which insists upon the efficacy of vicarious prayers and purchased righteousness, is wise in wordly wisdom, and knows how to profit by the sinfulness of human nature.

As a system of church polity, Romanism may command our admiration; in outward attractions it is most imposing and most captivating; it has been the generous patron of art; its munificence has been unquestionable; its charities have been large and expansive; its zeal almost without a parallel; its ambitions magnificent; its enthusiasm elevated. But it has also

been in its motives most worldly — in its means most corrupt. When, therefore, we dispassionately examine it, bringing it to the test of actual comparison, we are justified in pronouncing that its doctrines are not the doctrines of the Gospel; — its religion is not the religion of Him who died on the cross.

APPENDIX.

WILLIAM TAYLOR MONEY, ESQ.

KNIGHT OF THE GUELPHIC ORDER,

THE LATE BRITISH CONSUL AT VENICE.

It was the habitual practice of Mr. Money to visit, during the week, every English ship in the harbour, to examine into the state of their crews, and to encourage their respective captains to a regular course of reading from the Bible to them, accompanied by earnest prayer; to inquire into all their wants and grievances, and to relieve and redress them as far as circumstances could possibly enable him to do.

The captain and seamen of every English ship had, at the same time, the important privilege of conferring with him, in private, at the Consulate; and many were the misunderstandings thus adjusted, many the disputes thus checked, and even converted into a friendly feeling.

A spacious apartment in his own house had, from his very first arrival at Venice, been freely appropriated by him to the hallowed exercises of the Sabbath *; and all on board each ship

* Mr. Money was not one of those persons — and they are numerous enough — who shrink from the idea of being considered too strict; — nor of those who hold that religion is "all very well *in moderation*;" and, therefore, exhibit a moderation in regard to it which would be more laudable if exercised on any other occasion. No, he was a man of greater moral courage: he dared to do all that Christian duty called upon him to perform. Very far was he from admitting the necessity for behaving just like the rest of the world, out of the dread of being thought singular, and, worse than merely singular, over-scrupulous and puritanical. In this respect his example can hardly be too warmly recommended; for there are not a few who "would be honest an' they durst," but who conform with the practice of the world

were invited to attend, and, in the observance of them, to share in the praises of their God.

The children of the engineers and smiths attached to the steam-packets (with any others whom their parents felt inclined to send) were gladly welcomed, formed into Sunday-school classes, and had unfolded to them, by him, the rich blessings of the everlasting Gospel of Peace. At a quarter before eleven the service of his little church commenced, and was conducted by himself, in strict conformity with that of the Church of England, followed by a sermon adapted to the occasion.

Some of the seamen received either tracts or Bibles, and often two or three at a time were then taken by our revered friend into his own room, and there paternally admonished to search after, and rest on, those Divine truths which the inspired volume so solemnly held out to them, and to the observance of all, through the finished atonement of a crucified Redeemer, as the only foundation on which to build, "the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

At six, the engineers and smiths, with their wives and children, again came, and, re-assembling round the library table, with their families, each individual of their party read, in turn, a verse out of the Bible, from two chapters selected for the occasion; and it often occurred, when any religiously-inclined individuals were in the ships, that they, of their own accord, came and thankfully joined in reading and in prayer, and in the hymns which followed. All present were encouraged to ask questions, and freely to communicate their impressions, arising out of the sacred truths they were at the moment contemplating; and thus the little meeting, having solely God's honour as its resting point, never failed to become a most salutary and delightful one.

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because they feel more awe of men than reverence for God: and even those who question the guiltiness, must admit the miserable cowardice, of such temporising conduct. In regard to Sunday visiting of all kind, and promenading, it is singular *that* should not long ago have been voted supreme *mauvais ton*, fit only for shopkeepers and mechanics.

In the evening the same privilege was freely placed at the option of every person who chose to attend; and, at times, even French, Germans, and Italians were seen assembled with the family around the same table.

Truly may it be said that "in the house of the righteous is much treasure." Sweet and hallowed, indeed, were these meetings, and on many a grateful heart still vibrate the messages of love and mercy which Almighty God, in tender compassion, was thus pleased to impart to them, through the instrumentality of his dear servant, whose humility and simple faith, whose kind and encouraging manner, never failed to rivet their attention, whilst his most exemplary life at once sealed every precept he inculcated, and every rule of conduct he suggested, with a force and conviction that were as indescribable as irresistible.

Thus was God's holy Sabbath, the hours of His own day of hallowed rest and peace, invariably spent; and, as His honour and glory were the supreme and only objects in view, so did He, from on high, often graciously deign to pour down His richest blessing upon many an individual who had shared in those feasts of spiritual love and joy.

The motto of this most excellent man was, "Factis non verbis;" and truly did he, in his own person, exemplify its just application. His was a religion not of words only, but of deeds: for many years his whole life had become a purely religious one. No circumstance could induce him to allow an hour of the Sabbath day to be infringed upon or misspent; his love and reverence for that hallowed day, and his chastened enjoyment of it, can only, in their fullest extent, be known to those who, in unbounded confidence, shared with him in all his foretastes of the sabbatic blessedness of heaven. No man respected the laws of hospitality more than he did, or paid a more ready and kind attention to all who were courteous to himself; but if any, even supposed necessary, call on his time or politeness came in the way of, or militated against, his duty to God and obedience to His commands, it found no place in his heart. Often did he hazard (as the world would express it) the displeasure of others by his decided and unequivocal manner of declining invitations

for the Sabbath day; so that no one could, for an instant, doubt the sincerity of his heart in the service of his God: — and why? because it was the Creator, not the creature, he worshipped.

Of the truth of this, two very striking instances may, with propriety, be adduced. One occurred almost immediately after his assuming the charge of his consulate at Venice, when the most considerate deference to his religious feelings were paid by the viceroy and the governor of that city, by their *thenceforward* simultaneously ceasing to invite him from home on the Sabbath day, and, in lieu thereof, substituting a weekly one for that express purpose; each, at the moment, solicitously conveying his marked acquiescence in and respect for the conscientious and praiseworthy motives by which he was regulated, in thus declining their respective invitations, and in language, too, alike honourable to all parties.

Indeed, the former took occasion, at the very first ensuing, court which he held, verbally and openly to confirm to him the impression which his upright conduct had made upon himself; from which hour, up to that of Mr. Money's latest existence, sentiments of the most friendly and personal regard were, from the same exalted quarter, invariably manifested toward him.

The other instance took place when in England, and in Parliament, with the then Speaker of the House of Commons, who, with similar feelings, had the integrity at once to admit the full force and applicability of the reasons he urged against passing the smallest portion of the Sabbath day other than in the personal discharge of its sacred duties to God, in the bosom of his own family.

Of him it might be most truly said, he was one of the most unassuming of men; by temper possessing every moral virtue, — by religion every Christian grace. He had a humanity that melted at every distress, — a charity which not only thought no evil, but suspected none. He exercised his various duties, public and private, with an uniform, unbending integrity which nothing could equal.

How often did he exert his discriminating judgment, his va-

ried talents, his more than friendly zeal, in defence of the widow, of the fatherless, and of him that had none to help him.

Thus did the life of this most estimable man become one uniform pattern of those precepts which, with so ardent a zeal, so winning and so touching a simplicity, he endeavoured to recommend to general practice. His ennobled aim was ever to act up to those clear rules of conduct which Revelation prescribes; and, by fearlessly, yet humbly, acknowledging, in all his ways, the King of kings, — by studying to promote His glory, — by endeavouring to make His light shine as the day, — and, in humble dependence on His almighty strength and grace, by drawing sinners to the foot of the cross, he conferred an honour on the British consulate, over which he presided, that neither time nor change can obliterate or diminish. *

* The following is a letter written, a few days previous to his death, to a friend under domestic affliction: —

"Venice, Sunday morning, 30th March, 1834.

"I am just going into our little church, after having looked out my sermon, a very powerful one of John Cunningham's, for this day, the Resurrection of Christ. There is one passage in it which brought you forcibly to my mind, though I may truly say that you have, for some time past, been scarcely out of it. The passage is this: —'You can imagine the transport of the ruler of the synagogue when his dear child was restored to his arms again. You have yourself, perhaps, hung over a doubtful sick bed, and have felt the transport of seeing life rush into the cheek and light up the eye. But far higher in degree was the transport of the disciples when they exclaimed, "The Lord is risen indeed!" My Christian brethren, your resurrection is bound up, if I may so express it, with that of your Lord; you of His faithful disciples rise with Him in spiritual life, and you shall rise with Him at "the resurrection of the just." You shall ascend in His train; you shall mount on His wings. "*Whosoever* believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall *never die*."' God grant that you and our precious sister may be rejoicing over returning health to your treasured child, and that one and all may give thanks and rejoice together in our little church. I see by the papers that dear G — W — has been bereaved of his wife at Walthamstow: he is well prepared to follow her to the

"On the whole, few men have ever passed a more useful, not one a more blameless, life; and it may with the strictest truth be said of him, that "his whole time was employed either in doing good or in meditating it."

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; —
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

"Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!"

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mansions above. I see also that S — S — is gone to his grave; and that dear R — has a little boy. So has the world been from the fall of Adam, and so will it be till the Saviour come. One goeth and another cometh, and *we know not when our hour will arrive. The Lord grant that we may be so prepared by his Holy Spirit as to be living with Him here, that we may live with Him for ever!* We send you both and all the dear children our united blessing and love, and pray for our grateful remembrance to those true friends to you in your time of trouble."

THE END.

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